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RELIGIOUS LIFE IN GERMANY

RELIGIOUS LIFE IN GERMANY

During the Wars of Independence

A SERIES OF HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

BY WILLIAM BAUR

MINISTER OF THE ANSCHAR CHAPEL, HAMBURGH

TRANSLATED, WITH THE AUTHOR'S SANCTION, BY MRS. G. STURGE

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

GREAT as was the pleasure which the preparation of these memoirs afforded me, it is with timidity that I offer them to the public, now that they are at length completed.

For the task of producing, by means of sketches of the most eminent exponents of it, a picture of religious life during the wars of independence, required, besides a general knowledge of the history of the period, and an acquaintance with manifold details, a talent for seizing on the salient points in the lives of eminent persons, so as to produce a vivid portrait of them. I am fully conscious of having performed the task only very imperfectly, and console myself with the hope, that the importance of the subject of my book will atone for many imperfections in its form.

But in order to anticipate objections which may present themselves to the reader, I beg him to give attention to a few introductory remarks. It may be asked, if the object was to present proofs of the renewal of religious life during the wars of independence, why this was not effected by selecting and grouping together these proofs from the lives of individuals, rather than by means of biographical sketches? I answer, that the latter form was chosen, in the hope of thereby securing for the book a larger circle of readers, especially among women and young people. And if I may judge from the pleasure which I have always had in biography myself, I should say that there is something peculiarly attractive and inciting in tracing the course by which a man attained to eminence. For this reason I have given a prominence to the

period of youth, and to the mental atmosphere in which it was passed. There is a peculiar interest in observing under what varying early impressions, and by what various leadings, the exponents of religious life during the war-time united in one object, and how often the seeds of parental, and especially of maternal, training, sprang up and bore fruit at that important period.

Should the reader, however, approve of the treatment of the subject, he may take exception to the selection of incidents. I acknowledge that on this point there is room for difference of opinion, but trust that, on the whole, nothing of consequence is omitted, nor anything unworthy admitted. And I beg the reader to remember, that in a sketch of the renewal of religious life, he must not look for perfection, or great advancement, but for growth and aspiration.

Whatever may be regarded as a healthy plant springing up on the barren soil of religious life in Germany at the beginning of this century, I have noticed, though it might be far from having attained maturity. An earnest desire for truth, a warm heart open for the reception of the Spirit of God, is more beneficial in its effects than the mere assent of the understanding to truths without any corresponding warmth of heart; and in this latter quality, I think none of the characters whom I have introduced to the reader are wanting.

In conclusion, I beg that the remoteness of my residence, which has made it difficult to obtain access to sources of information, may be taken into account in the judgment passed upon my book. May God grant it His blessing.

WILLIAM BAUR.

RUPPERTSBURG, IN THE GRAND DUCHY OF HESSE.*

November, 1864.

* The author has since removed to Hamburg.—Tr.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THE loyalty and patriotism of one nation appear to be no less incomprehensible to another than the subtle attraction of one individual for another. English readers, therefore, can perhaps scarcely be expected to take any particular interest in the special purpose of this book, namely, to illustrate the renewal of religious life in Germany at the time of the wars of independence.

Indeed, the ardent patriotism which animates it, the high place given to Germany among the nations, may to some appear exaggerated and ridiculous; but we, with our exalted notion of our own national merits, are surely not the people to cast stones at other nations for their measure of self-esteem; and I thought that the interest of many of the biographical sketches was so great, independently of their special purpose, that some English readers might be glad through their means to increase their acquaintance with men of whom they know but little, and to make acquaintance with others. As far as I am aware, no popular sketches of the subjects of most of these biographies have appeared in England.

It is, therefore, with a hope of extending an interest in German life and character, and of thereby contributing something, however little, towards diminishing our "aecht Britische Beschränktheit," genuine British narrowness, that these sketches are offered to the public.

The characters portrayed are selected from spheres of life so diverse—royal, military, political, theological, literary, and philanthropic—that it may be hoped that readers of various tastes will find something to interest them.

Several chapters in the original have been omitted, as not possessing much interest for any but German readers; the book has also been considerably abridged.

Two of the poetical translations are taken from 'Lyra Germanica,' by purchased permission of Messrs. Longman and Co.; for most of the others I am indebted to one of my sisters.

JANE STURGE.

NORTHFLEET, *February*, 1870.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THIS book would probably have attracted more attention than it did, when the first edition appeared, had not its title, which is not that which was originally intended for it, been somewhat misleading. A more appropriate one would have been "Biographical Sketches during the Wars of Independence in Germany."

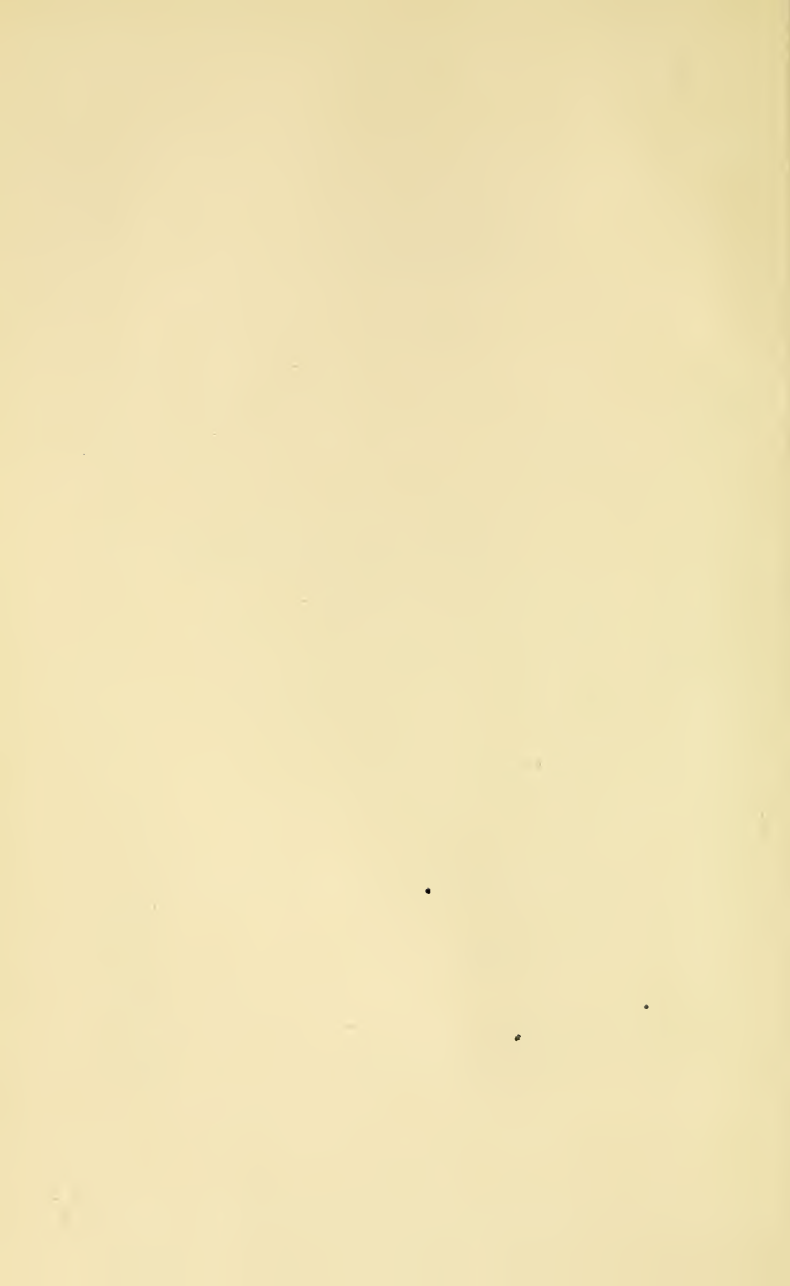
For it really contains much of the history of that period, and of the French dominion in Germany, so that its appearance shortly before the breaking out of the Franco-German War in 1870 was remarkably opportune, for the one contest must be looked upon as the sequel of the other, and the book is not likely soon to lose its value to those who would understand the relation between them.

Its pages show abundant light on the earnest enthusiasm of the German people, and on many of the causes of their success in the late struggle, while the annals of the French dominion in Germany, now no longer contemporary history to most of the present generation, explain, however little they may be thought to justify, the severe measures of the Germans in 1871.

Thus the events of the last two years have invested the period of which this book treats with a special interest quite unlooked for when it was translated, and the history of the recent war will be followed with much greater intelligence when read in the light which the following biographical sketches afford.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	1
I. RELIGIOUS DECLENSION	11
II. NATIONAL DISRUPTION	25
III. THE PRIDE AND FALL OF PRUSSIA	35
IV. BLÜCHER, GNEISENAU, NETTELBECK, YORK, AND SCHARNHORST	44 ✓
V. FREDERIC WILLIAM AND LOUISA OF PRUSSIA	60
VI. PRINCESS WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA	81
VII. HEINRICH KARL FRIEDRICH VON STEIN	112 ✓
VIII. JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE	149 ✓
IX. ERNST MORITZ ARNDT	177 ✓
X. FREDERIC SCHLEIERMACHER	197
XI. HEINRICH STEFFENS	241
XII. THE SIN OF NAPOLEON	277
XIII. CLAUDIUS AND JUNG STILLING	295
XIV. FREDERIC PERTHES	339
XV. FREDERIC LEOPOLD STOLBERG	375
XVI. JOHN FALK	409
XVII. SULPIZ BOISSERÉE	437
XVIII. EFFECTS OF THE WARS OF INDEPENDENCE	465



INTRODUCTION.

ON a deep consideration of the subject, it appears as if every aboriginal nation, as well as every individual man, has some special part assigned to it, in the counsels of the Creator, in the historical development of the Divine intentions.

As it is the duty of every individual to discover what is his vocation, to know himself, to ascertain his powers and their limits, and, with submission to the Divine guidance, to strive to fulfil his calling, so should every nation endeavour to discover what is the mission which is given to it to perform. The vocation set before it by the Lord of all the ages should guide it like a star through the dark and tortuous paths of history. However far it may wander from its guide, it should endeavour to find it again, and feel that it can never use its powers with pleasure and success except when walking in the path appointed for it by God.

But as with the individual the secular and Christian vocation unite in one, as soon as he has attained light through Christ, so it is only by the closest union of the two that a Christian nation can fulfil its national and religious calling.

Christianity should permeate patriotism, and it is only at its peril that patriotism can withdraw from the influence of Christianity.

In endeavouring to discover what is the vocation of the German nation, we must first call attention to the fact that it is a Christian nation, and as such has performed its most brilliant

deeds. National ignominy will be the result, not only of declension in patriotism, but in religion; and it is only when conscientiously seeking to regain the right path that we shall see German honour vindicated.

Thus, in studying the German wars of independence, we find that the low state of religious life in the nation was a principal cause of its fall; that the revival of religion was an essential element in its regeneration. The blessing which resulted from war and victory was a renewed apprehension of the mission with which it had been entrusted when first its national strength had been imbued with Christianity, for this had been very much lost sight of.

The Gospel never found a more gifted or impressible disciple than the German nation. While Greece and Rome first heard the Word of Life when death was approaching; while they derived from it consolation for their last hours rather than strength to perform mighty deeds, the German nation was in the full vigour of youth, and thirsting for action when it heard the news of a Saviour. It had acquired possession of the heart of Europe; it had founded new empires within the Roman territories; had imparted its fresh young life to decaying peoples; it had the aspect of one intending to do great things in the world when it was invited to bow the knee at the name of Jesus. It soon formed a close alliance with Christianity, which gave it new aims, and consecrated its growing powers.

It is not national vanity, but the result of the soberest historical research, to ascribe to the Germans a special receptivity for Christianity, a special gift for the apprehension of its deepest essence. The claims of other nations are not thereby lessened, but the responsibilities of the Germans increased.

But it must not be forgotten that the moral and religious principles of German nationality are mostly identical with those of other Germanic tribes, and love of country must not induce us to attribute specially to them merits which they have in common with other heathen nations.

But if we grant that the Germanic representation of the Allfather amounts to little more than the Grecian "Father

of gods and men ;" that worship in groves, without temple or idols, is also found among other primitive peoples ; that in the Teutonic mythology, as well as in others, a demoralising representation prevailed of the *production* instead of *creation* of the world ; that other nations saw something prophetic in woman, —still there remain features in the religious and moral conceptions of the Germans in which we may be permitted to recognise the likeness of a son to a father. One significant feature is their belief in the future extinction of their divinities, and of an end of all things. For the whole existing world, including their gods, in the imagining of which they had expended all their mental treasures, could not satisfy them, but appeared to them as something doomed to destruction, from the ashes of which something more pure, more genuine, and true should one day arise. Their profundity is shown more by what they consigned to destruction than by what they created.

If among the Jewish people we admire the spirit of prophecy which, instead of mourning over a lost paradise, proclaims a future kingdom of God, we may also regard it as a gleam of Divine enlightenment that the Germans, with a deep consciousness of sin, perceived the imperfection of their most perfect efforts, and looked forward to the future when something better should arise. But even the mythology, which was doomed to destruction, offered many points of contact for the teaching of the Gospel. Among these may be reckoned the heroism of the Germans, and the joy with which they encountered death, which were coupled with their reverence for Odin, who, as Wodan, was the chief deity of the Saxons. To fall in battle was the highest aim of man, because thereby he became the companion of Odin in Valhalla, and at the end of the world would join him in the conflict with the powers of darkness. How easily must the heroism and triumph in death of the Christian, who loses life in order to gain it, who devotes himself wholly to his Lord, with whom to stand outweighs all earthly sacrifice, have been grafted upon these ideas !

But this devotion and self-sacrifice are by no means to be attributed to a contempt for life. The doctrine of Christianity

—that one human soul exceeds the whole world in value ; that, because he bears the image of Himself, one human being, in God's estimation, is worth more than all the rest of His creatures —must have sunk deeply into the soul of the German, because he had by nature a high esteem for man as an independent being. The announcement of the liberty of the children of God must have sounded to him like the fulfilment of a long-cherished idea, for he had no stronger impulse than that for freedom. And when with the value which was attached to his own free individuality, the value of his fellow man was increased in his eyes, if it gave rise to an idea that man must be willing to sacrifice himself for others, the retainer for the leader, the leader for the retainer,—what an example of such devotion, of self-sacrifice, of redemption of captives by the substitution of one who was free, must Christ have appeared to them! He who demands their lives as a sacrifice from His followers, because He has first given His life for them.

In respect to the morals of the Germans, it is certain that both the heathen Tacitus and the Christian Salvianus draw a picture of the purity of the Germanic tribes, which stands out in clear contrast to Roman immorality. Unnatural vices were unknown among them, and maiden purity and conjugal fidelity were fenced round by the strongest public opinion, and by the severest punishment in case of fall.

All these features display a certain depth and morality in the views and lives of these people which indicate a natural adaptation for Christianity. It might be expected that it would be displayed in their language, for on this, next to their religion, the spirit of a nation is most plainly stamped ; and, in fact, the German language seems to be a vessel wonderfully adapted for receiving the whole contents of Gospel teaching.

Thus we find, in the natural character of the Germans, moral views of profound depth and proportionate height ; and it appears to be their Christian vocation to unite an earnest morality with a profound faith, to apprehend the deepest significance of the Gospel message, as well as to attain pre-eminence in putting it in practice. That faith is not German which can

dispense with the acceptance of mercy; those works are not German which lack the fervour of piety.

The Romish Church, from which the Germans first received Christianity, imposed difficulties in the way of its reception. Because her doctrine was not correct on the subject of faith, it necessarily followed that she taught a false system of works. While, according to the Scriptures, faith is the most profound act of the mind, the entire devotion of a finite creature to an infinite God, reliance of the sinner on His mercy as revealed to us in His Son, an inviolable attachment to Him who loved us unto death, a faithful following of the Hero who alone can make us free, a union with the Living One who alone can impart life to those who were worthy of death, a life in the Saviour,—in the Romish Church, faith was soon reduced into a mere assent of the understanding to the doctrines of the Church. While, according to the Scriptures, faith produces the closest union with the Saviour, in the Romish Church it is only expected to produce obedience to her teaching. While, according to the Scriptures, works are nothing but the love which proceeds as naturally from faith as light and heat from fire; and faith in itself possesses no merit, and is only pleasing to God so far as, like a sap of life, it animates our works;—in the Romish Church works take an independent place, and are considered as a ground of salvation. While, in the sphere of Protestant Christendom, works exist in healthy combination with faith, and are represented as fulfilments of the Divine will, in the Romish Church the most arbitrary works sprang up, till they became a disgrace to, and distortion of, Christianity.

The Romish Church was to be the schoolmaster of the youthful German race for a time, but its vocation for freedom through communion with God, she could not comprehend; and it was for the nation itself to awake to it gradually, and to assert it in opposition to the spirit of its teacher. For the special calling of the nation to a deeper piety is shown by the fact that the Church of Rome had no more faithful adherents than the Germans, and that they sought to animate its lifeless dogmas with the warmth of their hearts' blood. While at

Rome, the Pope and Cardinals, like the heathen Greeks, were enjoying the refinements of art and the good things of this life, the Germans were given up to the earnest contemplation of their sins, and did not disdain the use of the miserable means offered by the Church to obtain peace. But the tendency of the nation to penetrate into the deep signification of Christianity is still more clearly shown by German mysticism than by the endeavour to fix a meaning to the Romish dogmas.

In the theology of Johann Tauler, Heinrich Suso, and Johann Ruysbroek, German subjectiveness triumphed over Romish objectiveness, the German language over the ecclesiastical Latin, the readiness of the German people to receive God through Christ in the heart, over the Romish doctrine of reconciliation to God through obedience to the Church. This was German theology; this clearing away of all legal fences and false mediation, this leading man back to immediate communion with God, this dying of the old man with Christ, and rising to a new life with Him, this pouring out of love from its eternal source through the soul of the believer to his brethren: this was German theology, this proclamation of the deepest secrets of revelation in the simple tones of the German language. The mysticism of the middle ages was a return of the spirit to the sources of divine life; it was an earnest of that greatest deed of Germany, the Reformation.

Martin Luther was sent to the nation to announce to it its Christian calling, to unite heartfelt faith with the purest morality. Never, perhaps, were united in one man so clear an apprehension of Divine truth with the strong stamp of nationality, as in the German reformer.

There have been men in whom the image of Christ was more clearly mirrored than in the ardent soul of Luther, and others may have devoted to the Gospel a more undivided patriotism, but no such union of religious fervour with the natural vigour of the German character has appeared before or since.

His alarmed conscience could not rest till he had discovered and partaken of the deepest springs of peace for the soul, but in putting on the new man in Christ he did not cast off his

German nature. The word of God appeared to him as the all-powerful means to lead the world to Christ, and thoroughly German in tone was his proclamation of it; faith was to him the life-giving fruit of the word, and with true German devotion he clung to the Captain of his Salvation. He taught that matrimony was a holy state, and thoroughly German was the family life which he held up as a pattern to future generations. With far-seeing eye he traced Christianity from its origin to its furthest extension, and perceived that human life in all its phases may be consecrated to God.

The idea of the possibility of the whole nation walking in the paths that Luther pointed out to it, appears, as things now stand, like ridiculous enthusiasm. But Germany was not so far at one time from acknowledging as one man her Christian calling. Luther's writings were as joyfully received by the Christian nobles as by the burgher and peasant class. His preaching touched the national heart, his catechism taught in a national tone, his hymns opened new paths to the national love of song. The man appeared to the whole nation as an impersonation of its better self. The Gospel from Wittenberg had gone forth on all sides, it had been accepted by the choicest of the people; the North Germans were its adherents, the spirit of the ancient faith was revived in Bohemia and Moravia, it had penetrated into Bavaria and Austria, and to the countries to the east of Germany. Then God permitted the spirit of the Romish Church, which was revived in Jesuitism, to hinder through force and cunning the spread of the Gospel.

Jesuitism is the very antipodes, the arch enemy of the German mind; for inward and heartfelt feeling, it substitutes the most repulsive formalism; it seeks to control liberty by revolting statutes. In place of the sanctified idealism which burns in the youthful German mind, it offers as the only incentive in education the commonest motives of ambition. Its object is not to lead souls to a life-giving communion with their Saviour, but only to secure obedience to the Church and to increase the adherents of the Papacy. A century after the Reformation, and even earlier, Germany presented a mournful

spectacle. Jesuitism pressed like an incubus on the national mind, and even when Luther's teaching still prevailed, it was forgotten that the Christian calling consists of sincere faith, and of a life which originates therein. Even in the Protestant Church faith was in danger of becoming a mere intellectual assent; pure doctrine had assumed the form of law; there was a zeal in the defence of it with which zeal for a life of love did not keep pace.

The period of unbroken Lutheran orthodoxy doubtless presents many valuable examples of Gospel life and faith, rich treasures of hymns and prayer, profound expositions of doctrine applicable to all time, excellent regulations concerning both public and private life, but the special vocation of the nation was not sufficiently apprehended. Two powerful voices were heard admonishing their countrymen to see their calling, the theologian Johann Arndt, and the philosopher Jacob Böhme,—the former by his 'True Christianity,' which has become a national work, the latter by numerous writings of remarkable depth and power. Both exhort their readers to a more inward reception of Divine truth, not an idle contemplation of the infinity of the Divine nature, but a partaking of that pure spring of the Godhead offered to us in Jesus Christ, in order that man may be regenerated and lead a holy life. We pass over the orthodoxy of the seventeenth century with its active piety, which in great part arose from the writings of these two great men, till we come to the times of Philip Jacob Spener and August Hermann Francke. They renewed the teaching of the Reformation; they insisted on the intimate union of religion and morality, of faith and charity, of justification and sanctification. They sought help for the times in a revival of the old times, not in outward forms, or in a meretricious style of preaching.

The pietism of Spener and Francke was a religion of the heart, a faith which was to make a new creature. It sought entrance into the *heart* to cleanse it by repentance, and to create in it a new life by faith; it sought entrance into houses to turn them into sanctuaries, into schools to transfer the

doctrines of the catechism from the head into the heart, and into the abodes of poverty to offer the consolations of the Gospel. It held to the confession of the Fathers, but without rejecting the brethren who did not adhere to it; it esteemed the ecclesiastical office, but without ignoring the gifts of laymen; it was willing to walk in the paths of church order, but it perceived that the Gospel must renounce obsolete forms. And if in pietism there was now and then something of legal bitterness, yet the community of Moravian Brethren originated in it, from whom have resounded the sweetest songs of praise to the Lamb of God, and who have received the Saviour with the most heartfelt and grateful love.

The profound and yet active piety of Spener, Francke, and Zinzendorf was a return to the Christian calling of the nation; but if not in them, in their followers, the far-seeing eye of Martin Luther was wanting, which ranged over the whole sphere of natural life, hoping to consecrate it all.

He who wishes to exercise a powerful influence upon a people must take an interest in all that concerns it, in the state, in art, in science, and learning. Pietism has not lost its value. It still preaches faith in the heart as opposed to traditional orthodoxy, active charity in opposition to mere purity of doctrine which refuses to touch the burdens of the people with one of its fingers, the advantage of turning to account the talents of the laity in the service of the Church, instead of the system of leaving everything to the clergy. But if German Christians are to fulfil their calling, they must bear in mind that to art and song which have not exactly an ecclesiastical tone, to social intercourse not confined to seasons of religious edification, to the freedom and unity of the Fatherland, to all healthy patriotism, the Apostle's words are applicable, "All are yours."

In the middle of the last century the ancient orthodoxy had fallen into a state of torpor; the pietistic circles kept strictly to themselves; a new spirit had arisen, the spirit of free investigation, which was to be applied alike to every subject; history and divine revelation were to be judged by the rules of reason. These influences came from France and England, where they

had long been secretly at work. The German literature of the period was gradually pervaded by this modern enlightenment.

The ancient and eternal principles upon which human life must rest were discarded. At the end of the century the religious life of Germany was asleep. Heartfelt faith was superseded by mere superficial belief, true morality by a spurious code of morals. History teaches us that Germany at once lost sight of her Christian and of her national calling, that she was chastised at once for this twofold sin,—that she came forth, after the chastisement, inspired by the earnest desire to nourish both her religion and patriotism from life-giving springs.

The period during which this chastisement, repentance, and return took place, is so important to our national life,—the moment when God granted it to us again after the defeat of the French is so interesting a one,—that we wish to preserve a historical memorial of it, in the hope that we may thence derive courage and zeal for the work of Christian and national revival which is so much needed again.*

This is the object of the following pages.

* Written in 1864, since which the author would probably admit that the *national* revival at any rate has taken place in the re-establishment of the empire.—TR.

CHAPTER I.

RELIGIOUS DECLENSION.

WHEN during the last year of the last century, Schleiermacher, then a young man, burning with holy indignation at the superficial tone that prevailed in religious matters, and deeply impressed with the need of directing attention again to the true sources of religious life, delivered his 'Discourses on Religion,' he addressed his hearers in these words:—

“From very ancient times, faith has not been given to every man; and it has ever been the case that but few have really apprehended religion, while millions have coquetted with her in the various disguises with which she has permitted them to invest her. But at the present time the life of people of culture is destitute of everything having any resemblance to her. I know that you do not worship the Godhead in private any more than you visit the forsaken temple; I know that no other household gods are to be found in your elegant abodes than the sayings of our wise men and the glorious creations of our artists; that human affairs, social life, art and science, however much your taste for them may be to your credit, have so entirely taken possession of your minds, that you have no interest left for the eternal and holy existence beyond this life; that you ignore it altogether. I know that you have succeeded in filling this life with charms so rich and various, that you no longer need the thought of eternity, and that having created a world for yourselves, you are quite above thinking of Him who created you.

“I am well aware that you are of opinion that nothing more novel or convincing can be said about these things, than has

been said by wise men and prophets, and—may I not add?—by scoffers and priests, over and over again. It is plain that though you have long rejected the latter, and declared them to be unworthy of your confidence, you are disposed to respect them because they are content to live in the desolate ruins of their sanctuaries, and take pains still further to deform and spoil them.”

It was in Berlin, the head-quarters of Protestantism, that these words were spoken, but a similar state of things existed in Roman Catholic districts. Mayence was the capital of the most important Electoral State of Germany, and the governor was also archbishop, so that it might have been expected that the Catholic faith would have been under the immediate protection of the Government. But under the last electoral princes, free-thinking and so-called enlightenment had taken possession of the palace as well as of the homes of people of culture. Perthes wrote on this subject as follows:—“The Elector prided himself on being an enlightened ruler in both political and ecclesiastical affairs, and upon permitting every man to think and say what he pleased. All the higher circles in Mayence were permeated with the doctrines of the Illuminati. The greater number of the canons, professors, and councillors, ecclesiastical and temporal, belonged to this class. In the houses of many of the canons, instead of statues of the Virgin, you found the symbols of philosophy and art, and in their rooms a bust of Voltaire, instead of the crucifix, or statues of St. Peter or St. Paul; and lying upon their tables were treatises by the Illuminati and the works of Helvetius.”

These words furnish a striking picture of the state of religion amongst people of education. Life had still a certain seriousness for them, through scientific pursuits, through labour for daily bread and the vicissitudes of fortune. It was adorned with art, enlivened by poetry and the charms of social life, and a sort of enthusiasm for the welfare of humanity was not wanting. But it was merely a natural life; God had no place in it, for men had discovered that Revelation had nothing to reveal, that the Son of God Himself only belonged to the sphere of

natural life. There was no family prayer, no walking in company to the house of God. The churches were empty, the clergy were most superfluous people, and were only tolerated when they sacrificed their office and their calling to the prevailing spirit. Such a renunciation of Christianity, as history has often shown us, begins in the upper ranks of society, and penetrates to the lower, whose ideas move more slowly.

But "enlightenment" had been doing its work for years, and frivolity in the upper classes and coarseness in the lower, met half-way and brought about a life estranged from God, natural, earthly, sensuous. We may truly say that at the beginning of this century, religious life in Germany gave tokens of dissolution.

Not that it was altogether extinguished. Here and there a few embers were still glowing, kept alight by the power of faith. The little communities of the United Brethren still obtained warmth from it, in the midst of the chilling atmosphere around them. Pietistic circles still derived edification from their Golden Treasuries and devotional books. In some households the custom of family prayer and of reading sermons on Sunday was still kept up. Among all classes there were people who could not altogether dispense with religion, and who in times of trouble would turn for consolations to Gellert's hymns. Some few ministers still preached Gospel truth, though seldom in all its fulness, or with the demonstration of the spirit and of power. Poets like Klopstock, philosophers like Hamann, authors like Claudius and Stilling, and preachers like Lavater, did confess Christ before men. But the evidences of evangelical faith have to be sought for here and there; there is a certain want of cohesion even among the Christian elements. Where then was the faith of our fathers, of our revered and admired Luther? What was become of his saying—

"Das Wort sie sollen lassen stehen?"

"Firm as a rock His word shall stand."

What of his testimony to the doctrine of justification by faith, "Of this article not a jot or a tittle can be abated, though heaven and earth or whatever else should fall?"

The rationalism of that time did not altogether give up the Bible, but it considered itself above the Bible. It more or less adopted the language which Goethe has put into the mouth of Bahrtdt, the most repulsive representative of the doctrines of enlightenment, "It seemed to me that I spoke pretty much like Christ." The Bible was not looked upon as a revelation of God's truth, of which Christ is the star and centre, but as a sort of collection of proverbs in which you might look for consolation, find your favourite virtues advocated, and especially dictums against superstition, but the deepest and most important parts of it were coolly ignored or explained according to the prevailing views. The doctrines of the Bible with regard to sin were not believed, and therefore the idea of the plan of salvation was obscured. No doctrine was so abhorrent to that generation as that called by the Church original sin. It did not believe in the connection between our sinfulness and the sin of the father of our race, and therefore neither did it believe in the possibility of salvation through union by faith with Him who fulfilled all righteousness. The idea was, that man was born innocent, and endowed with splendid faculties, but that since the senses are developed earlier than the reason, until mind attains its due supremacy, the flesh gets the upper hand. But this defect is to be remedied by precept and example, and as both teacher and example Jesus Christ appeared. Sin is not, as the Scriptures teach, enmity against God, but merely a weakness, and, strictly speaking, it ought not to be laid to man's account; but the blame must be laid on the Creator, who made him of such bad materials. Faith only meant a historical belief that so good a man and excellent a teacher as Jesus Christ once lived. No new birth was considered necessary, only improvement. No reconciliation, only a general love to God. No God-man, only the man Jesus. Life therefore passed onward with those who held these views, without any testimony of the Spirit that they were the children of God,—with no feeling of the nearness of the Saviour; and eternity was regarded as the unknown country, instead of the consummation of the kingdom of God.

People did indeed picture to themselves the fearful recompense of the evildoer, and flatter themselves that their own virtue would be rewarded, but there was none of the assurance which enables the Christian to say, "We know that we have passed from death unto life."

This rejection and explaining away of the doctrines of Scripture also impressed its character upon public worship. According to the Protestant idea, preaching is the principal thing in divine service,* for "faith cometh by hearing." But for this reason, preaching must be testimony to Christ, an announcement of the glad tidings of salvation, and with this are naturally united doctrine, reproof, correction, and instruction in righteousness. But at the beginning of this century, preaching was become entirely doctrinal in the worst sense of the word, and if any attempt was made to touch the heart, it was by means of sentimental emotion.

Superficial, insipid commonplace, combined with fictitious pathos and an assumed pulpit tone, formed the ordinary style of preaching. It was no wonder that the people who had drunk deeply of the fountains of the poetry of Goethe and Schiller, had no inclination for such discourses; and that most people thought it useless to go to church at all, since they heard nothing there that the natural man was not perfectly well able to find out for himself.

The Baron von Stein, who was a constant attender at church, used to say, "If the sermon is bad, there is a hymn of Luther's or Paul Gerhardt's to refresh us." But even this consolation did not always exist. For rationalism attempted to make even the hymns subservient to its prosaic teaching. There has been no greater vandalism in modern times than the havoc that it made with the hymns of our German Church. Those glorious old hymns with which she had fought for her life against Rome were expunged, and those that were retained were mutilated to suit the prevailing ideas. And the new ones, which were contributed in large numbers, were a disgrace not only to religion,

* In the Lutheran Church preaching holds a much more important place than in the English Church.—TR.

but to poetry ; miserable rhymes in which the Christian virtues were entirely divorced from their holy union with faith. No doubt many did still find edification in the house of God, because they honestly sought it ; but a gradual estrangement from it was going on, there was no feeling of praise such as is expressed in the words, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts !" * no response to such as these, "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after ; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in His temple." †

A new idea had arisen as to the relation of individuals to the Christian community. It was considered entirely optional whether a man concerned himself about the Church or not, and with many this notion was the steep descent down which all pious feeling disappeared.

George Forster, a man who had never been confirmed or partaken of the communion, at one time wrote as follows : "I am daily learning that no single impulse towards the pure and good arises in my own heart, and therefore that I cannot be sure of standing fast in any virtue for a moment ; but I believe that I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth us. I believe that one spark of faith in God, kindled in our hearts by Him, one spark of love to Him is a glorious token that the door is open to us, and that He will approach us with His unconditional and unrequited love."

But the following extract from a letter at a later period will show what became of his religion, notwithstanding this glowing testimony to the grace of God : "I am more tranquil, contented, and happy now without God and without prayer, than ever I was with all the anxiety of my days of faith. If there is a Being who, as the creator of all, comprehends all other beings in Himself, I am convinced that He must take more pleasure in the happiness of His creatures than in their perpetual prayers ; and that one can be good and righteous, and act honourably, without making laws for oneself out of possibilities,

* Psalm lxxxiv. 1.

† Psalm xxvii. 4.

or probabilities at most, to say nothing of believing in lies and absurdities, and sacrificing to such nonsense the healthy understanding of man."

Forster's subsequent life, in spite of his noble nature, shows where man's healthy understanding leads him when he struggles against the truths of revelation; and his course was that of many others at that time.

The subject of education excited much interest in the last century. But the salutary influence of the pietism of such men as Francke was confined to a few narrow circles. It was wanting in sympathy for many of the various phases of human life, but since its foundations were laid in the doctrines of the Gospel, many excellent men sprang from its ranks. But far and wide might be traced the cold spirit of the doctrines of Rousseau; they were adapted, indeed, to scare away some evils, but they were powerless to train up Christians. They were potent errors which were the basis of his teaching. He taught that man was naturally good, and proposed to remove him from society, as the school of evil. This was the essence of his teaching. Everything is good as it came from the hands of its Creator; but it is damaged in the hands of man. This sounds like an admission of a sinful fall, but he is far from making the individual responsible for his sins. Society is at the bottom of all evil, and therefore he rails wildly against it, forgetting that society is composed of individuals; he thinks that the art of education consists in not subjecting the natural man to the evils of society, ignoring that man has the evil in his own breast, and that life as a member of a community is intended to counteract self-seeking, his most deeply rooted sin.

The influence of Rousseau was entirely anti-Christian. He denied the destination of man for the kingdom of God, and limited his aspirations to this world. He made war with society, instead of trying to cure it by means of the Gospel; and while flattering himself that he embraced the million, he had not affection enough to fulfil the duties of a father to his own children.

His ideas were received with enthusiasm in Germany, and it

must be admitted that education partook of the general declension of religion. The Bible, the hymn-book, and the catechism were no longer the pillars of national education. The Bible was considered a merely human book, the hymn-book was diluted, and a multitude of modern catechisms took the place of that of Luther.

At the same time that this degeneracy took place in the lower schools, there was an entire failure of discipline in the higher ones and in the universities. Göttingen was perhaps the most famous, and the favourite with the aristocracy. In 1802 the Pro-rector published a treatise on the 'Government and Constitution of the German Universities,' in which he holds up quite a different standard for the young men of rank and the poorer students who were mostly theologians. He does not disapprove of duels among the former, though he thinks it very absurd that the future ministers of the Christian religion should seek redress for insult in this way. He doubts whether the students of good family should have to pass any examinations, though he approves of the half-yearly examination of the theologians. He wishes, of course, to attract the former class to the university, but he considers that "the presence of even a limited number of industrious and blameless young people without sufficient means is a great evil." He then continues, "Gambling will always prevail at universities where a number of wealthy and distinguished young men congregate; they see it practised at home from their earliest years, and will be sure to learn to imitate the habits of their fathers. Even tutors are of opinion that it would be a good thing for gaming to be placed under proper regulations, in order that young people might early become familiar with it, and learn to play with moderation." Karl von Raumer, to whom we are indebted for this extract, adds from his own experience, "My parents gave me strict warning against excesses, but they never thought of warning me against gaming. I was induced to play, and did not regard it in the light of a sin. But what were the consequences? It became a passion with me, and made me indifferent to everything to which I was devoted before. My heart

became cold as ice. I thank God that it was not long before I was so fortunate as to be *unfortunate* in play, which brought me to my senses, and once for all I resolved to give it up. At the gaming-table I also became acquainted with the frightfully licentious lives of these people. God preserved me from similar excesses by means of my father's warnings and the examples that I had before me,—yet these men belonged to the upper classes, and passed for people of refinement, shone in society, and were courted by it."

Perhaps it may be said that the state of things is not much better at our universities at the present day. They certainly were improved immediately after the war; and if such a picture does still apply to any of our students, thank God the religious patriotic enthusiasm of fifty years ago has still so much influence that there are also young men among them who consecrate the prime of their lives to the Lord, and preserve their powers for the service of their country.

We have now to enter upon another sphere of intellectual life, a very fruitful one about the end of the last century. It was not merely an age of superficial enlightenment and prosaic commonplace, it was also an age of wonderful poetic genius, the second blossoming-time of our poetic literature. We may justly take delight in this, and ever return to it as an inexhaustible source of intellectual refreshment and elevation. Yet we must not therefore refuse to admit that our modern classic literature partook of the religious declension of the age. At the threshold of the period, and as a type of what was wanted in Germany, stands the venerable figure of Klopstock. He turned his attention to German nationality, and to the celebrated figures of our history. He has a thorough appreciation of the classics, which have now become so essential an element in our culture; and all his poetry is penetrated by the earnestness and consecration of Christian faith, even when it has not the Redeemer directly as its subject. But out of all these elements, Klopstock did not often succeed in creating poems in which depth and clearness were combined with perfection of form, with wealth of thought, or tenderness of feeling; but few of them come up to the

highest standard. Klopstock still has his admirers among those who are able to appreciate the religious, national, and genial tone of his writings; but his influence upon the nation at large was pretty much at an end when Lessing, Herder, Goethe, and Schiller appeared upon the scene. His poetical testimonies to the faith were a blessing to the country, but his faith did not escape the influences of the age; it was of too sentimental a character, and did not sufficiently recognize the power of the simple word of God. And Lessing, Herder, Goethe, and Schiller—they all took their part in opposing the philistinism* of enlightenment, but could not deliver us from religious degeneracy. The ordinary school of the Illuminati were abhorrent to the acute mind of Lessing, and he was no more tolerant of them than of the orthodox party; but his writings show that he had no certainty in matters of faith, and his preference for spending his life in striving after truth rather than in possessing it, proves that he had no experience of peace with God through Christ. Even when treating of revelation, and gaining a glorious insight into its organism, he gets no further than to religious contemplation of the Saviour, not to a religion of which Jesus Christ is the object, to the faith that our salvation depends on our personal relation to Him. We know well that his opinions have many followers in our own day.

Herder was equipped for a contest with rationalism by great genius, and a mind capable of the deepest religious views and feelings. He severely lashed the opinion that preaching would

* A German nickname. I give Mr. Matthew Arnold's explanation of it, somewhat abridged:—"We have not the expression in English. . . . Philistine must have originally meant in the minds of those who invented the term a strong, dogged, unenlightened opponent of the children of the light. The party of change, the would-be remodellers of the old traditional European order, regarded themselves with the robust self-confidence natural to reformers, as a chosen people, a people of the light, and their adversaries as humdrum people, slaves to routine, stupid, oppressive, but at the same time, very strong." ('Essays in Criticism.') But when the "party of change" pursued their object as an affair of party, and in a routine fashion, they would be called philistines by others, which must be the meaning of the "philistinism of enlightenment."—Tr.

be of no avail unless it entered other service than that of the Gospel; he advocated the use of our old church hymns; he unfolded the beauties of Hebrew poetry; he plucked luscious fruits from the tree of Christianity, and in that poverty-stricken time the most pious of the people partook of them with delight; but even he did not attain to simple faith in the Scriptures. The warmth with which in his youth he spoke of Christian topics cooled as he grew older; his Christianity was too much the fruit of poetical sensibility for the beautiful and the good, it did not sufficiently consist in the grateful love of a forgiven sinner.

And Goethe—he many times exclaimed, “But little is wanting to make me a Christian!” In his youth he was brought into contact with the United Brethren, he occupied himself with the writings of Hamann, maintained an intimate acquaintance with Stilling and Lavater, and Bahrdt and Nicolai groaned under his lashes. The wonderful ingenuousness with which God had endowed this great man, and with which he allowed circumstances to work upon him, and calmly gave himself up to their influence,—the spirit in which he said that love was the only remedy for jealousy of the superior advantages of others, were all traits of the divine.

But Goethe’s was, at the same time, an eminently sublime nature. He permitted circumstances to work upon him; but when they occasioned him too much uneasiness he sought to escape from their influence. And from the griefs with which, by reason of his guilt, God not seldom afflicted him, he preferred to escape by giving vent to his feelings in poetry rather than by taking them to the Saviour, who can feel and heal our deepest sorrows. Goethe turned away from Christianity. He became estranged from the United Brethren, because their confession of sin went too far for him; he gave up his intercourse with Lavater, whose zeal for the salvation of souls was distasteful to him, and he wrote politely, but decidedly, to the friend of his youth, Augusta Stolberg, that he did not need her Saviour. It is wonderful how this man, whose views of the world were so thoroughly pantheistic, and who sometimes represents him-

self as a heathen, can describe religious emotions, and give expression to the deepest thoughts of Christianity. But it only shows that no profound mind can entirely withdraw itself from its power. Christians may take a calm delight in the beauty of Goethe's poetry; it may even sometimes happen that it may predispose the mind for the reception of the Gospel, but its ordinary effect is to confirm people in a course in which the best that this life has to offer is sufficient for them.

And Schiller, how often his religion has been discussed! and how true it is that the purity of his morality, the earnestness with which he strives to attain to the beautiful, which to him was synonymous with the true, that the ideality of his poetry has a tendency to lift man out of himself, and above the commonplace of life; so far he prepares the way for Christianity, which in the highest sense performs the same service for man. Still it is evident that he was estranged not only from the Church, but from the fundamental truths of Christianity; and it is this which prevents the poetry of this favourite of the Germans from more thoroughly penetrating their national life. Thus our German literature suffered from the prevailing religious degeneracy. The fault does not lie with the individual poets, but with the age. When they arose, they were nowhere met by the overwhelming force of Christianity. Neither in the affairs of Church and State were they borne along by the great organism of which men willingly find themselves a part. They stood alone. But for this very reason our modern German literature is specially adapted to display the power of genius,—a divine power, which can create out of nothing. Germany is deeply indebted to these heroes of poetry for the ideality of its life, at a time when the old order of things was breaking up, and for opposing an ideal world to the world of commonplace. They prepared the way of the Lord; but they are more often brought forward as examples to prove that the most powerful minds can dispense with Christianity in its Biblical form.

The religious declension which preceded the disgrace into which Germany fell, is indicated as much as in anything by the views and habits which were adopted with regard to morals.

It cannot be said that the renunciation of Scriptural Christianity is always followed by moral corruption; there are people who feel strongly impelled to a strict compliance with the demands of morality, because of their free handling of the truths of Christianity; and although they are wanting in the most powerful moral impulse, which consists in faith, in self-sacrificing love, they must be granted a place in the outer courts of holiness. Thus Kant was a schoolmaster for Christ, by the importance he gave to conscience.* His retention of morality, while he renounced faith, was to many of his disciples the bridge by which they crossed over to faith again. And if Schiller proposed to complete, by æsthetic teaching, the moral training of youth, the beautiful was with him inseparable from the good. Fichte also strongly advocated moral perfection, whether his philosophical theories were based upon the freedom of the will or upon necessity. But a morality which was mainly based upon philosophy was incapable of influencing the masses. It was very superficial, and had neither depth nor strength to enable it to withstand the assaults of destiny. Never was virtue more talked about than at that time, but it was virtue of a very limited sort, for it did not take its rise in the deep springs of religion; it had not the far-seeing vision which perceives in the union of the divine and human the ultimate aim of life; it could not soar to the height whence time is as eternity, and eternity as time, which not only looks forward to eternity, but possesses it already. Virtue was considered to consist in special actions, and was directed to the attainment of special advantages.

The poetical genius of Goethe and his disciples was indeed opposed to the morality of the Illuminati; but, without any Christian basis, it only more clearly revealed the moral degeneracy of the age, especially in relation to marriage, the divine ordinance, which is the chief test of morality.

The school of enlightenment had greatly increased the number

* "Categorical imperative," in Kant's nomenclature. I have met with the following explanation of it in the 'Life and Letters of Rev. F. W. Robertson,'—"that is, a sense of duty which commands categorically or absolutely, not saying 'it is better,' but, 'thou shalt.'"—TR.

of grounds for which divorce was obtainable, but the disciples of genius brought forward grounds for not contracting marriage at all, and advocated the doctrine of love without marriage in beguiling tones.

If we turn our eyes to the two most brilliant centres of intellectual life in Germany,—Weimar and Berlin, and which also played an important part in the fate of the nation of which the battle of Jena was the consummation,—we cannot but acknowledge that this wonderful mental life was combined with a disgraceful disregard of morals. The last ecclesiastical transaction which took place at Weimar, in 1806, before the churches were given up to the French for magazines and hospitals, was the marriage of Goethe with his mistress. And in Berlin we find assembled, around women of noble character, hosts of intellectual men, whose lives were many of them a disgrace to morality. We are reminded also of ‘*Lucinda*,’ a shameless book, by F. W. Schlegel, but which he held to be a gospel of genuine love.

Morality did indeed require a renovation; and it attained to it when the purifying sorrows through which the country passed had again directed attention to Christianity. Arndt said of this period, “We are altogether bad, cowardly, and stupid; too poor for love, too languid for hate, too lukewarm for anger; we hold out our hands for everything, but grasp nothing; we wish for all things, but are incapable of attaining anything. And thus, suspended in an unhappy medium, between life and death, between earth and heaven, we behold ourselves and the earth beneath us going to destruction. In this miserable indifference and godlessness and extinction of nationality, which is called all-sidedness, lies the solution of the history of the last twenty years.”

The godlessness, to use Arndt’s strong expression, we have described, and must now glance at the extinction of nationality.

CHAPTER II.

NATIONAL DISRUPTION.

DECLENSION in the religious life of a people is generally followed by national degeneracy. Among heathen nations religious and political life were one. Religion was a phase of nationality; and therefore, if a man belonged to the nation, he joined in its worship as a matter of course; there was no such thing as a change of religion, unless a man, transplanted from his native soil, renounced his religion along with his nationality, and adopted that of his new country. The religion of the heathen did not elevate them above the narrow sphere of national life. But it is the peculiarity of Christianity, that by imparting to man the glorious liberty of the children of God, it no longer restricts him to national or any other limits. It is to the individual that Christianity addresses itself, because he is, in the sight of God, of infinite value; but no sooner has a man been led out of himself to God than the kingdom of God is revealed to him as the community of all nations and people and tongues who bow the knee to the name of Jesus.

Christianity, therefore, re-establishes a humanity out of the tumult of conflicting nations; not, however, by producing a colourless monotony, but a body with many members,—an organism composed of individuals forming nations, and nations forming the great family of God.

Christianity does not destroy nationality, but elevates it. The Monarch of the kingdom of heaven does not require that nations should renounce their special gifts, but rather that they should come before Him and cast them at His feet.

The union of nationality and religion, which was a necessity

in heathenism, must be in Christendom the result of moral freedom. But if the State imposes too severe a restraint upon religious life, the power of religion to embrace all humanity will be impaired, and religious discord will assist to break up national unity.

After the Reformation in Germany, Christianity took so far as this a false position, that, as Catholic or Protestant, its interests were entirely united with the government. This led to conflicts of Germans with Germans, and to calling in the aid of foreign governments as allies of one German State against another. This contributed to national degeneracy, and led to the enthusiasm for foreign nations, which at the beginning of this century was united with apathy with respect to religion. But in order fully to understand this state of things, we must glance back to an earlier period of history. The rich gifts with which God has endowed the German nation entail upon it the duty of carefully defending its nationality from oppression or destruction. The Germans are by natural constitution a profound, inward, constant, persevering people, capable of courageous deeds, and of the deepest contemplation of God; of unwearied tarriance in the regions of pure thought, and of poetical delight in the varied manifestations of outward life. On the one hand, they have courage enough to raise mementoes to themselves by deeds of heroism; but they do not forget that the glory of man is as the flower of the field, and are not satisfied without penetrating through the shell to the kernel, through appearance to the essence. They hold that all we think and do should tend to the advantage of the inner man; and that the inner man should stand in an intimate relation to all that surrounds him.

No nation has more thoroughly embraced the idea of Christianity than the German. And if German thinkers have from time to time deviated from the paths of truth, it has been in the spirit of earnest investigation, in the interests of a thorough appropriation of revealed truth, as opposed to an indifferent reception of it. But this inwardness and special adaptation for religious life have not prevented the Germans from doing great things in the world. At the time when the special characteristics

of the nation were as yet undeveloped, in connection with the other Germanic tribes, it was the new bottle for the reception of the new wine of the Gospel; the youthful inheritor of Europe when its old possessors were dying out.

The treaty of Verdun may in a certain sense be looked upon as the period of the birth of German nationality. The German empire had then ruled the world for centuries, and when its power declined, owing to the rise of other races, German mind did not fail to assert itself as a royal power among the nations. Its spirit of research has led to the most useful inventions; its love of enterprise, to travels by sea and land, by means of which German character has been planted in distant countries, and brilliant pictures of them have been presented to the imagination.

German architecture has raised the cathedrals in which, as it were, the cold stone has received the impress of earnest aspiration and devout enthusiasm. In both ancient and modern times German painting has aimed not only at charming the eye, but at directing the inmost soul to the contemplation of that which shall endure. In the middle ages, and in modern times, we have had a literature which fully expressed the national mind and character; and Germany has conferred an inestimable benefit on the world by breaking the fetters of the Papacy at the time of the Reformation. But in these manifold gifts there lurks a danger for our nationality. We eagerly grasp at all that is valuable and beautiful, wherever found; and our language presents a facility for translating the beauties of the poetry of other languages, in which it is equalled by no other. But this receptivity for the creations of foreign genius is not sufficiently counteracted by political power. While other nations plant their banners in distant lands, and make their supremacy felt, we are a peaceful people in the heart of Europe, protected neither by natural boundaries nor by a vigorous military policy. Our national mind should be our protector against the acquisitive tendencies of our neighbours. Cosmopolitanism, only too indigenious among us, is our greatest danger.

There is something humiliating in our admiration of England, because England exhibits such unbridled arrogance towards

Germany; but it is the Germanic element that we admire in England, and separated from us by the sea, and with her maritime supremacy to look after, she has reason enough for not wasting her strength in Continental affairs. It is against the Slavonic nations in the East, and the French in the West, that we have to guard our nationality; and as we have no special sympathy for Russia or Poland, but are always liable to be dazzled by the glittering culture of the French, and as there is no greater political contrast than between German contentment and French ambition, it is above all things our duty to guard our nationality from injury from the French.*

At the time of the Reformation the previous attempts of France to gain influence in Germany and to increase her territory at the expense of her neighbour became more decided. At the death of the Emperor Maximilian, Francis I. employed the basest arts to obtain the Imperial crown; but they were frustrated by the Elector of Mayence, who pointed out the danger of French influence in Germany, and the disgrace it would be to see the Imperial crown upon the head of a Frenchman. Charles V. was therefore elected, though he unfortunately was not a genuine German emperor. Francis I., burning with hatred for his rival, observed that the Germans had no enthusiasm for their Emperor, and that the Protestant princes regarded him as at once the enemy of their faith and of their political existence. He, therefore, sought to sow discord between them, in order to weaken the country and render it an easy prey to the French. His son, Henry II., the fierce persecutor of the Protestants in his own country, became in Germany their ally. Scarcely had Maurice of Saxony made up his mind to take up against Charles V. the arms with which he had served under him a few years before, than a French commissioner was at hand, and a treaty was concluded, of which the following is an extract:—"It will be desirable that the king of France should as soon as possible take possession of, and hold as vicar of the Holy Empire, several German cities which have for ages belonged to the German empire, namely Cambray, and in Lor-

* The late war of 1869-70 is a striking commentary on these words.—Tr.

raine, Metz, Toul, Verdun, and others. Under this title we shall be ready to advance his interests in the future, though we reserve in favour of the empire all its rights in the aforesaid towns. . . . On condition that the most Christian king treats us Germans in this matter not only as our friend but as our loving father, we will henceforth regard him as such during the rest of our lives. . . . Further, at the future election of an emperor, we will act in accordance with the wishes of his Majesty, and will not elect any one who is not his Majesty's friend, and who will not give security for maintaining friendly relations. If it should please the king to accept the office himself, we should submit to him more willingly than to another."

In consequence of this treaty, Henry II. put forth a manifesto to the Germans, styling himself the champion of German liberty, and made a parade of his good will to his relations the Germans, especially to the imprisoned princes John Frederic of Saxony and Philip of Hesse. It is true that the release of both princes was the result of this understanding. But Lorraine came under French rule, and Metz, Toul, and Verdun were taken possession of by the French crown, and though in accordance with the treaty only for a time, they were never restored to the German empire. This was the beginning of the French conquests, which ended with the subjection to Napoleon. But such diminution of our territory would never have been submitted to, had not our patriotism already undergone a fatal degeneracy. Before we were conquered by the French, we had already bowed the knee to them by adopting their language and manners.

In 1629 Johann Ellinger, chaplain at Arheiligen, near Darmstadt, published a book called 'The Devil in Fashionable Clothes,' in which he attacks his countrymen for their rage for imitating the fashions of other nations. He relates the story of the painter who, being ordered by the Turkish emperor to paint a picture of the costumes of all nations, introduced among them a naked man with a piece of cloth under his arm, and on being asked who he was, replied that he was a German, and that he did not know in what costume to paint him, as he did not keep to his old fashions, but aped those of all other nations. He

continues: "If we German apes will be so foolish as to take delight in the costumes of other nations, God will surely send nations into our land of whom we have not heretofore been fond of hearing, and He will look quietly on while they take the measure of us with their new-fangled patterns, and the blood that is spilt will reach up to our heads, and the money will be drained out of our purses, and we foolish Germans shall be punished for our madness." Not long after, Johann Michael Moscherosch lifted up his voice. He was born in Alsace in 1601, and at Strasburg, at the feet of the theologian Johann Schmidt, he had imbibed the deep piety with which as a layman he served the Lord, amidst his various occupations, in the sore troubles of the Thirty Years' War.

In his "Christian Testament," to his children, he says, "Go towards the north; the Hanse towns, Denmark and Sweden are pure and filled with the word of God. Yea, even go further, to the barbarian nations, if you only serve God from your hearts, and keep His holy laws. I do not advise you to go westward, I have no hope for religion there. Ratio status, cultivation and reputation are of more account than God and holiness, and the common people know little or nothing of God and his character. They believe in their king; and what he believes, that they believe, in a servile fashion and without intelligence. France tolerates the Protestant religion, but with a very different intention from that of the Christian Swedish king, Gustavus Adolphus. France employs the Germans against the Germans, else she could not master them, and spares them and pays them, as long as it serves her purpose, just as in the times of Julius Cæsar."

Twenty years after the Peace of Westphalia this honest German held up a mirror of their manners before his countrymen. "Oh, ancient manliness, oh, ancient German bravery and honesty, where are you flown to?" he frequently exclaims; and he lays the blame especially on aping foreign fashions, and spoiling the language by foreign admixtures. "Have you not learnt by experience that the nations that you imitate crush you and grind you down? For they have already taken possession

of your hearts, the best of bulwarks, and the fortifications of the eyes, the outworks of the senses."

The following passage appears quite prophetic:—"I warn you, my Germans, that a time will come, for all things pass away, when the German empire will fall to the ground; then will citizen fight with citizen, and brother with brother; they will set their hearts on foreign things, they will despise their mother tongue, and set the foreigners' babble above it; they will serve against their conscience, and their own country. And thus this great empire will fall to the ground, and go into the hands of those with whose language they have coquetted, unless God raise up for us some great hero who will chastise them according to their deserts."

Other warning voices were also heard, but the French were indefatigable in struggling for the supremacy, which they considered belonged to them. In 1632 Cassan published a book, in which he endeavoured to show the right of France to nearly all the countries of Europe except Great Britain, Scandinavia, and the Slavonic territories.

These bold claims were part of the secret programme which Richelieu was planning during the Thirty Years' War, and the peace negotiations which followed. No means were spared; assumption, intrigue, flattery, and money were all directed to the same end. Princes, princesses, ministers, generals, instructors of youth, were enticed by large sums, and all their efforts were crowned by the Peace of Westphalia. France gained immensely by it, and the treaty gives a vivid picture of the national abasement we had brought upon ourselves one hundred and fifty years before the time of Napoleon.

The loss of territory was, perhaps, not the worst result of the peace; for there was also a great evil in the declared sovereignty of the German princes, and the power guaranteed them over the lives, property, and honour of their subjects; the right to raise troops for foreign powers, and to conclude treaties according to their pleasure. By these means the power of the empire was weakened, and the French acquired an excuse for perpetual meddling in German affairs; and, by exciting indivi-

dual princes against each other, they split up Germany into factions. The manner in which Louis XIV. took advantage of the concessions made to France is well known. The Peace of Nimeguen was a fresh triumph of French policy. It was now considered that all masks might be thrown off, and one German possession was laid claim to after another. In 1681 Strasburg was overrun and taken, and then France, who considers her mission to be the civilisation of the nations, began those ravages in the Rhenish provinces of which Heidelberg, Mannheim, Speier, Worms, many ruined churches and places reduced to ashes are a crying testimony. And Germany submitted to it all; for it was sick "from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot; the whole head was sick, and the whole heart faint."

A general resistance might have been expected throughout the country, but it was only here and there that deeds of heroism were performed against the enemy. The best of the nation were as much opposed to the Peace of Ryswick as they were to the Peace of Paris in 1814. But individual German princes had already begun to consider that their States existed for them, and to quarrel with one another for their personal aggrandisement.

They took Louis XIV.—Germany's greatest enemy—for their model, and adopted his mottoes, "*L'état c'est moi*," and "*Le peuple pour moi*." It was a charming method of governing: to think of no one but themselves; to drain as much money as possible out of the people; to build palaces, solitudes, and hunting-boxes; to delight the ear and eye at the opera and ballet; and to exchange their honest native language for the more polite French. Every prince rushed to Versailles to take a pattern for his court. So corrupted was German conscience by French example, that the practice of keeping mistresses was openly justified. German princes demanded French princesses in marriage, and German princesses were, if possible, married to Frenchmen. Wily commissioners were constantly sent to German courts to practise on German simplicity with their seared consciences, well-filled purses, and fluent tongues. Journalists wrote for French pay. French cavaliers accompanied

the princes in all their expeditions, and at home they were served by French valets. The children learnt French from their *bonnes* earlier than German, and French literature penetrated everywhere. The clock which Louis XIV. had made, in which the German eagle trembled at the crowing of the Gallic cock, was a supercilious, but, unhappily, not an inapt symbol of French influence in Germany. Some one wrote about that time, "We wish to protect by arms our towns and territories from the attacks of the French, but we and our minds have long been taken captive by them: witness our manners, language, and dress. Yes, so to speak, we have become French inside and out, and yet we regard the French as our enemies. No one of any sense can dispute that when people's minds are taken captive, and they are so addicted to foreign ways, but few will zealously stand up in defence of their faith and country. Many have no other desire than to be subject to foreign dominion."

Frederic the Great was the only ruler who, in the last century, gave any impetus to German national feeling. Like a brilliant star, he attracted the attention of the best of the nation, and especially of the youth. But every advantage gained by Prussia weakened the unity of the empire. In putting the French to flight at Rossbach he roused the national feeling against them; but what he gave with one hand he took away with the other. This monarch, who regarded himself as the first servant of the State, instead of saying, I am the State, whose aim was strength, not splendour, was the greatest admirer of French culture, and despised the German language and literature just as they were beginning to produce wonders. And when the Revolution burst forth in France, the ancient empire was unable to stand against it. It had lost unity and strength. The emperor was rather Austrian than German, and he was opposed by ambitious princes determined to assert their independence. The Imperial army was no longer a united body, moving with agility and strength. When the horrors of the Revolution began and overthrew the kingdom, and threatened the life of the king, Germany roused itself up, expecting to

make a speedy end of the disturbances, and to restore the royal authority. The first campaign of the Austrians and Prussians, in 1792, was unsuccessful. Mayence, the seat of the Lord High Chancellor of the empire, fell an easy prey to the French, and, though retaken by Prussia, it soon fell back into their hands. The coalition of Austria, Prussia, and all Germany, England, Holland, Naples, Spain, Portugal, Tuscany, and the Pope was broken up after a series of unsuccessful struggles. Prussia, joined by Hanover, Saxony, and Hesse, concluded peace at Basle in 1795, and the country was separated into North and South Germany. Prussia ceded her possessions on the left bank of the Rhine to the French Republic, and permitted it to encroach as far as Westphalia. And Austria and her allies, unable to stand against France, gave her the Netherlands at the Peace of Campo Formio, in 1797, and indemnified herself for Milan by taking Venice, Istria, and Dalmatia.

New alliances were unavailing; one ignominious concession was followed by another; the Imperial territories were given to foreign princes. Before long Austria was prostrate, and Prussia was unable to aid her. At the Peace of Presburg, in 1805, she parted with twelve hundred square miles, not only to France, but to the German allies of France, Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Baden.

Napoleon made the Imperial Princes of Bavaria and Würtemberg into kings; in 1806 he established the Confederation of the Rhine, and the German emperor laid aside the Imperial crown.

The national mind must have been fearfully weakened by centuries of misgovernment, or the body of the empire could not have been so quickly torn asunder, and its members distributed to foreign Powers. Indeed, nothing can be more humiliating than to see how princes and people were subjected to French influence at the close of the last century. But they had to see their races and States trodden down by the Revolution, of which Napoleon became the impersonation, before they came to themselves, and discovered that they yet possessed a moral strength by means of which they could overthrow a dominion in which God had no pleasure.

CHAPTER III.

THE PRIDE AND FALL OF PRUSSIA.

NEVER have a royal house and people had more just cause for self-congratulation than the Prussian. From small beginnings the Prussian State raised itself to the position of a great Power, for the favour of Providence was united with the ability of its rulers. Perhaps scarcely any other royal race has produced so many talented rulers in quick succession. They did not regard their people as the means of gratifying their personal inclinations, but faithfully devoted themselves to their interests; and the severity in some respects, in which, according to the custom of the age or their peculiar characters, they indulged, was tempered by the system of government taken as a whole; for it was obvious that its only aim was the prosperity of the State. Limited territory was compensated for by the universal devotion of the people to the royal house, by the development of trade and of the resources of the country; and the army was virtually doubled by excellent discipline. To these advantages must be added the Protestantism of Prussia. While Austria maintained her Jesuitical Church policy, and Electoral Hesse renounced the Protestant faith for the sake of the crown of Poland, Prussia remained faithful to Protestantism. The greatest enemy of Prussia, and that which prevents her from fulfilling her mission in Germany, is her own arrogance. The confidence of Germany ought not to dispose her to think so highly of herself as to suppose she can stand alone. The position of affairs is different from what it was at the time when the great Elector and King obtained their victories; and who can answer for it that the royal house will continue to produce

great rulers? Prussia will only remain a great Power as long as she gains the hearts of the German people by her moral supremacy and her decisive national policy.

The separation of Prussia from the alliance of States which struggled against the Revolution and its heir, Napoleon, only occasioned her to be the more deeply humbled. She began to recover herself from the moment that she became the leader of the national enthusiasm against the French dominion.

We are not writing the political history of this period, but a history of the religious awakening of the German people. We pass by all the vacillations of Prussian policy, during which Napoleon continued to insult the State, and fix our eye upon the moment when, at length, "war against France" was adopted as the watchword, and we shall endeavour to ascertain the moral principles on which the war was undertaken, in order that we may understand the fall which followed. We lay bare the sin, in order the better to understand the chastisement of God and the repentance of the people.

It is always not only a political error, but a moral evil, a national sin, when a nation arrogantly lives on the capital of its acquired fame, without troubling itself to think how soon it will be exhausted. The means which to-day may enable a State to stand against the world, may, perhaps, not suffice some twenty years hence to defend it against a single Power. For the powers of a State do not remain in the same condition; unless they keep pace with the vital progress of the age, they become mere rusty and useless weapons. It was the misfortune of Prussia that she entered upon the war with Napoleon with the arrogant idea that victory was inseparable from the banners of Frederic the Great, although the spirit of that mighty monarch had departed from the army.

Bishop Eylert, in his "Recollections of Frederic William III.," has given us a striking picture of the state of the army before the defeat at Jena. One great evil was the entire separation of the army from the people; this fostered a military pride which looked down upon the citizens with contempt. The officers all belonged to the nobility. The most incompetent attained to

the highest posts on account of their rank. There could be no greater disregard of Christian or even moral principles than in the treatment of the burgher class by the officers.

There was no idea that it was possible to maintain discipline without degrading punishments. Exercise was only adapted for the parade ground, and furnished no guarantee for the war-like capacity of the regiments. The common soldier was entirely without attachment to his leaders, and even he began to ponder on the condition of the army. The son of a Westphalian farmer said to Eylert, "According to my simple ideas, exercise in time of peace is intended to prepare us for war. It is well that we should be able to march all together in a straight line, to handle our weapons, to load them quickly and discharge them all at once,—that is all likely to be useful against the enemy; but I cannot understand what use it is to order eyes left, eyes right, right shoulder forward, left ditto, and so on. And what is the use of the powdered hair and pigtail? We cannot love or respect our superiors, we only fear them. We hear very different things of the French,—they have no pigtails or hair powder; they do not turn their eyes to the right and left, but look sharp to see that they are always in the right place. The pastor lends us the *Lippstadt Gazette*, and we read with amazement what General Bonaparte does with his troops. What a clever fellow he is! How will it be when we come to measure our strength with him?"

The result fully justified the opinion of the farmer's son. The army which went forth in 1806 to measure its strength with Napoleon was much as Eylert had described it. In the ranks there were many men who had grown grey in their long service, and, among the officers, old age was the rule, not the exception. In the French army the generals had risen through merit, and were in the prime of life, from thirty to fifty; while among the Prussians they were either princes or old men. There was no lack of experience certainly, but there was great lack of unity and valour. The most important fortresses were in the hands of lethargic old men. It appeared as if every one reckoned upon speedy victory instead of defeat. The fact was, that there were

several conflicting parties in the State. There was a peace party which, by reason of moral lethargy, counselled submission to Napoleon; the king was for peace from prudence and regard for his people, for he had discovered the weakness of the army. Another party, headed by Stein, urged him to war with a full knowledge of the sacrifices it would involve; a fourth, composed principally of the younger officers, thought they should speedily be able to rid Germany of the French.

But when the measure of insult which Napoleon heaped upon Prussia was filled up, all patience was exhausted, and all were seized with martial ardour, from the king to the lowest of the people. The king took the field and did his best to remedy abuses. He was accompanied by the queen; she had no wish to separate her fortunes from those of the king and people; and since Napoleon had dared to insult her, her name had been a watchword against the enemy. The Princess William was inspired by Stein's spirit; in her heroic soul she cherished a moral detestation of the tyrant.

The Princess Radziwill, sister of Prince Louis Ferdinand, more of a politician than the queen or the Princess William, stirred the fire against France as much as it lay in her power, and added contempt for the upstart to hatred of the tyrant. And while these royal ladies inspired those with whom they came in contact by the charm which, for a great end, enthusiastic women often exercise upon men, men were not wanting who derived power to resist the threatening evil from their moral sentiments and truly patriotic views. Stein and Scharnhorst, Blücher and Gneisenau, were already working for Prussia; but the nation had to pass through the refining fire of misfortune before it was ready for the ideas of these great men. There was no want of patriotic enthusiasm in 1806, or Arndt would not have been able to write, "Never were the Germans and Prussians more excited. Their scorn was so bitter, the remembrance of the glorious deeds performed under the great Frederic was so fresh, and their confidence was so great in the success of the Prussian eagles, that no one saw the danger of the unequal conflict, or took into account the military skill of the enemy.

They thought only of the necessity of the conflict, the justice and sacredness of the cause." The press teemed with the warmest expressions of patriotism; and when 'Wallenstein's Lager,' then a favourite piece, was given in the theatre, and the cuirassier began his martial song,—

"Up, comrades, up! To horse, to horse!
In freedom's cause away—"

the whole house was filled with ardour, and all who could, joined in the air. But there was too much of arrogance in all this. The officers whetted their swords on the steps of the French embassy, and a colonel said he was "sorry the brave Prussians were to be armed with sabres and muskets, for clubs would have done to drive the French dogs back into their own country."

We close this part of the subject with an extract from Steffens:—"As autumn approached, the army advanced. There were generals living with my father-in-law at Gibichenstein with whom I had been acquainted before. Some of them, overcome by the horrors of war, afterwards adopted the most culpable and ruinous views; and, I confess, the way in which they talked alarmed me. For it was not healthy enthusiasm that they displayed, but that narrow-minded arrogance which ascribed a magical power to recognized military forms. Courage like that which Shakspeare describes the English as possessing before the battle of Agincourt, would not have ignored the danger of the situation. No one seemed to have an idea of the fearful power of a great army which had metamorphosed the science of war; which was exulting in having achieved successes unparalleled in modern history, and which was now surging towards us, and threatened us with annihilation. They thought the spirit of the Seven Years' War would infuse mysterious terror into the enemy, and that he would take flight at the sight of a Prussian parade guard."

The critical moment came,—the dream of victory was soon over, and fearful was the awakening. The great fault in the army was want of unity in the command. Napoleon said,

“The Prussian troops are good, very good. Yet they accomplished nothing, and why? Because nobody knew how to command them; if I had had the command of them they would have fought like Frenchmen.” The greatest fault lay at the door of the generals of rank and the commanders of fortresses. What a disgraceful picture is presented by the tens of thousands who surrendered arms, the generals who retired to their estates, the soldiers who were dragged as prisoners to France! Magdeburg, the bulwark of Prussia, surrendered with 24,000 men, and all the artillery and provisions, not long after the fugitive Prussian army had sought help there in vain. Napoleon wrote to his brother-in-law, Murat, that after all that he had heard every day of capitulation, he should not want the heavy artillery, for the fortresses could be taken by hussars.

Romberg had surrendered the fortress of Stettin, with 6,000 men, to Murat's light cavalry on the first demand. When the French appeared at Küstrin, they had no boats to cross over an arm of the Oder to the fortress. Colonel von Ingersleben came to meet them, and they sneeringly remarked that the commander had sent his boats to fetch them over.

But who would care to enumerate all the instances of the cowardice and disgrace of Prussia?

The whole country was open to the French, and in 1807 Napoleon dictated to the humbled country the Peace of Tilsit.

With this humiliation the climax of French tyranny was reached. As long as Prussia existed, Germany fixed its hopes on her; but now both Prussia and Austria were so lessened in extent, and weakened in power, that there was no hope of their throwing off the yoke. German princesses consented to be offered in marriage to the brothers and relations of Napoleon. German soldiers followed the French banners from Spain to Russia. Trade was at its lowest ebb, and yet incredible sums were demanded from the people. Napoleon and his generals were insatiable. Yet there were cowardly authors who commended him to the people as a political Messiah, and others

were so disheartened as to see no prospect of release from subjection. But the French dominion was an intolerable yoke to the people. The spirit of German liberty was held in disgraceful bondage, and what would have become of it, it is impossible to say, had it not been for Napoleon's profound contempt for German Idealists; had he had any idea of the power, even in political affairs, of the national mind when once stirred to its depths, and when a great aim was set before it by the words and works of impassioned men. And what indeed had become of Germany? Through modern enlightenment the people had become indifferent to the Church, the Bible was regarded as a merely human book, the Saviour merely as a person who had lived and taught long ago, not as one whose almighty presence is with His people still. The eye was only open for the things of this world, it was closed for the kingdom of heaven, and now the most precious of earthly possessions, the Fatherland, was lost. What had the German, with his profound mind and aspiring spirit, to delight in now? The family remained to him, but what pleasure can there be in family life when the nation is in mourning? When a country is in bondage all happiness and prosperity are at an end. But it was the hand of God which laid this yoke upon it. Napoleon was only His instrument. He resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble. When God inflicts His chastisements upon men, the night will not last for ever; we may hope for the gleam of light which ushers in the day. We look upon the humiliation of Germany as a judgment of God. In the case of no other nation can we trace so clearly the course ordained by Him from sin to the fall, from the fall to repentance, from repentance to faith and salvation. As with the individual, so it was with the German nation. When man makes flesh his arm, and turns his heart from the Lord, he must be humbled to the dust, in order that he may turn to God again. In Germany the sin of forgetfulness of God, and too much reliance upon self, was punished by humiliation, and by being forsaken of God. Then she came to herself, acknowledged her sin, and lifted up her eyes to the hills from whence cometh help. We

may more and more clearly trace the signs of returning life, repentance, and faith, after the battle of Jena. The judgment of Jena was followed by the judgment of Moscow. God punished Prussia's sin by her humiliation. He responded to her repentance by the destruction of the French army in Russia, and afterwards by Leipzig, Paris, Waterloo, and Paris again.

Viewed in this light the Peace of Tilsit is not to be regretted. Prussia was indeed humbled, but she was also purified. She could appear before God, and say, "Is it not enough?" She could appear before the members of the empire and announce that she had restored the territories belonging to other German States which the French tyrant had given her. She was to receive them or other possessions again, but under different circumstances and from different hands. "Prussia saw the inhabitants of the acquired territories returning under the wings of her eagle, not with the separation from their, as they thought, basely treated rulers, rankling in their minds, but exulting in their deliverance from the foreigner; with sentiments which formed a fertile soil for the growth of heartfelt and universal patriotism in all parts of the monarchy. As long as pure moral sentiments exist in Prussia, she must hold the Peace of Tilsit in grateful recollection as the pledge of her repentance, for with it a new life began—a life which has already won wreaths of laurel which it would have been impossible to win upon a former basis."*

It is remarkable how entirely the opinion of Queen Louisa, expressed immediately after the peace, concurs with this judgment of the historian formed in the light of its results.

She wrote: "Peace is concluded, but at a fearful sacrifice. Our boundaries are only to extend to the Elbe. Yet the king is greater than his adversary. After Eylau, he might have made a more advantageous peace, but then he must have voluntarily entered into negotiations with the principle of evil, and have allied himself with it. Now necessity has impelled him to enter into them, but he will not ally himself with it. The

* Leo, Universal History.

way in which the king has acted will bring a blessing with it to Prussia some time. This is my firm belief."

A new life began in Germany from the time when she seemed given over to death. To portray the elements of this new life in individual characters is the task which we propose to ourselves in the following pages.

CHAPTER IV.

BLÜCHER.—GNEISENAU.—NETTELBECK.—YORK.—SCHARNHORST.

I N this chapter we shall not reach exactly the ground of Christian resuscitation; we shall treat rather of morality, of duty, of patriotic devotion, of the courage which is ready to hazard life for a higher good, but nevertheless of faith, in its relation to the earthly blessing of freedom, of faith as “the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.”

The moral law, like the law of Moses, is a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ, because it reveals our moral weakness, and directs us to Him by whose power weakness is made strong; and because it withdraws us from selfish isolation, and subjects the will to a higher law. “The law is spiritual,” says the Apostle; so is the moral law. It is a revelation from God preceding the grace of Christ. The consciousness of man that he must be subject to a divine law, the willingness to submit to it, especially when it attains to the belief that “he that keepeth his life shall lose it,” and to experiencing true happiness in self-sacrifice,—all these are rays from the light divine which shines into man’s heart and may lead to Christian faith; and as gifts of God they are not to be despised even when that faith is wanting.

It is with these convictions that we think it right, before pointing out the more special fruits of Christian faith, which were brought forth in times of trouble, to point out the moral powers which the nation still possessed; not that we would be understood to hold up the men of whom we are about to speak in every respect as models of virtue, but because we think that each possessed peculiar moral powers given him by God.

Historical contemplation does not content itself with holding up a standard of faith, and rejecting all who do not come up to it. It grieves to see a nation perishing, watches the sparks which give hope that there is yet life, and praises God, who, when the time is come, revives the flame in the smouldering embers.

The men whose names we have given all possessed great moral powers, and will be no disgrace to our pages. Blücher and York were both dismissed from the Prussian army by Frederic the Great on account of their defiant independence, with the characteristic remark that they might go to the devil. The impressions of Gneisenau's youth were different, and he entered the Prussian service, having fortified his mind, never enslaved by senseless tradition, by foreign German service and a voyage to America. How different again was Scharnhorst! the son of a farmer of Lower Saxony; he owed nothing to birth, and was almost without military bearing, but his projects were high, and he had power to carry them out; how different was the simplicity of genius from the superciliousness of those who sought to conceal their mental poverty and moral failings by the splendour and privileges of rank! Then there was Nettelbeck again, whose only reason for taking part in military affairs was his burning patriotism—the burgher who urged the military commanders to action.

Blücher stands first on our list. Many earnest Christians will wonder what we shall find exemplary in him, but this will not embarrass us. We grant that his want of self-control, his gambling, swearing, and getting into debt were shadows on his moral character; but was it then nothing but physical strength and dexterity, penetrating acuteness, and his truly national feeling which everywhere gained the hearts of the people and constituted him a hero?

We maintain that all these gifts were cemented by a moral bond, without which they would not have made him a hero. This bond was his readiness to sacrifice himself for the good of the nation, which resulted in his fidelity to duty, his devoted courage and faith in better times. There was also a moral

beauty in the humility with which, notwithstanding his self-sufficiency, he acknowledged the mercies of God and the services of others, and in the gentleness and kindness with which, in the tumult of the war-time, he would address consoling words to individuals, and offer them the help they needed. In his first campaign against France he became renowned not only for his courage and alertness, but for his charity to friend and foe. During the vacillating policy of Prussia at the beginning of this century he was always amongst those who longed to attack France, and avenge their country's ignominy.

He entirely agreed with the Princes William and Henry, the king's brothers, Prince Louis Ferdinand, Stein, and General Rüchel, when they incurred the danger of the king's displeasure by addressing a memorial to him, in which they urged him to give up Count Haugwitz and the peace policy, and to arm against Napoleon. Ignominy was to him far worse than death, and he was ever in the foremost ranks of those who were jealous of the national honour.

When at last the king gave orders to prepare for war, Blücher asked permission to lead his troops at once against the French. He was confident of victory. Rüchel wrote to him, "At any rate the army is brave, our officers are the best in the world, and, without boasting, you and I are not bad; we are a match for any one, and will yield to nothing but impossibility;" and Blücher wrote, "The French will find their graves on this side the Rhine, and those who do cross over will take pleasant news with them, as they did at Rossbach." But after the defeat at Jena and Auerstadt, when the bravery of Blücher, the Royal Princes, and other generals had not been able to make up for want of unity of action, and it was necessary to retreat, Blücher was determined to do his duty, even if he perished in doing it; and to show the world that there was valour in the Prussian army, which would hold out to the last extremity, he made incredible exertions to arrive punctually with his troops at Prenzlau, where he was to join Prince Hohenlohe. And when he heard that the Prince had submitted to the French

with sixteen thousand men, he endeavoured to fight his way through alone.

He hoped to be able to cross the Elbe, and to attack the French in the rear, perhaps from Westphalia. He delighted in every courageous project, and hated the idea of surrender. Nothing at last remained to him but to enter Lübeck. One melancholy account of the losses of Prussia succeeded to another. The Prince of Ponto Corvo sent to him in the night to say that he had done enough for his Government and for his own fame, and had better make honourable terms. He answered that things were not come to that pass yet; other than honourable terms he would never make, but he would wait for the day before entering into negotiations. At length, when all hope was over, and he was attacked with fever, increased by shouting during the fight at Lübeck, he was forced to surrender. He desired that his reasons for doing so should be stated in the treaty. This was refused, but he consoled himself with shortly stating them under his signature. Varnhagen says, "Of all the Prussian generals and troops who had been in the campaign, he alone maintained the honour of the Prussian arms, and in the universal misfortune in which he was engulfed he alone kept to the narrow path of honour, and avoided the broad road of ignominy. He never yielded to the despair and gloom and weakness to which even the most tried spirits succumbed; his troops held bravely out to the last moment. Such an example in those doleful days was a spark of light from which hope and confidence might again be kindled." Blücher was no sooner exchanged for the French general, Victor, than he hoped to exert himself again in his country's cause. He went to Pomerania in order, if possible, in conjunction with the Swedes, to attack the enemy in the rear from the north. Then came the Peace of Tilsit, and he could do nothing but endeavour to perfect his troops.

Scharnhorst wrote to him, "You are our leader and hero, and we shall only be courageous and successful with you, even if you have to be carried after us on a litter." He fell ill, but his hopes for his country did not fail.

During his illness he used to declare that he would certainly vanquish the French emperor, set Germany free, and reinstate the king upon his throne. "Napoleon must be crushed," he said, "and I shall help at it. I will not die before it is done." He was laughed at sometimes, but he fully believed that all would happen as he said.

On hearing of the queen's death, he wrote, "So the pride of women has departed from our earth. God in heaven! she must have been too good for us. Do write to me, my old friend, I want to be cheered and amused. Never surely was misfortune upon misfortune so heaped upon any country before. Heaven grant that the contents of your last letter may be confirmed. In my present mood, nothing would please me better than to hear that the world was burning at the four corners."

At length, with the burning of Moscow, Blücher's time came. His heroic deeds are too well known to need repetition here. The task we undertook was to show that, in spite of his failings, Blücher was an instrument in God's hands for instilling moral courage, and even faith in God, into the German nation. Scharnhorst said of him and Stein, that he never knew any other men so entirely devoid of all fear of man; and this must have been based upon fear of God. He was one of the heroes of the people, and as a part of his heroism we must reckon his faith that it was God who led him on to victory, his humility and modesty, and contempt for all pomp and show.

We give two traits from his life, illustrating his energy and humility. As is well known, on the 18th of June, 1815, he was hastening to the assistance of Wellington. Delay would have been most dangerous, but progress was difficult, owing to the state of the roads, which were heavy with mire. In the greatest anxiety to keep his word, Blücher was constantly encouraging his troops with words and gestures. "Forwards, children, forwards!"—"It can't be done, it is impossible," was the answer. With energy and emotion he persisted. "Children, we *must* get on; you may well say it can't be done, but it *must* be done. I have promised my brother Wellington; *promised*, do you hear? You wouldn't have me break my word?" And it was

done. But after such feats as this, he was so humble, that he once said to some one who was lauding his deeds, "What was it, after all, that you are extolling? It was *my* boldness, Gneisenau's discretion, and the great mercy of God."

Blücher always brings Gneisenau to mind, just as Melancthon is connected with Luther. Christ sent out His disciples two-and-two; and in like manner, when any great work is to be done, the God of history generally sends the man of prudent counsel with the man of adventurous deeds. Many others, indeed, were united with them in forming the band who assisted in liberating their country; and it was one of their Christian graces, even if they did not adopt the language of Christianity, or penetrate into its depths, that each was willing to submit to another when it was required in the service of their country; but Blücher and Gneisenau were united in a special manner, and their self-renunciation is shown in the strongest light.

No detailed biography has yet appeared of Gneisenau, but we have reminiscences of him from Arndt and Karl von Raumer. What a blessing for so corrupt a generation was a man in whose character there was not a spot, and what a contrast to the licentious and avaricious French generals! We give a few extracts from Arndt's description of him. In 1843, just thirty years after the battle of Leipzig, Arndt was at Nassau. He visited the Baron von Stein's tower, and saw the portraits which Stein had had placed in it of the eminent men of the war-time. Inspired by the spirit of that great time, Arndt immediately wrote down his recollections of Gneisenau. This was the origin of one of the finest pieces of writing that Arndt has left us. He says: "This noble form, this ready and aspiring mind, was also ennobled by grandeur of soul. A lofty and high-minded spirit shone out conspicuous in all his features and movements. In his happiest moments one felt inclined to stand before him with delight and reverence, and to exclaim, 'Here at last is a high-born and harmonious man.' Though vehement, impetuous, and subject to ever-varying emotions, he possessed the most perfect self-control. Even in the expression of the indignant scorn which sometimes broke forth when he heard of

mean and base actions, he seemed to be under the control of a higher power, preserved in his language the dignity of a hero, and never descended to the shrill tones of confused and exhausted rage, or the repulsive coarseness with which angry men often disgust us." He then relates that the more refined and softer characteristics which adorn domestic life were as conspicuous in him as his promptness and vigour. He tells us what a father and friend he was, how willingly he spent his property for his country, and in happier times remained free from arrogance and cupidity, how generous he was, and ever ready to help.

"All that has hitherto been said," continues Arndt, "has shown him as a hero and a man in a noble and amiable light, but there is no motto that becomes him better than 'I serve.' The manner in which he served Prussia and Germany and his king is engraved upon the hearts of his survivors. Although by the grace of God a man of first-rate powers, he always stood second, and was even sometimes spoken of, as is often the lot of the most superior people, as a third or fourth-rate man; but those who knew him best always put in a word for his insight, courage, and valour, when Hardenberg's promptitude and Blücher's victories were being extolled. He served with the feeling that his country and a kingdom were to be restored to their former glory. He was often heard to relate with great animation remarkable circumstances and adventures which happened to friends and foes, but never a word of his own deeds. He always turned off any questions about them, and it was equally impossible to get a word out of him about the hindrances which stupidity, baseness, and envious foes had placed in his path. It was an important time; and a little band of noble men, brought together by the providence of God and the impulses of their own hearts, united to save and liberate their country."

Gneisenau's military genius and moral greatness were first displayed in the time of Prussia's misfortunes. After the battle of Jena, still only captain, though forty-six years of age, he led his battalion of fusiliers to Königsberg. Here he was, so to

speak, discovered by Scharnhorst, whom he had once replaced in the conflict with France. He received the rank of Major and the Order of Merit, and was soon intrusted with the commission in which his success raised the hopes of his countrymen. He was made commander of the fortress of Colberg in April, 1807, and successfully defended it till the Peace of Tilsit.

This connects the name of the great general with that of the simple citizen, old Nettelbeck.

Joachim Nettelbeck was born in 1738, and was the son of a citizen of Colberg. After distinguishing himself as a boy for courage, decision of character, and bodily dexterity, he became a sailor, sometimes on his own account, sometimes in the service of others. He was hundreds of times in danger of his life, often lost his all, and had to begin the world again. He was as prompt, cautious, and courageous in battling with wind and waves as with the baseness and untrustworthiness of men. The sight of any injustice made his blood boil, but it did not prevent him from taking in the position of affairs, which he did at a glance, before proceeding to action. But it was his public spirit and ardent patriotism which distinguished him from many other citizens.

Perhaps modern history furnishes no more striking example of what a citizen, in limited circumstances, and with the most simple means, may accomplish for his country. Perthes may be compared to him, only he was far above Nettelbeck in the depth of his religious views, and the range of his mental vision. Nettelbeck was especially distinguished for the union of moral and physical prowess in his actions, for his projects were always such as required physical strength and agility to carry them out. After numerous voyages and adventures he settled down, as he himself relates in his autobiography, in his native town, farmed, distilled brandy, and brewed beer. Then came the French hurricane of 1806-7, and one Prussian fortress after another surrendered.

Magdeburg and Stettin had fallen; how should Colberg stand out in its defenceless state, and with a negligent commander? Old Colonel Loucadou was not likely to offer more

resistance than the other commanders, who had readily given up their keys to the French, and all the garrison were of his way of thinking. Nettelbeck tried to rouse the commander out of his lethargy, placed himself at the head of the citizens, and offered their help. "The citizens! it is always the citizens!" he answered, with a scornful laugh. "I don't want them, and won't have them." But Nettelbeck was nothing daunted, and when Loucadou found that he could not get rid of him, he said, "What is done outside the town does not concern me. I shall be able to defend the fortress; outside you can raise what fortifications you please. That is nothing to me." Journeymen, apprentices, and maid-servants all turned out with the citizens, Nettelbeck at their head, and he did not spare his own money to get more hands. Then he made arrangements for provisioning the place, and tried to send intelligence direct to the king to ask for help.

Fortunately, Lieutenant von Schill, who had fought his way from Jena to Colberg, was lying seriously wounded in the fortress. Nettelbeck made friends with him, and when Schill was recovered he assisted the good cause with his military knowledge, and helped to inspire the soldiers with courage. The king sent help and promise of more, and they held the fortress as well as they could till Gneisenau came, and Nettelbeck was the soul of everything.

Once, when the commander condescended to inspect his works, and laughed at them as child's play, and the officers expressed doubts about holding the fortress, Nettelbeck could contain himself no longer, and said, "Gentlemen, Colberg can and must be preserved to our king, let it cost what it will. We have bread and arms, and what is wanting will be brought to us by sea. We citizens, one and all, are determined not to give up, even if we see our houses reduced to ashes. And if ever it comes to my ears that anybody, whether citizen or soldier, talks of surrender, I'll run him through the body with my sword on the spot, even if I have to run it the next minute through my own." There were still more stormy scenes between Loucadou and Nettelbeck. A bomb once burst almost

close to where they were standing, and Loucadou stammered out, "If it goes on like this, gentlemen, we shall have to knock under yet."

Nettelbeck was beside himself with rage, and did what he afterwards repented; he drew his sword, and, pointing it at the commander, exclaimed, "Whoever says a word again about knocking under, let him be who he will, shall die by my hand! Let us be brave and honourable, or we deserve to die like cowards!"

The joy of the citizens was indescribable when Gneisenau arrived. He and Nettelbeck, the soldier and the citizen, made common cause for the defence of their country, a spectacle not very common at that time. Nettelbeck says of Gneisenau: "Father and friend of the soldier as well as the citizen, he attached both to him by his sympathizing kindness, and the gentle earnestness of his character; all his commands were carried out with perfect confidence; the result of long-trying experience, they seemed to become the will of everybody." The distress became imminent; the bombardment was unceasing; then, to the indescribable joy of the inhabitants, news came of the peace.

All turned to Gneisenau, as Nettelbeck relates, to whom, under God, they owed their safety. Next came the care of providing for those whose dwellings were destroyed. The king wrote to Nettelbeck in July, and sent him the gold medal.

Gneisenau and the citizens parted with touching marks of mutual goodwill. Nettelbeck had an audience of the king and queen in December, 1809, when they returned to Berlin. He and the other ambassadors from Colberg were most graciously received, and feelings were expressed of gratitude on the one side, and devotion on the other. "I know," said the king, "that if circumstances should demand it, sooner or later, the Colbergers will stand out for me again."

In enumerating the few pillars of the Prussian State that remained standing after the battle of Jena, we must not overlook York.

His keen, shrewd, iron character is a great contrast to Nettelbeck's impetuosity, but they were alike in vigour, courage, and fire, when king and country were at stake. Among all the great men who contributed to the liberation of Germany, perhaps York was the most resolute and the most acute. Blücher's vehemence was often exchanged for gentle amiability, and Stein's impetuous nature sometimes broke bounds. York, on the contrary, had his deepest passions under control, and when he chose to exhibit them, they made on that account all the deeper impression. Duty was the moving spring of this hero's life, and in lofty independence he walked in her paths; he who neglected his duty was to him utterly contemptible.

When a young lieutenant, he had an important post to hold in the Bavarian war of succession. The hereditary Prince von Hohenlohe, colonel of the regiment, rode up to him, and admonished him to stand firm. "Your Highness may be quite easy on that head," was the answer. "A Prussian noble has as much courage as an Imperial prince." After peace was concluded, the events of the war were being talked over, and it was related that a staff captain had taken an altar-cloth from a church. "I call that theft," said York. An action was brought against him for the expression. He was acquitted, but "old Fritz" wrote on the sentence, "Plunder is not theft; York may go to the devil." York refused obedience on parade to the sacrilegious captain, and was cashiered.

With nothing but his sword to depend on, he went to Holland, and thence to the Cape and Ceylon. He amused himself with adventurous hunting expeditions, and schooled the wild creoles in his train to the obedience of Prussian soldiers. Returned to the Cape, he met with a young lady who inspired him with the deepest affection, and gained the promise of her hand. Just afterwards it was sought by a wealthy merchant. The lady told him she was not at liberty, and the suitor addressed himself to York. He was afraid to bind the girl to his uncertain fate, and gave her up, but wished to be present at the wedding. He heard the address with composure, but fairly broke down at the bride's "Yes."

He returned with the next ship to Europe, but sought in vain to re-enter the Prussian service under Frederic the Great. Frederic William II., however, accepted him, and sent him as captain of a battalion of fusiliers to Namslau, near Breslau. He joyfully devoted himself to his task, and aimed at training soldiers who, instead of being the slaves of their position, would be able to turn any position to advantage. Here, as an evidence how little he cared for mere rank, he married the daughter of a citizen.

His method of training his soldiers was by rousing their sense of honour, instead of by abuse and punishment, and his success was early acknowledged by Frederic William III.

A saying of the Prince de Ligne, of which he was fond, expressed exactly his own opinion: "Qu'il faut faire trois fois plus que son devoir, pour le faire passablement;" and he considered it to be one of the merits of Kant that he so clearly laid down the requirements of duty. Hope and fear might furnish motives sufficient for the multitude, from himself he required self-denial in the cause of duty. In the discipline of his troops he was a strong contrast to the prevailing carelessness. Nothing escaped him, and he inspired the most indolent with life. He was not engaged in the battles of Jena or Auerstadt; but his valour was put to the proof at the retreat. He had charge of Blücher's corps in the retreat across the Elbe. On the banks of the same river, seven years later, he won the victory which gained him the name of York von Wartenburg. But in the position of affairs at that time, the battle near Altenzaun was something gained, for it was the first success after the disgrace the Prussian arms had sustained. York never gave in to the idea that nothing remained but subjection. When a general was expressing that cowardly sentiment, York said, "General, he who really thinks that, ought to shoot himself if he has any honour left in him."

After many a bold exploit, he arrived with his jägers at Lübeck with a severe wound in his arm. In the streets of that city he fought like a lion; one of the first shots struck him in the collar-bone, but he continued fighting until he received a

stab in the abdomen. When in some degree recovered he heard what had happened to Blücher. He was permitted on his word of honour to return to Mittenwald. So completely was he broken down that his wife and children did not know him, but a little bird that he had petted fluttered as if for joy, and then fell down dead. It gives an idea of the estimation in which York was held, that during the years of Prussia's subjection, the royal family thought of him as the instructor of the Crown Prince. York fully explained his views and character to show that he was not fit for the post, and said in conclusion: "I am very poor, I have a wife and four children, to whom I am tenderly attached; on their welfare my happiness depends, all my efforts are directed to caring for their future. Still my duty to my family must ever be subordinate to my duty to my king and country." The project was abandoned. In the time which followed, during which Prussia was secretly preparing to free herself, York was indefatigable in fulfilling every mission with which he was intrusted, particularly in improving the jäger regiments of the army. He was made Brigadier-General, which gave him a great field for the exercise of his energies. In the domestic circle he tried to infuse his own courage into his sons. He tried with them the experiment whether they had courage and fortitude, like Mucius Scævola, to hold their hands in the fire; the boys stood the trial, and their father, not willing to be behind them, got a severe burn.

In obedience to the king he went with the army to Russia in 1812, but with ill-concealed aversion to the French allies. His withdrawal from them shows his moral courage in a striking light; for notwithstanding his high ideas of the duty of obedience, he took the step without the king's consent; and, although convinced that he had rendered him a most important service, as an atonement for the apparent lapse of duty, he laid his head, grown grey in the king's service, at his feet, and swore that he would await the bullet as calmly on the sandhill as on the field of battle.

He passed the weeks during which the king was making up his mind in quiet and resolute resignation; he prayed the king

not to allow any personal respect for him to influence his judgment, and was far from wishing to indemnify himself for the expected royal censure by currying favour with the people, for, when they once greeted him with cheers, he commanded silence, saying, "Let me have that upon the battle-field."

We shall not here describe his exploits after the defeat of France and the entry into Paris.

Our object was to indicate the influence such men as he was must have had upon the moral and religious elevation of Germany. We regard him as a true hero, a man of unusual moral strength, and are of opinion that religion was the basis of it. According to the habit of the age, he said little on the subject of religion, and the stormy events of those days were incompatible with religious contemplation. But his deeds rested on faith in the Lord of Hosts, who holds in His hand the moral government of the world. He could have entered devoutly into Paul Gerhardt's prayer before a battle—

"Let beginning, middle, and end,
O Lord, to best advantage tend!"

And it appears from his letter to his son that he prayed for him, and looked for the best blessings for his children from their heavenly Father.

It yet remains to delineate a character, perhaps superior to all the others, that of Gerhard David Scharnhorst. If we would see a portrait in which we may trace our most characteristic national features, let us turn our eyes to his. He was born at Bordenau, near Neustadt, in Hanover, in 1756, one year before Stein. He was the son of a farmer of Lower Saxony; but under the pressure of straitened means and agricultural toil, he early felt an inclination for a soldier's life. He was fortunate in being admitted by Count Wilhelm von Schaumburg-Lippe into his military school of Wilhelmstein.

In the count he had a noble example of military greatness, and he soon learnt by study what were the conditions of its attainment. At twenty-one he was an officer in the Hanoverian army, gave instruction, and distinguished himself by writing on

military subjects. He had already acquired repute as a theorist, when he had an opportunity of showing his practical talents in the wars of the Revolution. He attained the rank of major in 1794 for his courageous conduct at the fortress of Mennin; and soon after, during peace, that of lieutenant-colonel in the general's staff. The penetration and clearness with which he, at that time, perceived the peculiarity of the French mode of warfare, and the shortcomings of the German mode, are remarkable. Field-marshal the Duke of Brunswick introduced him to the Prussian service in 1801. First in the artillery, and in 1804 as colonel, he continued his career of military tutor and author, in order to influence the younger officers. He had found it difficult in Hanover, as a citizen, to maintain his position among the nobility, but attained distinction by means of his genius, in spite of the prejudices and superciliousness of the nobles. Now he was regarded as an interloper in the Prussian army; he was disliked as a foreigner, and as of burgher origin; and in his stooping figure and insignificant appearance it was not easy to discern his mental powers. In the French war he was colonel in the general's staff of the Duke of Brunswick, but scarcely obtained recognition of his powers. He was taken prisoner at Lübeck, but exchanged. The success of the Prussians in the battle near Eylau was mainly attributable to him. The king learnt to appreciate him; and after the Peace of Tilsit he placed him at the head of the commission for the reorganization of the army. He now became one of the most skilful artificers of German freedom, and performed quiet and unostentatious actions which are worthy of a place among the noblest deeds of heroism. With the quick eye of genius he penetrated to the root of the evil, and discovered the means of remedying it. It was needful to turn over altogether a new leaf. He saw that there must be no longer an antagonism between the army and the citizens; the soldier must be a citizen, the citizen a soldier. Battles could no longer be won by the military alone; they must be aided by the love of the citizens for king, for country, and for freedom. Training must be for the battle-field, not only for the parade-ground. It was necessary to watch the

enemy's methods in order to be a match for him. The moral principle must be strengthened, by giving the soldier the feeling of being part of a great whole, instead of extinguishing it by degrading punishments. Those who had betrayed their country, commanders and officers who had surrendered fortresses and arms without resistance, were punished. It was decreed that every citizen was subject to military duty, and that merit, not rank, should regulate the appointment of officers. Schools were established, in which a new spirit was to be instilled into the pupils, and much greater success was attained than was expected. According to the treaty, Prussia was to maintain forty-two thousand soldiers. But Scharnhorst obtained recruits, trained them, dismissed them, obtained others, and in this manner filled the country with military men, so that at the beginning of 1813 three times that number were able to take the field. And all this was accomplished under the eyes of French spies. He was full of the projects of genius, but instead of blazing them abroad he allowed them to develop gradually, and made them known when they were ready to be carried out. He was not ambitious of the fame of having led the way, but allowed others to think that they had found it for themselves, if only the goal were reached. By his justice, and his amiable character, he outlived the jealousy excited by his mental superiority and his foreign birth. A feeling heart was united with his dauntless courage. He had the firmest faith that, in the future, the scale of fortune would turn in favour of Germany, but, in the meanwhile, he was most solicitous to do his duty. He was profound, bold, courageous, simple, and unassuming, and of irreproachable honour. He could say, like Ernst Moritz Arndt, that though millions had passed through his hands, they had not been stained by a copper, and he died poor. To no nobler dead than to Scharnhorst could the heroes who fell in 1813 carry the news of the events of that year. He fell in the beginning of the war with Napoleon, and beheld, from the other world, the harvest which sprang up from the seed that he had sown.

CHAPTER V.

FREDERIC WILLIAM AND LOUISA OF PRUSSIA.

IT was an incalculable blessing that at the time of the political downfall of Prussia, this royal pair presented an example of the noblest Christian demeanour to Germany and to the world. Schleiermacher wrote at this time to Reimer: "The universal dissolution is frightful, and one sees on all sides a depth of baseness and cowardice, to which a few individuals, and among them the king and queen, afford a striking contrast."

As evil influence spreads with surprising rapidity from the throne to the level of the people, so a truly Christian princely house diffuses a healthy spirit over the whole land.

The court of Frederic William III. was a great contrast to that of his father. It is a great misfortune when the Christian faith, as expressed in the constitution of the Church, gives rise to the suspicion that it has formed an alliance with the privileges of the upper classes, or with those who consider themselves privileged to be immoral. But the Government under Frederic William II., in the hands of Bischofswerder and Wöllner, was open to this suspicion. Royal mistresses and edicts against the modern enlightenment were the order of the day, and the effect on the burgher class was that in protesting against the dissolute lives of royalty, they conceived an aversion to the Christian faith. How salutary it is for the diseased mind of a nation to see on the throne a royal pair who combine dignity with simplicity, and heartfelt faith with a dread of moral contamination! And the court of Frederic William III. was as great a contrast to most of the other courts of Germany at the time, as to that which immediately preceded it.

An example of genuine German royalty was presented to the people, and the fact of its having been insulted by the French tyrant gained for it the earnest devotion of hearts and hands, and was not the least cause of the bitter hatred with which Germany rose against its oppressor. It would not be just to attribute genius, resolution, or vigour in action to Frederic William III. He was not gifted with genius, only with talent. The conscientiousness with which he took all circumstances into consideration prevented him from forming prompt decisions, and a too great attention to details from acting with vigour: And the fall from the height on which he stood had filled him with distrust of his fellow-men. Through these failings he often appeared in an unfavourable light.

Every one was grieved at the separation of the king and the minister Von Stein, at the moment when they were most necessary to each other, and at his want of sympathy when, at the time of the separation, Stein was lying ill of typhus fever at Breslau. And when, before the entry into Paris, York rode up to the king, and introduced the first corps of the army, which, after the hardships it had undergone, was certainly not in parade trim, and the king rode back with the words, "They don't look well, dirty fellows,"—every one will sympathize with the vexation with which York gave the word of command: "Turn, march."

He also gave just cause for blame by the policy he pursued after the war of independence; but as Arndt, who suffered most severely from it, retained his affection for Frederic William III., an unusual amount of excellent qualities and virtues must surely have been united in his character.

Frederic William was simply brought up by his extravagant and pomp-loving father. For a birthday present he once received a pot of mignonette; and when his tutor wished to give him a treat, he would buy for him one or two groschen worth of cherries. He was very fond of cherries, and on his tenth birthday a gardener's boy brought him a small basket of them, which had been raised in a hothouse in very severe weather in January. The prince was pleased, and was going

to eat them, but on being told that they were worth five dollars, he turned away, and said decidedly, "I won't have them." Immediately afterwards he sent twenty dollars to a poor shoemaker to buy leather. Even in the days of his greatest prosperity he preserved his taste for simplicity, and had no liking for costly pleasures, while his hand was always open to relieve distress.

In his religious opinions he differed essentially from his father.

While the former, erring in morality, sought support for himself and the State, now in the mysteries of the Illuminati, now in the ecclesiastical ordinances to which he was advised by Wöllner and Bischofswerder, the son exhibited from his early years the gentle piety of a Spalding and a Sack, and it was confirmed and deepened by the troubles of later times.

Tolerant towards the free expression of opinion, but without the least tendency to free-thinking himself, prudent in not allowing old opinions and customs to drop, but anxious to promote the unity of Christians; he adhered to the doctrine of the inspiration of Scripture, but in life put the spirit before the letter,—such was his character. His piety and uprightness were like those of a simple civilian, they were alike free from statesman-like constraint and romantic excess; they were sober, but tempered with warmth—gentle, but earnest; they exhibited that moderation in religious views and motives which prevailed among the noblest members of the nation.

But the simplicity of his faith and life was no detriment to his bravery. When his father, shocked at the fate of the royal family of France, entered into an alliance with the German emperor against it, the Crown Prince was among the bravest of the Prussian army, and did his duty in every post that was assigned to him. The course of the war introduced him to his future wife.

After the Prussians, with the assistance of the Hessians, had retaken Frankfort-on-the-Maine from the French, the old Imperial city was the head-quarters of the Prussian king. In 1793 the Landgravine of Hesse Darmstadt, on her return from

Hildburghausen, appeared there with her two granddaughters Louisa and Frederica, Princesses of Mecklenburg Strelitz. Their mother, a Princess of Hesse Darmstadt, had died when Louisa was in her sixth year. Their father, then a field-marshal in the Hanoverian service, and a year later, in consequence of the death of his brother, Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz, and a widower for the second time, had confided the education of his daughters to their excellent grandmother.

Frederic William was twenty-three, the Princess Louisa seventeen years old when they first met. Both were in the bloom of youth and beauty. The first meeting was decisive.

In the midst of war the double betrothal of two brothers and two sisters was celebrated, that of Frederic William with Louisa, and of his brother Louis with her sister Frederica. The marriages took place at Christmas, 1793. The marriage of Louis was soon dissolved by his death, but the union of Frederic William and Louisa afforded an example of a truly German Christian marriage under the happiest circumstances, as well as under those of the deepest national grief.

Queen Louisa was a thoroughly German princess, although, from the effects of early education, even in moments of the deepest emotion, she always spoke French, according to the custom of the time. The daughter of a prince with a large family, who did not expect to have become a reigning prince, and, on account of the early death of her mother, brought up at the little court of the Landgrave of Hesse Darmstadt, she had grown up in great simplicity, and had herself made the silk shoes which she wore. She had a remarkably fine figure, and there was a lovely light in her open blue eye. She preserved the charms of youth as long as she was an inhabitant of earth, for when she died, a severely-trying Christian, she was only thirty-four. But her beauty was only the outward expression of a still more lovely character. With truly royal dignity, she combined an affability which was the more charming because it was the expression of a loving heart. It must have delighted the nation to see how Frederic William and Louisa scorned the stiff and heartless forms of court life which had been trans-

planted from France, and ventured to enjoy themselves and each other's love like other Christian people. Louisa was received with great rejoicings on her first entry into Berlin. At the triumphal arch at the entrance of the city a lovely little girl recited a poem to welcome her, and the royal bride gave way to her natural impulse, and embraced and kissed the child. When there was a talk of a general illumination on the day of the marriage, at Christmas, 1793, the Crown Prince said that it would give him more pleasure if the inhabitants would spend the money on those who had been made widows and orphans by the war; the royal family added gifts to the sum, so that the sufferers received a handsome Christmas present. It seemed as if the festival of the birth of Christ, at which Frederic William and Louisa were married,—that festival of loving humility and joy in self-sacrifice,—had shed a blessing upon the whole married life of the princely pair.

They used to each other the confidential "thou," then banished by etiquette from conjugal intercourse. In the summer they lived in rural retirement at Oranienburg or Paretz. At harvest time they mixed freely with the country people, and bought presents at the Christmas fair at Berlin, and not for their own household only.

The Germans are naturally disposed to love their princes, and when domestic and Christian virtues shine on the throne, their admiration is unbounded. Queen Louisa soon appeared to them as their *beau idéal*. She had grown up in German simplicity; she had stored her mind with the best that the nation had to offer, with the writings of Goethe and Schiller, Herder and Jean Paul. She united with the ideality which is a national peculiarity, the also national love of domestic life; all her qualities were consecrated by the warm influence of religion; and when all these advantages appeared united in the person of a young, beautiful, affable, and loving queen, it was no wonder that the people became enthusiastically fond of her, and that poets vied with each other in singing her praises.

The first ten or twelve years of this conjugal happiness happened during the time of repose which Prussia had secured

by the Peace of Basle. During this period Louisa appeared simply as the housewife, and yet the housewife of a king.

When, in the year 1805, Napoleon had begun to display his arrogance towards Prussia, when the storm was seen approaching, and the king and country began to be alarmed, every sound of danger made a deep impression upon Louisa's mind, for she was a queen, she was a mother, she was a German. The German woman is not a politician, like those who may be found among the Italians, Magyars, and Poles. She has no desire to enter the political arena, or to busy herself with secret dispatches. She loves to be at her husband's side, amongst her children at the domestic hearth. But there she fully enters into the joys and sorrows of her country: without many words she animates her husband by her willingness to make sacrifices, by her joy at every victory, her grief at every defeat sustained by her country, and she instils into the minds of her sons sentiments which are of more value than any earthly possessions. The German woman is no politician, but, as in the days of Hermann, she cried shame on the man who deserted his country in the wars against Napoleon, and loved and honoured those who shed their blood in the cause of liberty. Neither was Queen Louisa a politician, but she was thoroughly German, and every insult offered to her country was branded upon her heart.

The passage of the French troops through Anspach, a part of Prussia which was neutral ground,—which Napoleon justified by saying that he could not be hindered from gaining the victory over the Austrians by false scruples,—was the first sign that Prussia could not keep peace with him. Such a breach of national law naturally roused the indignation of all who valued their country's honour. At this time, on the 5th of October, 1805, the birthday of the Crown Prince happened. He was ten years old, and his father presented him with a sword and military hat, and for the first time he appeared in uniform before the queen. "I hope, my son," she said with deep emotion, "that when you use this attire, your only thought will be to avenge the wrongs of your countrymen."

Soon afterwards the Emperor Alexander arrived at Potsdam. At midnight, at the tomb of Frederic the Great, in the presence of the queen, the emperor and king vowed to fight for the freedom of Germany ; but, through the treachery of the minister Haugwitz, Prussia was ignominiously allied with Napoleon.

In the contentions between the peace and the war party which agitated the Prussian court in 1806 the queen did not play any conspicuous part, but she was a constant incentive to the best of the nation to work for their country's deliverance. It was what she *was*, not what she *did*, that made her name a watchword for the enemies of Napoleon. It was impossible for him, with his diabolically cold nature, to comprehend the deeper feelings of the heart ; still he discovered that Queen Louisa was a great power, a host in herself, which he could not otherwise understand than by assigning to her a special political activity, and on this account he did not fail to calumniate her. His rage against her increased when, at the breaking out of the war, she followed her husband into the camp. She could not keep away ; she shared too entirely, and increased by her presence the enthusiasm with which the people rose against Napoleon. The guns were firing at the battle of Jena before she determined to leave the camp, and return to Berlin. Just before reaching the gates of the capital she heard of the entire defeat of the Prussian army, and that Napoleon's soldiers were advancing into the open country. She left Berlin with her children, and turned her steps eastward.

To the eldest prince she addressed words of the deepest maternal and national grief, which must have fallen like the seeds of a better future into his susceptible young mind. " Ah, my son, you are of an age to understand the great events by which we are now visited ; in the future, when your mother and queen is no more, recall them to mind, and weep for me as I weep now for the overthrow of my country. But do not content yourself with tears—act, develop your powers ; perhaps the spirit of the guardian angel of Prussia will descend upon you. Deliver your country from the shame, reproach, and humiliation which have fallen upon it. Try to win back from

the French the sullied fame of your forefathers, as your great-grandfather, the great Elector, once avenged the disgrace of his country on the Swedes at Fehrbellin. Do not be infected, my princes, with the degenerate spirit of this age, but be *men*, and strive for the fame of great generals and heroes. Without this ambition you would be unworthy descendants of the great Frederic. But if with all your exertions you cannot restore your oppressed country, seek death as Louis Ferdinand has sought it."

At Küstrin the king and queen met, and bore together, stroke upon stroke, the news of the surrender of armies and fortresses. At Königsberg she met with the recently converted Madame de Krüdener. "By means of an admirable instinct," says Eynard, "the queen, whose life had been so pure, apprehended that which the sinner generally learns through the humiliation of sin; she loved as though much had been forgiven her, and understood what had been revealed to her friend through painful experience and severe discipline." They communed together on the depths of divine mercy, and visited the soldiers in the hospitals.

The queen fell ill of typhus fever, and was scarcely recovered when the flight was continued to Memel. When the remains of the Prussian army joined the Russians, the fighting began again, and the queen returned to Königsberg. Here she kept up an intercourse with the most superior men, with the court preacher Barowsky, and the councillor of war, Schneffner. They animated her patriotism, and confirmed her Christian faith. And she needed support, for after the battle of Friedland, on the 14th of June, 1807, everything seemed lost. The flight began again, and she took refuge at Memel, the town at the most easterly extremity of Prussia. On the 24th of June the queen wrote to her father: "My faith shall stand firm, but I cannot hope any more. I will pursue the path of duty in life or death, and, if it must be so, live upon bread and salt; I shall never be entirely unhappy, only I cannot hope any more. No one who has been hurled from such a heavenly height could hope any longer. If good come,—oh, no one would receive it

with more gratitude than I should, but expect it I cannot. If misfortune come, it may amaze me for a moment, but it never can cast me down entirely, so long as it is not deserved. But any wrong on our side would bring me to the grave; I could not survive it, for we are placed in a high position."

In the spring of 1808 she wrote to her father: "It is all over with us for the present, if not for ever. I hope for nothing more during this life. I have resigned myself, and in this resignation, this submission to the will of Heaven, I am at rest and in great peace, and if not happy in an earthly sense, I am what is of more moment, mentally happy. I see with increasing clearness that it was necessary for everything to happen as it has happened. Divine Providence is imperceptibly introducing a new order of things into the world, for the old order is obsolete, and is dying as it were of decay. We have been slumbering on the laurels of Frederic the Great; he was the master spirit of the age and created a new era. We have not advanced with the age, and so it has left us behind. No one sees this more clearly than the king. I have just had a long conversation with him on the subject, and he said repeatedly, as if musing on it to himself, 'We must turn over a new leaf.'

"Even the best considered plans fail, and the French emperor is more wary and cunning. When the Prussians and Russians had fought as bravely as lions, even if not conquered they were driven from the field, and the enemy had the advantage. We may learn a great deal from him, and what he has done and planned will not be lost. It would be blasphemy to say that God was with him; but he is clearly an instrument in the Almighty's hand to put an end to the old order of things, which is effete, but with which all outward things are so closely connected. Better times will most certainly come; faith in a perfect Being assures us of that. But good can only be brought about in the world by the good; and for this reason I do not believe that the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte is so very secure upon his certainly at present brilliant throne. Truth and righteousness alone are secure and at peace, and he is only

politic, in other words prudent; and he is not guided by eternal laws, but by circumstances as they happen to be, and he defiles his Government with so many acts of injustice. He has no honest desire to speed the good cause for mankind. With his immeasurable ambition, he only cares for himself and his personal interests. He may be admired much more than he can be loved. He is dazzled with his success, and believes that he can do everything. Besides, he has no moderation, and when this is the case, a man loses his equilibrium and falls. I have a firm faith in God, and therefore in a moral government of the world. But this I cannot reconcile with a dominion of might, and therefore I hope for better times.

“They are hoped for and expected by all the better class of people, and we must not be led astray by encomiums on the present times, and the great hero of them. It is unmistakable that all that has happened, and is happening around us, is not the final good which shall be, and which shall endure, but only the preparation for that better end. This end, however, appears to be very distant; we shall probably not see it, but die before it is reached. As God will; all things as He wills. But I find comfort, strength, courage, and serenity in this hope, which is firmly fixed in my mind. Is not everything in this world transitory? We must press forward. Let us only be careful that every day we ripen and improve. Here, my dear father, you have my political expression of faith, as well as I, as a woman, can form and express it.”

It was not much the custom of that time to express religious feelings in ardent words. The piety of the most pious may appear cold to many people nowadays, if judged by the expression of it. But religion was more retiring. Barowsky describes the piety of the queen as of this character, but gives us an insight into the deep workings of the Holy Spirit on her mind. He says, “With the feeling and expression of timidity she approaches the holy truths of religion, but also with an expression of thirst and longing, and she receives refreshment from them in all their purity. What pleases me the most is that all her views, convictions, and endeavours are firmly

founded on the revealed word of God ; this gives her firmness, assurance, coherence, and repose ; and since she honours me with her confidence, I endeavour to confirm her faith. In her prevailing state of mind she sympathizes most particularly with the Psalms ; the holy enthusiasm which pervades them is in harmony with her beautiful and poetic nature, and gives an impulse to her pious spirit. The grave experiences of her life open up to her the inmost meanings of the Holy Scriptures, and guide her into their full and deep meaning. The old proverb, ' Trouble teaches us to mark and understand the word,' is gloriously illustrated in her, and I am often most agreeably surprised by her spiritual and intellectual remarks, questions, and answers.

“ When I had the honour to wait upon her last Sunday I found her alone, in her sitting-room, reading the Bible ; she rose quickly, and met me in the most friendly manner, at once beginning :—‘ Now I have thought over and felt the precious 126th Psalm, about which we were talking. The more I meditate on it, and try to grasp its meaning, the more its loveliness and sublimity attract me, and I do not know anything which has such a solemn, benign, elevating, and comforting effect upon my mind as these precious words. The anguish of soul which is simply expressed in them is deep but tranquil, peaceful and tender. What it will effect, and the fruit which it will bring forth, is strikingly explained under the pleasing figure of seed-time and harvest. The hope which soars above all, and makes all sorrow bearable, is like the hues of morning, and you hear in the distance the triumphal songs of the victor rising above the tumult of the waves of sorrow. It is pervaded by a spirit of melancholy, but also of victory, of resignation, and the most joyful trust ; it is an elegy, but also a hymn of praise, a hallelujah mingled with tears. I look at this psalm as you look at a lovely flower on which a dewdrop glistens in the morning light ; I have read it again and again, until it is firmly impressed upon my memory.’

“ And then with an expression of holy reverence, with a low, but firm and clear voice, and in a tone of the purest devotion,

the queen repeated the psalm which was engraven on her mind, here and there slightly altering it to adapt it to her own circumstances. As a beautiful hymn sweetly sung makes a deeper and more lively impression than when read, the well-known words, as I heard them from the queen, gave rise to new feelings. For her melodious manner of reciting it, though it was not exactly intoned, was like an ecstatic song, poured forth from her finely-strung soul. As I listened to and looked at this exalted and enlightened woman, with the words of everlasting life on her eloquent lips, the words came into my mind, 'In thy light shall we see light;' and, 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.' Everything became clearer to me than before, and she appeared more beautiful than ever."

A letter to Madame de Krüdener, who had joined her in the days of her deepest grief at Königsberg, testifies to the depth of the queen's religious life:—"I owe a confession to your excellent heart," she writes, "and I am convinced that you will receive it with tears of joy. You have made me better than I was before. Your words of truth, our conversations on religion and Christianity, have made the deepest impression upon me. I have gone with deeper earnestness into the things, the existence and value of which I had indeed felt before, but I rather guessed at than knew them. These contemplations had very comforting results for me. I came nearer to God; my faith became stronger, and thus, in the midst of misfortune, and many injuries and griefs, I have never been without comfort, never quite unhappy. Add to this the goodness of the God of love, who never hardened my heart, but always kept it open to the kindness and love of my fellow-creatures, always filled me with an impulse to help and to be useful to them.

"You will understand that I can never be quite miserable while I have this source of purest joy. With the keen eye of truth I have seen the vanity of earthly greatness, and its nothingness in comparison with heavenly possessions. Yes, I have attained to a repose of the soul, and an inward peace, which allow me to hope that I may be able to bear all God's dispensations, and the sorrows that are sent to purify me, with

the composure and humility of a true Christian. For it is in this light that I view all the close trials which bow us down. I have found myself again in the tumult of the world. Promise me that you will always tell me the truth."

It is a glorious thing when this patient resignation, founded on the hope of better times, becomes a glowing faith, which mingles with the fire of patriotism.

"Have you heard," wrote the queen in September, 1808, "that the king has commanded that memorial tablets shall be placed in the churches for those who have fought for their Fatherland, to the memory of the dead, to the honour of the survivors, and for the emulation of others? This is another spark from which may be kindled the flame from God which shall consume the scourge of nations. Has it not been lighted in the Tyrol as well as in Spain?—

‘Freedom upon the mountains!’

Do not these words, which I now, for the first time, understand, sound like a prophecy when you look at those mountains, and see what a rising there has been at the call of Hofer? What a man this Andreas Hofer is! A peasant becomes a general, and what a general he makes! Prayer is his weapon, and God his ally.

"He fights with folded hands, he fights on bended knee, and smites with the cherubim's flaming sword. And these faithful Swiss, who were before familiar to my mind through Pestalozzi. Childlike in spirit, they fight like the Titans, rolling masses of rock from their mountains: just so in Spain! God, if the times of the Maid of Orleans should come again, and if the enemy, the wicked enemy should be overcome at last, overcome by that power by which the French, with a maiden at their head, drove the foe from their land. Ah! how many times I have read it over and over again."

It may be asked how in so religious and exalted a frame of mind the royal pair could have found any pleasure in the pomp with which they were received by the Emperor Alexander at St. Petersburg in 1809. Men like Stein and Gneisenau judged

the journey hardly. The latter wrote :—“ The king has been in a bad humour since his return ; he scolds about trifles in the service. At St. Petersburg he saw the Russians dressed up for reviews. Certainly the half-slaughtered East Prussians are a contrast to them. Perhaps everything looks very small to him after the pomp there. His half-monarchy, his half-palace, the half-romance of the last few years ; but this is all in harmony with half-measures.” And Stein answered :—“ The journey was made for the sake of being dazzled ; people take pomp for strength, fearful weakness for prudence, and are glad of a few moments’ rest to hide their eyes from the future, which has nothing to promise but a miserable and humiliating existence.” Unfortunate kings, we may exclaim, who are so often prevented from following the dictates of their hearts by political considerations.

It may be that the reception at St. Petersburg was not without designed intention on the part of the Russian Court, and it may have had a lulling influence on the royal pair ; but certainly the amiable attentions which were showered upon them were sincere, and it is clear that the heart of the queen was not in the pomp.

“ I am come back as I went,” she wrote, soon after her return. “ Nothing dazzles me now ; ‘ my kingdom is not of this world.’ ” And in the same year :—“ My birthday was a fearful day to me. A splendid banquet was given by the city in my honour in the evening ; before that, a handsome and abundant repast in the palace. Oh, how sad it made me ! my heart was torn in pieces. I danced, I smiled, and said pleasant things to those who gave the banquet ; I made myself agreeable to everybody, yet I did not know where to turn for grief. To whom will Prussia belong at the end of the year ? Where shall we all be scattered ? Father Almighty have mercy upon us ! ”

The most earnest desire of her heart was the moral and religious elevation of the people. It was this which attached her so closely to Stein. Under the heavy cross which she had to bear, she discovered the emptiness of the religion of the so-called enlightenment, and searched ever deeper into the eternal truths

of faith. When she bore a son at Königsberg in October, 1809, the christening festival was a painful day to her, because of the minister's flat rationalistic discourse. He had no idea of the power of the Sacrament, knew nothing of the covenant made with God through baptism into the death of Christ; his only idea was that of a consecration of the child on its entrance into life. The queen could not be comforted until it was proved to her, from the creed of the Protestant Church, that the power of the Sacrament was independent of the worthiness of the dispenser.

For three years the royal family had lived in a circumscribed position away from the capital. The queen longed for her home at Berlin; and in December, 1809, the journey was undertaken, and was turned by the affection of the people into a triumphal progress. The tears of the queen fell like burning drops into the hearts of the best of the people. Arndt wrote:—"More eyes were wet with tears of grief than joy. The deep grief of the beautiful queen was evident in the midst of her joy as she stood at the window acknowledging the people's greeting, for her eyes were red with weeping."

She was not to tarry long amongst her people. She was often ailing, and presentiments of death passed through her mind. She longed once more to see her home at Mecklenburg, and her father and brothers and sisters; and at the end of June the journey was undertaken. She was unspeakably happy to be with her beloved ones again, and, at the same time, in possession of her husband and children, and often gave simple expression to this overflowing joy. The illness which occasioned her death developed itself with surprising rapidity. The king and the elder princes were scarcely in time to see her alive.

"Lord Jesus make it short," was her last sigh; and the people, as well as the royal house, felt a grief which contributed not a little to the regeneration of the Fatherland.

Steffens reports of the impression which the death of the queen made at Halle, which then belonged to the kingdom of Westphalia:—

"There was a commotion in the town, which was only to be

compared to that which took place during the first few days after it was overpowered by the enemy. Grief was depicted upon every countenance; there was mourning in every house, and everybody seemed impressed with a feeling that the last faint hope had departed with the life of this adored woman. Every one ascribed her death to the unhappy condition of the country: they said to themselves, 'The enemy has slain the guardian angel of the people;' and a feeling of revenge, and an unspoken oath to keep her memory in inviolable constancy, strengthened the national resolve to seize every opportunity to throw off the hateful yoke."

The queen remained after her death, as she was during her life, the heroine of a struggle which, far from having ceased, was only strengthening itself for the first favourable moment.

We have before remarked that there was something typical in the character of Queen Louisa. In her Germany saw its best self personified; love of liberty and country, pleasure in domestic and family life, taste for poetry, deep and pious gratitude for all the gifts of God; and in her fate the nation saw its own. This accounted for the peculiar love for the queen, the grief at her death, and the new adaptation of the words, "She being dead yet speaketh." Her praises were not only sounded over her coffin, she was remembered in the latest years of ignominy, and when after the successes of 1813 Körner sang—

"Luise schwebt segnend um den Gatten,"

"Louisa o'er thy consort blessings shed,"

he only gave expression to the general feeling of all who loved her, that from the rest which was granted to her, the departed one would behold with glorified eyes the conflicts in which her husband and the nation were engaged. Fouqué, Körner, Schenkendorf, and others have tuned their harps in her praise.

The king, who had before sunk into the deepest grief, received the heaviest blow by the death of the queen. When they were trying to inspire him with hope by her sick-bed, he said, "Ah, if she were not mine she would live; but as she is my wife she will be sure to die."

Under the influence of this grief he passed the last years of ignominy, and entered upon the new struggle with Napoleon like a knight avenging his insulted beloved one. Arndt says, "The king had the gifts of uprightness, bravery, and piety, but he was chilling and reserved. In his quiet, simple look and gesture there was an appearance of peculiar grief; he was the mourning knight who could never forget his lost beloved one. The idea never left him that his queen, his beloved Louisa, had been snatched away from him in the bloom of her loveliness by the tumult and misfortunes of the time, grief for which had killed her. After that time, in 1810, when she died in her Mecklenburg home, his face never beamed with pleasure; he was scarcely able to share the joy of his people in 1813, 1814, and 1815, but shut himself up with his solitary grief. There is a wonderful consecrating power which survives death in pure love for a noble woman. As Beatrice, lost to Dante for this life, was his guide to heaven, and became to him the glorified personification of a saving knowledge of God, so the image of the glorified queen hovered before the eyes of the king, not only as that of his beloved spouse, but as an impersonation of all the grief suffered on account of their country, and the struggles to be gone through in its behalf. It really was the case, that the king fought against Napoleon not only for his kingdom, but for the honour of his beloved one."

When in the spring of 1814 all the patriotism of the country was aroused, and the king made preparations to enter into the struggle with his people, he instituted the iron cross as a mark of distinction for valour. A more appropriate symbol in the struggle which was at hand could not have been found; a cross, the symbol of the deepest grief that was ever borne, but suffered for the highest good, but also the symbol of faith on our part in the willing self-sacrifice of eternal love—an *iron* cross as a reminder of the iron time in which no victory could be won without the most earnest struggle. And what a light of devoted love falls upon the institution of it when we find that the king devised it on the birthday of the departed queen, the 10th of March, without consulting any one!

From the victorious field at Leipzig he hastened to Berlin ; his steps were first turned towards the cathedral, in order to give the glory to the Lord with his assembled people. Thence he hastened to Charlottenburg, to the grave of the queen ; he uncovered his head, laid the laurel branch which he had brought with him upon the tomb, and remained in silent prayer. With the impression of this visit to her grave he returned to the army. He crossed the Rhine, and made the victorious entry into Paris. But he soon left the tumult of victory, and travelled homeward with his adjutant. He went through Switzerland, sought out remote Colombières, and stopped at the pastor's house. There Miss Gelieux, the former instructress of his Louisa, lived with her brother ; the king went to thank her for the love which she had formerly shown to the youthful princess, and to refresh himself with reminiscences of her.

He gave Miss Gelieux a shawl which had belonged to the queen, and which he had taken with him. On his return home he founded the Prussian order of Louisa in memory of the queen, and in honour of the women and maidens who had assisted the struggle by works of charity.

It is probable that the tumultuous events which the king had passed through from 1806 to 1814 had deepened and strengthened his faith. He had always been inclined to a religious life, although he might have viewed the subject in the weak and diluted form which was current at the time. Both these ideas are confirmed by what he wrote to the minister Von Wöllner on assuming the reins of government: "I honour religion myself, and willingly follow its blessed precepts, and should be very sorry to rule over a nation which had no religion ; but I know that it is, and always must be, a matter of the heart and feelings, and of personal conviction ; and if it is to forward the cause of virtue and righteousness among men, it must not be degraded into a meaningless babble by any methodistical compulsion. Reason and philosophy must be its inseparable companions ; it will then be able to stand secure of itself, without needing the authority of those who claim the right to impose their doctrines on future generations, and to dictate to posterity

what it is to think in every age, and under all circumstances, upon subjects which have the most powerful influence upon its well-being."

But reason and philosophy, treacherous guides in the path to eternal life, were allowed to fall into the background, and precedence was given to the Bible as the unfailing light. When at Königsberg, after the great defeat, he had a desire for the word of God. Barowsky, afterwards archbishop, was at hand with this most powerful source of comfort. He read and explained to the king the striking narrations of the Book of Daniel, and the seeds of a firm faith were sown in his agitated mind. He remained true to his opinion, that religion must be a matter of the heart and of the feelings, and of personal conviction.

Nothing could be more foreign to his honest and simple piety than the doctrine which had been prevalent for a century, and particularly with princes and statesmen, that religion was by no means necessary for the safety of individuals at the judgment day, but might be very useful for keeping the people in order. "The most barren and miserable view which a man can possibly hold of Christianity and its divine ordinances," said the king, "is that wise and enlightened people will hold religion in reverence, because, although quite superfluous to the educated, it is necessary and good for keeping the middle and lower classes in order, by means of the superstition which it instils; the higher and highest classes require no such bugbear. If this is enlightenment, I do not know what is obscurity. It is like a sunstroke, which takes away your senses."

His piety was an affair of the heart and of personal conviction. He could not dispense with it in his conflict with sin, for the patient bearing of the cross, and the hope of everlasting life. He loved the Bible with the love which is peculiar to the Protestant Christian. He did not explain away its doctrines; he had a deep feeling of the sinfulness of the human race, and therefore full confidence in the mercy of Jesus Christ. He was earnest in prayer, for he knew that prayer is heard, and can accomplish much when it is earnest. He could not dispense with public worship. He felt it beneficial to join in it with his

people on the same level. He rejected flattery with real indignation, especially if it ventured to address him in holy places. For the house of the Lord was holy to him, because he knew that there divine love condescends to meet the humble confessor of sin, and the faithful petitioner for divine mercy, in the proclamation of the Word and the administration of the Sacrament. The simplicity of his character developed itself in sacred things in the humility of the sinner, who, like all other sinners, can only live by grace. But though his faith was firm in the atonement of Jesus Christ, his Christianity had a thoroughly moral tendency, as a genuine gospel faith always has. The king was upright in the highest degree. Diligent in his calling after the hereditary principle of Prussian monarchs, that the king should consider himself the chief servant of the State, benevolent with royal generosity, and tender sympathy for special cases of distress, chaste in word and deed, and especially severe upon transgressors of the seventh commandment; animated by a powerful impulse to labour for the general good, he strove to attain to that attribute of charity, that she "seeketh not her own." But above all other things, it was his endeavour to revive among the people the sense of religion which had sunk so low, and especially by openly acknowledging his adherence to divine truth. This endeavour was the origin of the Holy Alliance, which Frederic William entered into after the victory with the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and of which he was perhaps the first instigator.

There was something great in the common acknowledgment by the three powerful rulers of their faith in the Holy Trinity, and in their common vow to make the precepts of the Gospel the rule of their government transactions. The deep impression which divine mercy had made upon the king's mind during the times of war and victory was displayed in the years of peace, in his various endeavours for the advancement of the Prussian national Church. Perhaps he took no other department so much into his own hands, and acted so much on his own opinions as on this one.

However hazardous it was, and always must be, for a ruler

to take advantage of his supremacy in ecclesiastical matters, for the purpose of stamping his own views upon the laws of the Church, it must be granted that even in his errors, his zeal for the Church was displayed.

And even those whose judgment is most strongly opposed to the union of the Reformed and Lutheran Churches, which was urged on during his government, grant that his intentions were honest, and honour him as a God-fearing monarch.

“My time in disquiet, my hope in God,” was the superscription of his will,—an appropriate motto for a king who had seen so much adversity both in peace and war, but who had struggled against it with honest endeavour, and whose consolation was the prospect of the rest which remaineth for the people of God.

CHAPTER VI.

PRINCESS WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.

BY the side of Queen Louisa, and in every respect her equal in birth, stands the Princess William.

Called, like the queen, to a brilliant royal court, from the more retired circles of princely life,—like her, she possessed that simplicity of character which enabled her to penetrate through the obstacles of etiquette to the sources of the true life, and to appreciate whatever was noble in humanity. Perhaps it was easier to her than to the queen, who, notwithstanding her fresh and natural character, had a taste for splendour, to accommodate herself to the deprivations to which the times subjected the royal family; indeed, when she was again surrounded by princely pomp, she recurred with a sort of hankering to the simple life at Memel and Königsberg, which was so rich in intellectual enjoyments. The queen and princess were entirely alike in their steadfast and unquenchable patriotism; and as it is our wish to record the effects of the war of independence, in animating and deepening the religion of the people, we may remark that the letters of the princess, as well as those of the queen, during the times of humiliation, afford a touching picture of the work of the Holy Spirit on humble and trusting souls.

We will begin with the description which the minister Von Stein gave of the princess when she was twenty-two years of age:—

“The Princess William unites with beauty and dignity a powerful, cultivated, and thoughtful mind; a deep, great, and noble character. Her appearance is but the impress of her

mind, and combines purity, symmetry, and dignity. She is born to a throne, but she would ennoble and beautify any position in life, even were it the lowest. She received her education from her excellent father, who was her instructor and friend, and who early developed the germs of the great and good in her character. She was early acquainted with suffering and deprivations of various kinds; the French invasion drove her from her paternal home when yet a child; she had only been married a few years when she accompanied the royal family in the unfortunate years 1806-7-8.

“During this time she lost her two children, and her husband was separated from her by the campaign, and by the embassy to Napoleon. She is fond of history, and acquaints herself with it through translations from the ancient historians, which she reads with great attention, and impresses them on her memory by making extracts. The judgment she passes on men, formed by such a mind and such occupations, is a severe one, but free from prejudice; she is inexorable towards everything shallow and vulgar, even if surrounded by the splendour of a throne.

“One result of her discretion, and of the dignity with which she assigns to every one his place, is reserve, which she possesses in a high degree. She has an irresistible love of solitude, and of a recluse and quiet life, which outward circumstances enable her to give way to more than is good for her. Her taste for art is united with a great talent for drawing, which she has cultivated herself without much instruction.”

The love of solitude which Stein mentions did not, however, prevent her from entering courageously into public life at the time of the decisive struggle, but when peace was restored to her country, she doubly enjoyed a retired life in the bosom of her family.

Marianne, Princess of Hesse, was born at the Castle at Homburg, on the 13th of October, 1785. During her childhood the first conflict took place between Germany and France. She clearly remembered her bed being shaken by the guns at the siege of Mayence. She was surrounded in youth by French

and German influences, for her first playmate was the child of a family of French emigrants. Her first music mistress was also a French lady, who, however, had taste enough to teach her, among other things, the choruses from Glück's 'Iphigenie.' When she listened to the conversation of her parents, she heard French from her mother, and German from her father. Her mother was a lively person, fond of pomp and splendour, who found it difficult to accommodate herself to the limited circumstances of her position; but this influence was counteracted by that of her father, who was a thorough German, and a religious man, and maintained a friendly intercourse with Lavater; he was fond of solitude and quiet contemplation, kindly and benevolent. The Princess Marianne, like her brothers and sisters, was distinguished for her warm patriotism, and her mind was ever open to the reception of divine truth. The German and Christian constancy of her character was shown by her unflinching attachment to the reminiscences of her youth, her devoted affection to her family and friends, her gratitude to her teachers, and her delight in her south German home.

"It gave me the greatest pleasure, dear Mr. Rector, to see your handwriting once more, and I thank you heartily for receiving my little gift so favourably. I like to know that my portrait hangs in your garden room, so that you will often be compelled to think of me when you go there to enjoy the spring sun, for in that room I have spent many happy hours of my life which I shall never forget. Nothing is pleasanter to me in my northern home than to be reminded of my native country, beloved beyond every other."

She always retained her affection for her governess, and kept up a correspondence to the end of her life with a friend of her youth belonging to the burgher class. At Berlin the loss of her native mountains was a great deprivation; at Fischbach, in Silesia, she loved the mountains because they reminded her of those of her former home; and when her eldest daughter went to reside in Hesse after her marriage, she felt that it was an addition to her happiness, that "she is now near my beloved Homburg."

This constancy, which deepened more and more into Christian faith, is the leading feature of her character, and she adopted as her motto, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

In the summer of 1803, Queen Frederica of Prussia, sister of the wife of the Landgrave of Hesse Homburg, came to Hanau with her two sons, Henry and William, to visit her daughter, the Electoral Princess of Hesse Cassel.

The mother's wish that one of her sons should marry the Princess Marianne, then a charming girl of seventeen, was quite in accordance with the inclination of Prince William. The marriage took place on the 13th of January, 1804, in the palace at Berlin. A brilliant reception was given her in the royal city, but she felt embarrassed at it. So simply had she been brought up at Homburg, that no one had ever been presented to her, and now there were great ceremonies in her honour.

No wonder that the cultivated mind of the youthful princess was shyly shut up in itself. Prussia first discovered the treasures of her mind and character, the wealth of her courage, and constancy and love, during the great national calamities which soon followed. The loss which she experienced in exchanging the sands at Berlin for the mountains of the Taunus, and the seclusion of her Homburg life for that of the noisy capital, was compensated by the warm affection of her husband. Her happiness was indescribable when in the summer of 1806 she returned to Homburg with an infant princess.

On the day before the battles of Jena and Auerstadt, the princess completed her twenty-first year. The fearful news of the death of Prince Louis Ferdinand, and the complete defeat of the Prussian army, arrived soon after. The princess was obliged to fly, and reached Dantzic, where she gave birth to a princess in November, who only lived a fortnight. The prince left the dispersed army and hastened to his wife. It was necessary to continue the flight, although the only child was ill. While crossing the Nehrung, the prince was enjoying a splendid sunset in the sea, but the princess was sad with pre-

sentiment of evil. The child was in another carriage. When they arrived at Pillau the mother hastened to the bed of her darling; she drew aside the curtain—alas! she had no longer a living child. Grief for the ignominy of her country, increased by domestic trial, sunk still more deeply into her heart.

Still, in spite of grief, it was a very pleasant life which opened for the royal family at Memel and Königsberg from 1806 to 1809; that is, if it be judged by its internal attractions, and not by outward splendour.

The most vigorous inhabitants of Prussia had taken refuge in its most easterly corner, in order thence to impart mental strength to the rest, to compensate for the loss of territory, and to endeavour to regain it.

The weight of circumstances caused all minor considerations to fall into the background.

The royal family cheerfully led the way in making sacrifices to meet the heavy demands that were made upon the country, and this rendered the greatest simplicity necessary in their mode of life. The hand of God, which was outstretched to chastise Prussia, led the best men of all classes together.

Although Napoleon appeared to be invincible, statesmen like Stein, generals like Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, Boyen, and Grolman, poets like Schenkendorf, and orators like Süvern began to declare that the tyrant would one day be overcome, and that when stirred to its depths, the spirit of the Germans was invincible.

In this animated mental life the princess shared, and when the prince was absent, engaged in promoting the restoration of the army, she spent a great deal of time alone, engrossed in historical works, reading and writing, and thus fortifying her mind for courageous deeds. In the night of misfortune we soon see the names of the Prince and Princess William shine out like two brilliant stars. The burden which was enforced upon Prussia by the Peace of Tilsit was insupportable. The French were not to leave the country until the enormous sum which had been demanded had been paid, and it seemed impossible to raise it while they remained. It was hoped that if

Prince William were sent as ambassador to Napoleon, he would lessen his demands. Alexander von Humboldt was to prepare the way for him at Paris, and to be ready to support him in his slippery path. It was thought that the words of the prince would be likely to make an impression, from the fact that he would in future take an important part in public affairs. But besides this scheme, from which the government hoped for success, the prince and his wife had thought of another: he would offer himself as a hostage, in order to lighten the burden imposed upon his country, and the princess was willing to follow him into imprisonment. She expresses her readiness to make this sacrifice in a letter to her husband in the following touching words:—"That I can write this without trembling, without sinking, is taught by my love,—and only by strong love. If I can be with you, be it in a prison or a palace, if only with honour, I shall hasten to join you. When it is over, we shall return to our country with joy. But if it be possible, that because there is too much delay, he should choose to end your imprisonment in another way—oh, there will surely be ways enough to his heart (or no heart) to make him let me share your fate! We are alone—we may do this. Amelia, too, is dead. Then we should be happy for ever."

When the letter reached Paris, the embassy had already failed. At the first interview Napoleon expressed himself in hard and bitter terms against the king. The prince represented to him in lively colours the sufferings of the royal family and of the country, and endeavoured to convince him that Prussia would fulfil her obligations.

His speech appeared to have made some impression, for Napoleon endeavoured to calm him.

The right moment seemed now come to propose the plan, which he naturally did not wish to propose till all other means had failed, and with great animation he offered himself and his consort as hostages, till payment was completed. Napoleon approached him, embraced him and said:—"That is very noble, but it is impossible."

The prince was treated with distinction, though he did not

succeed in his object. And yet the embassy was not in vain; it acquired for the princely pair the affection of Stein and other noble-minded men, and shared in kindling the flame of that devoted patriotism to which Napoleon finally succumbed. In October and November, 1808, those disputes and negotiations began at Königsberg under the influence of the French, and those who were favourable to them, which resulted in the second dismissal of Stein from the ministry, followed by his outlawry and flight into Bohemia. About this time Stein wrote a letter to the princess, which is too beautiful a testimony to her character to be omitted. "Your Royal Highness must not give yourself up to indignation at the events of the time, and do give up the idea of retiring into solitude. You have too many great and noble qualities not to have an influence on life, even in our eventful times; you have a profound sympathy for all that is great and noble, a powerful and cultivated mind. You and your husband are formed to lift the standard under which all the great and noble will range themselves. Your Royal Highness must not despair of humanity, although the weakness, frivolity, and shallowness of some, the base envy and selfishness of others, have lately played an evil part; and although this combination of the lowest passions with officious babble is most repulsive, still my most recent experience has convinced me of the existence of distinguished and excellent characters, of unfailing patriotism, of readiness to sacrifice everything for it, and I have received touching proofs of attachment and affection for the good cause and myself, from persons from whom I had no reason to expect it. The exertions of the good and powerful are not lost; it is always true that—

‘The firm patriot
Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
Though still by faction, vice and fortune crossed,
Shall find the generous labour was not lost.’

Cato, by Addison.

“Your Royal Highnesses must give up the idea of shutting yourselves up; it would be a moral suicide. You and your

husband must assemble around you the noble and the good, and lead them in the conflict with the base and the bad. Separate yourselves from everything which belongs to the latter, and conscientiously fulfil the vocation assigned to you by Providence, and for which He has equipped you with such splendid qualifications.”

When Stein was compelled to fly, it was a comfort to him that the princess remained, “with her great and noble character, her powerful and cultivated mind,” and he departed with the hope that she would exert a beneficial influence upon every one around her.

When the king and queen went to St. Petersburg in the winter of 1808, Prince William accompanied them, but the princess remained at Königsberg, which was quite in accordance with her taste for a quiet domestic life. Childless herself, she tended the royal children as if they had been her own, and gained their lasting affection. The new hope which God had given her about this time was extinguished in August, 1809, by the birth of a still-born son. She shared in the liveliest manner in the patriotic hopes which were excited in that year by the rising in Austria. Four of her brothers were in the Austrian army; and Stein informed her, from Prague, of the excellent spirit which pervaded the army and people. But these hopes were not fulfilled; the heavy yoke of bondage was still on the country when the royal family and the Prince and Princess William returned to Berlin in December, 1809. She felt leaving Königsberg, and still more keenly the entry into Berlin, for she was coming without her children to be shut up in her golden cage, as she called her apartments in the royal palace. She had probably expressed these feelings in a letter to Stein; for in a letter to her he gives us the following pleasing retrospect of the past:—“None of us will ever forget the residence at Königsberg; it was a time of trial, of endurance, of striving for a nobler and better state of things.

“Weakness, discord among friends, the rough might of the foe, accidental circumstances, frustrated all our efforts, and the instruments of them are scattered and destroyed. The con-

sciousness of pure motives, the memory of the good and noble, who did them justice, and accorded them their sympathy, accompanies those who are banished in every situation of life, and the work that has been begun will not be quite in vain. The memory of a young princess will never leave me, who possesses a mind susceptible of all that is great and noble, combined with external charms. Whatever may be the position in which she is placed, she will ennoble and exalt it. Certainly our hopes and expectations have been greatly disappointed, but it will always be consoling to remember that faithfulness and bravery, though not victorious, were displayed in a most decided manner, and strengthened the foundations of the State; that the exhibition of them affords a brilliant example, both for the present and the future, and that a system founded upon might and arbitrary will for the glorification of an individual, and not for the general good, must sooner or later succumb to public opinion, to the opposition of exasperated powers, and wounded feelings. To maintain this public opinion, and to oppose the mean and base, is the duty and calling of all the good among our contemporaries. With this conviction we shall be able to live through the manifold painful events, which may yet await us, with courage and resignation, to maintain our inward peace, to find our way readily through entanglements of every sort, and to avoid becoming the sport of the influence, the opinions and the quarrels of vulgar men."

The friendship which the princess had formed in Königsberg with the queen and with the Princess Louisa Radziwill, sister of Prince Louis Ferdinand, was maintained at Berlin.

What a blow it was for her in the summer of 1810, when in the midst of the joy of being with her beloved ones in her Hessian home, she received intelligence of the sudden death of the queen! The correspondence with Stein, in relation to this mournful event, gives us an insight into the depths of her mind, in which God was instilling faith and a new life by the means of the cross.

It affords one of the most unmistakable evidences that the times of which we write awakened and deepened religious life.

We will remark, before giving the correspondence, that the princess was five-and-twenty, and Stein fifty-three years of age.

Stein to the Princess William.

“PRAGUE, 27th September, 1810.

“Your Royal Highness has spent the summer amongst your relations, and in your beautiful native country, but how must the enjoyment of it have been disturbed by the circumstances of ignominy and subjection in which it is placed! And how much more by the loss sustained by the royal family during your absence! A cord formed of affection, beauty, and goodness has been broken asunder; and who can heal the wound, who will sustain our deeply sorrowing king, now quite alone and pursued by misfortune?

“He will no doubt find consolation in the religious spirit which inspires him, in love for his children, in the fulfilment of his duties; but nothing can fill the void made by the loss of a faithful, tender companion and wife. No doubt his family will affectionately strive to assuage his grief, and he may be considered happy in having among his relations so noble, intellectual, good, and affectionate a princess as your Royal Highness.”

Princess William to Stein.

“BERLIN, 14th December, 1810.

“Two valued letters from you are lying before me, and I cannot understand how it is that I have left them so long unanswered. The chief reason, no doubt, has been the deep depression under which I returned here; after four months so happily spent in my native land, this heavy blow was sent me to remind me of the imperfection of all earthly bliss. You have thought of me with sympathy on this occasion, and I gratefully feel your kindness. If you had followed your inclination, and shown the poor unfortunate king how much you mourned his sad loss, it would have been a great pleasure to him; and who could have been so cruel as to put, as you

feared, a wrong construction on such an act at such a time? I am really very sorry that you did not write to him, because I have witnessed how much such proofs of sympathy have touched him in his infinite grief, more than I should have thought possible at such a time.

“It is impossible to explain everything in writing; but I should so much like to tell you how all the pleasantness in life is over for me now that she is gone. She was so unspeakably kind and sisterly to me that I miss her every moment, and with every fresh event. How I regret every word that I may have spoken against her, since I have clearly seen that it could only have been envy because she was so much better than I, which induced me to do it. I cannot go on, it makes me so sad. The king is worthy of all reverence in this sorrow, which will last with his life: he shows so much Christian resignation and patience; he is so kind to me that I can scarcely look at him without tears.

“What impelled me to write to you to-day was, that I have now read Süvern’s Fifth Lecture on the Age of Chivalry. You often told me that I ought to read these lectures; but at Königsberg I only got as far as the first, but now I have just read the fifth. It has engrossed me and elevated me more than almost anything, for it is exactly in harmony with my thoughts and feelings, so devout and German, as certainly only that age could be when people were humble and believing. It seems to me that philosophy produces self-conceit, and that these two things are ruining our generation. No doubt I speak in a narrow kind of way, and as if I belonged to a benighted age; but the more impressed I become with the vanity of earthly things, the stronger these convictions grow. Ah, how little and humble it makes one feel before the Almighty! it leads to faith, as it seems to me, not to sight, in those things in which we cannot yet see clearly.

“In one thing I may venture to say, I have made some progress since we parted, in religion.

“Do have the goodness to read the fifth lecture again. My first thought was, why did you not propose the author as tutor?

I shall now make his acquaintance. I am almost ashamed to see that I have been speaking only of myself, when I wished to speak of you, and to tell you all that I have heard of your subjects, but it is not so easily done in writing. You will readily believe that I thought of no one but you when I was in that neighbourhood. What every one said of you was just in accordance with my own opinion, and often moved me to tears. Once we had a heavy storm on the Lahn, and were obliged to remain some hours at Nassau. The doctor was in the room, and a young man, the son of a lawyer. There was much talk about old times; and oh, how it interested me! A man from Nassau also came to us, and was in the greatest delight at being able to talk of you; he was only a common man, Philip Balzer.

“I must conclude. Farewell, and think of me and of my great esteem for you.

“M.

“P.S.—A great pleasure is in store for me to-morrow. Five of my brothers are coming; I am quite beside myself with joy. One of them is very fond of your brother-in-law, and would much like to make your acquaintance. I have seen Schön several times, and like him very much.

“William wishes to be remembered to you, and remember me to your lady.”

Stein to Princess William.

“PRAGUE, 17th March, 1811.

“Waiting for a safe opportunity has hitherto prevented me from answering your Royal Highness’s gracious letter of the 14th of December. Its contents have deeply touched me, and they afford clear evidence of your serious and tender spirit.

“Intercourse with so noble a friend will be a compensation to the king for his loss, in daily life, in moments of sadness caused by remembrance of the past, and forebodings for the future. I honour him for his religious morality, his pure love of all that is good; I love him for his well-meaning character, and pity him because he lives in an iron age, when this gentle-

ness and uprightness have only accelerated his fall, and in which but one thing was necessary to enable him to maintain his position, the talents of a general, united with that reckless selfishness which treads everything underfoot, and is ready to enthrone itself upon corpses.

“I read Süvern’s Lectures at Königsberg in a manuscript which belonged to the queen. I do not possess them, but I wish to do so. The author is a most estimable man, on account of his rare powers of mind, his knowledge, and his noble character. But would this learned, but plain and homely man, totally unacquainted with court life and the distractions of the great world, have been adapted for the instructor of a young prince? Would he have wished it himself? I scarcely think so.

“Certainly the age of which your Royal Highness speaks had great advantages over ours. Those true and devout men whose minds were filled with the love of honour and religion, are incomparably superior to the petty, frivolous, dried-up, selfish, and pleasure-loving race of our times. In those days there were great events and superior men; the great events which happen now are brought about by the baseness of men and want of unity amongst them. What has superseded these noble sentiments, these powerful springs of action amongst us? What is the result of our metaphysical jargon? France is now complaining loudly of her philosophers, as having quenched public spirit, destroyed religious and moral principles, and caused a dreadful revolution, which has ended in an iron despotism; and for what has Germany to thank the theological school of Berlin, and Nicolai, and his modern metaphysics? The former has banished plain and simple faith in the Bible with its exegesis; and the latter has reasoned away German integrity, puzzled plain and healthy understandings, and taught doctrines which overturn the principles of morality, faith in God and immortality, and it has withered the hearts of men. Happily this school has made itself contemptible by the quarrels of its disciples, and it will disappear as many other follies have done. Happily also there were some men left in the nation

who deserved our confidence, and who stemmed the tides which were threatening us with destruction. Among these I reckon Herder; a man who possessed a sound and healthy understanding, a virtuous and religious mind, a pure and delicate taste, and with these were combined great depth and learning, which enabled him to attain to a rare wealth of ideas and views. I advise your Royal Highness to read those portions of his works which would have a peculiar interest for you. You will find instruction and improvement in them, and confirmation in all that is good.

The Princess William to Stein.

“BERLIN, 6th June, 1811.

“Although I am ill, and therefore not inclined for writing, I cannot refrain from employing my pen for you to-day, as a good opportunity offers. Neither can I longer delay giving you my heartfelt thanks for your letter of the 17th of March. It made me feel so happy, for it seemed like hearing you talk. Everything that you say to me is sure to please and interest me, but I doubly valued the contents of your last letter, for I was so glad to have confirmed by you what I have so often thought; for these times and modern people impel one to make comparisons, and I am always struck by the contrast when I hear the enlightenment and culture of these times extolled, and it seems to me that the old paths led so much more directly to the goal than our circuitous ones. With equal simplicity, but with a firm faith, I see the difference between religion and philosophy; I can, of course, only judge of the latter by its effects; still there is a principle within me which places the former very high above the latter.

“People come and discuss the subject, and ask, ‘Is there a more beautiful principle to be found in the whole Bible than this? “Do good for the sake of good;”—how unselfish, how great, how simple it is!’

“But in my humble opinion it is but an evidence of pride; and humility seems to me to become poor humanity so much

better; and in the teaching of Christianity, 'Do good for the sake of love,' what meekness—how great the difference!

"When this giddy pride is past, I fancy brighter stars will shine out again. But I blush when I read what I have written to think that I have been expressing my perhaps ludicrous opinions to such a man, and venturing to write about things that are quite above me and beyond my comprehension. But I rely upon the indulgence with which you have often spoiled me before.

"There was a rumour of glorious news here yesterday, too good to be true, that the sequestration was removed from your estates. How I should rejoice to see you in possession of that beautiful district again. I sympathize with you doubly in what you have lost, since I have been there. With this I send you a little memorial of the place, and because it comes from there I flatter myself it will give you a moment's pleasure. It is a stone from your Castle of Stein. When I was up there, I could think of nothing but you, and not without tears, as you can well believe; so I took a stone from the old building with the intention of having something made of it for you, for myself and my two companions, Philip and William. I have done so—the stone is rather soft, as it was only a splinter, so you must not use it with the wax very hot. William unites with me in the kindest remembrances, and I beg the continuance of the friendship which makes me so proud and happy.

"MARIANNE.

"Remember me to the Baroness."

Stein to the Princess William.

"PRAGUE, 14th August, 1811.

"The devout and childlike spirit which pervades your Royal Highness's letter has deeply touched me. It is in this spirit that the highest truth and the highest wisdom lies. Everything that we see around us must daily remind us of the emptiness and vanity of all human knowledge. This feeling of genuine modesty has always been the characteristic of the most

superior men, but it has been pushed aside by the pride and arrogance of the sophists of the eighteenth century, who were bent in their self-conceit in supplanting the principles and institutions on which the temporal and eternal welfare of our forefathers was based,—they destroyed both, and nothing remained to their unfortunate contemporaries but regret for what they had lost and inability to recall it. Châteaubriand's 'Génie du Christianisme' is written in an excellent spirit, and is calculated to awaken religious feeling. He illustrates with eloquence and deep feeling the emptiness and vanity of human knowledge, the excellence of Christianity, its doctrines, usages, and ecclesiastical institutions. It is impossible to lay it down without being edified and improved.

“Frederic Schlegel's 'Lectures on Modern History' also deserve your Royal Highness's attention, for their intelligent, well-weighed, and modest tone, and their correct appreciation of the circumstances of our ancestors and contemporaries. He shows how, in the old times, the action of men's hearts was more vigorous and unrestrained, and how their more restricted sphere was beautified by their faith in everything divine. The gift of your Royal Highness is an evidence of the tenderness of your heart. You thought with kindness and sympathy of the outlaw, and felt that it is painful to have 'to ascend the stairs of the stranger,' and to avoid the home of one's childhood. When all ties are dissolved or threatened, when all opportunity of activity is ruthlessly snatched away, life loses its value; but one wish remains, the hope of soon entering on a better.”

The faith expressed in these letters was sure to overcome; such humility was sure to see brighter days. Minds so imbued with divine strength were strong enough to bear the weight of the conflict, and to ascribe the victory to the mercy of God.

In October, 1811, the princess gave birth to twins, the Princes Adalbert and Friedrich Thassilo. Soon afterwards her husband had an illness which shattered her own health, and in the following summer she tried the waters of Ems. She saw Homburg again, and for the first time went down the Rhine as

far as Cologne, in company with her husband and brother Leopold, who had left the Prussian service in order to avoid fighting for Napoleon in Russia, and he would fain have gone to Spain to fight against him if his father had permitted it.

She returned to Berlin to enter upon the greatest year of the century, the most important of her life. We have the diary before us which she wrote in 1813, and have received permission to make extracts from it. It will give us a lively picture of that eventful time, and a mirror of the character of the princess. As in the year 1806, so in 1813, the critical moment in national affairs was also a crisis in her family life. The news of the defeat of the French army, of York's convention with Russia, of Austria's joining the German cause, reached the princess at the deathbed of her child Friedrich Thassilo. He died on the 10th of January.

"Faith survives hope," she wrote on the day of his death. "I learnt this this morning when I was trying to impart life and warmth to the half-stiffened hand of my Fried. Thassilo. I kept on saying to myself: 'With God nothing is impossible. He helped Samson, and I thought He would say to me, 'Woman, thy faith hath helped thee.' Or was not my faith strong enough? Is faith also a sort of hope? But love is indeed the greatest of these, for it will still live in heaven when faith and hope have conducted us thither.

"My Fried. Thassilo fell asleep about nine. It was the first time that I had seen death, and I am so glad that I have seen it; it has made me feel so peaceful. I felt so surely that it is a long sleep, and nothing else; before, the idea of death was so terrible to me, and now the impression is entirely altered. I saw how temporary this veil must be, it is like a timepiece run down; a mechanism necessary for earth, only an unessential thing, the real being remains, and is, indeed, eternal. Now, for the first time, I shall go to bed without praying for him. Now pray for me, my little angel!"

Scarcely had the mother adorned her child with the ring and wreath of myrtle, and seen him laid at rest, than the court of Berlin was in the greatest excitement. The French division,

under Grenier, had entered the Electorate of Mark. The Germans could scarcely wait in patience till Prussia should declare itself against France, and it was needful to be in constant preparation, lest the French should make an onslaught on their Prussian allies. A report was spread that the king and royal family were to be taken prisoners.

The German party wished that the king should absent himself; the French party construed the wish into a desire on the part of the Tugendbund (alliance of students) to have the game all to themselves. On the night of the 17th of January, Prince Henry brought news to Prince William that the French were plotting an act of violence against the court. Prince William rode to Potsdam to the king. It was arranged that the Crown Prince should be confirmed in haste, and that the king should afterwards join the army in Silesia. The night before, the king's adjutant, Von Natzmer, had returned from the Emperor Alexander with the news that he would enter into the alliance, offensive and defensive, which had been proposed to him; would prosecute the war, and advance towards the Oder. On the 22nd of January, the King and Crown Prince left Potsdam for Silesia, and the princess's husband and her brother Louis went to join the troops, and she remained solitary in the palace with her child. The time was now arrived when she had to play a part in history. The record of her life during the next two months, amidst the universal excitement, and the rapid succession of events, presents a picture of noble and heroic demeanour, while her heart was divided between maternal grief and anxiety for her country. In consequence of the death of the queen, she was the chief representative of the royal family in the capital. It was against her that the enmity of the French would be directed, and she felt that she was called upon to stand firm, lest by her flight she should encourage the enemy and depress the people. She transacted business with the French marshal, and the Russian and Prussian generals came to do homage to her courage; and when Prussia began to rise, she stood at the head of the women in the work of nursing and assisting the wounded. Her time was divided between her

only remaining child and the affairs of the country. She often went from her child's bed to look out into the streets, or to watch the French troops exercise in the Lustgarten, or she arose in the middle of the night and went out upon the battlements of the palace to observe the light of burning houses, or smouldering watch-fires. The creations of the poet's fancy are exhibited in simple truth in the princess's diary. The watcher on the tower keeps those in the house informed of what passes on the battle-field. Hope and fear are alternately depicted on their countenances, victory is announced, and jubilees resound. She saw the pitiful remnants of the army which escaped from Russia totter through the streets. On the night of the 19th of February she dreamed that the French were besieging the palace, and that balls were flying about the room.

News came in the morning that the Russians were approaching; she went up to the parapet, and could see the movements of the Cossacks at Pankow and Schönhausen.

When the French, as usual, mounted guard at noon, a Cossack galloped into the city; the people received him with exultation. One of the guards took to flight, the French sounded an alarm, the garrison moved up to the Lustgarten, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, with Marshal Angereau at their head. The princess saw it all. An officer of the Cossacks arrived with a flag of truce, and was dismissed; a gun was fired, and a second; a third was spiked and dragged away by the people, but retaken. It was feared every moment that they would fire upon the palace. The castellan trembled, but the princess still sat at the open window, and would not be persuaded to leave the palace. Her idea was that if the French heard that every one had left it, they would be sure to enter and take possession, and she was not willing to give up the king's property to destruction and plunder. She also reckoned a little on the gallantry of the French. She sent the court marshal, Count Von der Gröben, to Marshal Angereau, was reassured, and sat down to supper, which reminded her of the meal in 'Götz von Berlichingen,' when the knight's castle was besieged.

The uncertainty of the enemy's movements lasted a few days longer; and though Angereau withdrew on the night of the 24th of February, on the 28th the streets of Berlin swarmed once more with the troops of the vice-king of Italy. "Oh, how I wish for peace!" she wrote on the 1st of March. "How it pains my aching heart to have my thoughts continually distracted by the fierce storms of the outward world!" When Czernitscheff, Tettenborn, and Repuin made their entry on the 4th, she wrote: "Ah! if it were but a German triumphal entry. Their singing as they marched touched me deeply, and when Tettenborn stopped in front of the palace, and they took off their caps and shouted a vivat for the king and people, and we waved our handkerchiefs, I shall never forget it—it was a glorious day. Victory! oh, victory! what heavenly music there is in the word! When shall I be able to pronounce it for German arms?" And later in the evening: "The illumination was fine, but I saw Spandau in flames, a dark cloud of smoke reached thence to us, the moon between uniting the two lights; joy here, misery there. It was curious to feel, after so long a time of ignominy, that our tongues were free again."

Clausewitz related to the princess the whole history of the Russian campaign; in which "neither the retreat behind Moscow nor the burning of it was the result of system, but were partly accidental, partly intentional; yet both will be represented to the end of time as the result of a sagacious plan; we shall never hear it related ourselves with perfect truth, and no doubt authors, a thousand years hence, will fully believe that it was designed."

In February she became president of the Ladies' Society for assisting the Militia; the objects proposed were to furnish those who had no means of their own with arms, to build hospitals, and to provide for widows and orphans.

On the 17th York entered the city. "To-day was the third day of rejoicing over the arrival of the Prussians after so long a time, but the people are become rather lukewarm about these joys, and York may well be proud that the city is illuminated

in his honour, and the moon shines so gloriously over the free city. Everybody is gone to the Opera-house.

“ ‘Wallenstein's Lager’ is being given for the first time since 1805. I did not incline to go, and am quite alone this evening. The Swedes are coming, and the English. Is then the old world going to be quite different from what it has been? Is such thy will, Lord God?”

The king soon afterwards came to Berlin. “He confessed that he had experienced the feeling of joy for the first time since the death of the queen, so far as he was still capable of feeling it.” Amidst the excitement of these great events, the princess felt the presidency of the Ladies' Society as a burden, and begged the other princesses to unite in the office with her, in order that she might be kept humble. The reception of contributions was often painful to her, for in many cases she could not fail to see what real sacrifices the donors were making. She had great pleasure in assisting to establish the Lazaretto, but shuddered at the thought of soon seeing the well-arranged rooms filled with the wounded; and in the bitterness of grief for her lost child, the idea of entering a convent, which she had before cherished, entered into her mind again; but she roused up all her energies, and visited the wards.

“On Sunday, the 25th of April, I visited our hospital for the first time since it was filled, and I found them all so courageous and cheerful and grateful that I was quite touched, for I had had a struggle with myself—it was such a self-denial to me to go in. One was rejoicing that he had been wounded in fighting against the Russians; another, with a crushed leg, only wished, with a laugh, that he was on his legs again, and he would soon be after them. The saddest case was that of a man who was shot in the chest, lying opposite to his wounded brother, who would see him die.”

The princess was much affected when the first great battle took place, on the 2nd of May, at Lützen, and was filled with mournful presentiment. When news came, she heard that her brave husband had had a horse shot under him, but that

he was unhurt, while her brother Leopold had died a hero's death.

A fortnight before, the king, who had been annoyed at his leaving the Prussian service, had reinstated him as major. He fell with Scharnhorst, who received his mortal wound in the same battle; an early sacrifice, a noble sacrifice, as his sister often called it. At first she only heard that he was wounded, and waited in anxious suspense for further tidings. "Where is Leopold? This battle-field of Lützen, how often we had talked of it together! it always attracted me so, and with what pleasure I showed it to him for the first time in 1806. The last time that I drove over it, the moon was shining gloriously, and as I was driving there I read the account of Pappenheim's death. How often Leopold envied him this death! Oh, God! do send me good news when I awake to-morrow; but I cannot expect it."

The day after she wrote: "He is indeed dead. At the very beginning of the battle a ball struck him in the heart. He remained so quietly on his horse that they thought he had only fainted, and a cuirassier mounted behind him and held him; but when he was taken off, he was found to have been long dead. The flowers bloom as before, and the nightingales sing, and yet he is no more."

Afterwards, more particulars reached her; that he had declined to be sent by General Zeithen to a less dangerous place, that he would not take off his star, and that he only said, when he received the ball, "Take care that I do not get among the French."

For a long time grief for the loss of her brother, mingled with joy in her husband's heroism, may be traced in her diary. When Berlin was again in danger, in consequence of the retreat of the army into Silesia, the princess held out as long as she was permitted to do so; and the people, who saw in her presence a pledge of their own safety, applauded her with acclamation. She was the centre of the overflowing enthusiasm of the time. Young girls came to her, and begged to be equipped for the war. Karl Maria von Weber brought a music-

stand and his choir into the court of the palace, and sounded the praises of Prince and Princess William, together with those of the king.

“I was touched by the songs that I heard in the pale moon and starlight, in the old palace connected with so many recollections; and yet how vain is all worldly applause and fame! No merit belongs to me; and yet they all do me homage, just because I am here. It brought many thoughts into my mind, of the world and mankind, and vanity and myself.”

But she was at length compelled to leave Berlin by the king's desire, and on the 17th of May she reached Frankfort on the Oder. Here also she was asked to become president of the Society of Ladies; servants brought her sixty dollars, and young girls offered her garlands of roses. The armistice, over which her German heart mourned, brought her and her husband together again in Berlin, where they took a house in the Thiergarten, in order to enjoy the fresh air. Life was pleasant sometimes in the quiet intervals of these stormy times; but the idyl of the happy family was often enough disturbed by some tragical event in the world's history, as, for instance, by the death of Scharnhorst.

The war began again, and Austria joined in it. “It is beautiful,” she wrote, “that at last the three eagles are waving together; the happiest moment of the century has arrived, and my Leopold's noble sacrifice is a pledge to me of success.”

Notwithstanding the delays of the Crown Prince of Sweden, the northern army soon commenced operations. There were skirmishes at Trebbin and Wittstock before the battle of Grossbeeren, and the firing was heard at Berlin.

The day before the battle of Grossbeeren was the Sunday on which it is usual to preach on Christ's weeping over Jerusalem.

“I went to church, in order to compose my mind in peace, and heard an excellent sermon from Marheinecke about the fate which Christ foretold for Jerusalem, and how he wept over it. He closed with the words, ‘Oh, that the Saviour may not weep before our walls now!’ And he admonished us to speedy and

lasting repentance, that evil may be averted from us. Yes, we ought indeed to pray earnestly."

About the same time old Jänicke organized a praying corps in Berlin, which did not cease to pray day or night till victory was gained. On the day of the battle of Grossbeeren, the princess sat by her cradle, and sang a war-song to her Adalbert, into which she wove the names of all the generals who were engaged in the battle. On the 24th, she received, on awaking, the joyful news of the victories gained by Bülow and Tauentzien. "How happy we are, that the cup has so passed away! We praise thee, O God!" Soon after news was received of Blücher's victory on the Katzbach. "It is like the fulfilment of a glorious dream; everything is combining to overwhelm the tyrant, even his own machinations; his hour must surely be come."

It is remarkable how the princess's comments on the death of Moreau agree with what Arndt says about it. He reckoned the early death of the French general, who had come to the help of the Germans, as one of the "five or six miracles" which happened during the liberation of Germany. He considered it a mercy from God, that a possible idea was thereby dispelled, that Napoleon could only be vanquished by a Frenchman. The princess wrote: "I have wept for this stranger. What a fate! The world was building upon him. I was building on the will of God alone, and not on any human being. Nevertheless, it is striking to see how relentlessly destiny rules individuals as well as the world; as the brook flows over the pebbles under it, so destiny rushes over men, races, the world, and the age,—man stands by and marvels that his short-sighted calculations have proved incorrect; he begins them once more, but to find them wrong again to the end; fate remains inexorable, neither tears nor despair, patience nor resignation, can influence it; but God will fold us in his arms above, if we will but come to Him, in those realms where these mysteries will cease. Oh, how the crushed heart will then rejoice!"

Her husband wrote to her about this time: "It was God's will to reveal himself in this struggle as the only Almighty

power, and therefore the instruments were destroyed from whom we hoped the most; so Scharnhorst is no more, and Moreau is disabled.”*

“He *wills*,” she added, “and He does not require human arts to help Him. That He would will it so this time, I believed as firmly as a rock.”

At the end of September she had the pleasure of seeing her husband with her for a few days. The following expressions show what was her frame of mind: “For three months I have suffered so severely from cough that I often think of consumption, but I think of it with cheerfulness, even with a smile.” And on the evening of her twenty-eighth birthday she wrote: “God, only make me fit for thy Heaven, then all would come to a happy end. One more prayer; bless all my dear ones, and preserve them for my parents, and oh, grant freedom and golden peace to men! Amen.”

But the troublous times soon recalled her to active life. In October, a child of three weeks old was found upon her staircase. The father, a Prussian lieutenant, had been killed in battle; the mother died of grief, and the nurse, not feeling it to be in her power to take care of it, gave it to the princess. She undertook the charge, and the child is now living and married in Berlin, and enjoys the favour of her princely foster-brothers and sisters.

While she was employed with the little orphan came the news of the battle of Leipzig.

“A great day,” she wrote; “the city is illuminated, the air is filled with rejoicing, and ceaseless firing accompanies the hurrahs. God has conquered gloriously—500,000 men stood under the thunder of 2,000 guns. How many of them are alive now?”

“I can only weep, I cannot rejoice. God has preserved my six dear ones. I would fain pray, but my head and nerves are too much affected.” And some days after, on the continued rejoicings:—

“I never saw anything like it; the sound rose to Heaven;

* Moreau died a few days after the amputation of both legs.

I wept and thought, Germany is free! If the queen were but still living. Leopold will smile down upon us."

She could only witness the king's entry by stealth, as she was really ill. He came to see her, and they talked of the queen, and he wept as he did after her death, and said he could take no pleasure in anything; he felt as if everything was torn from him. Then he praised the bravery of the princess's brothers.

Two of them, one of whom was wounded, remained after the battle of Leipzig at Dessau, where a sister was married to the Crown Prince. In November the princess went to see them. Her cough was "blown away" by the mere determination to go to Dessau. She could now rejoice with her brothers in the laurels which they had won. Another sister came from Rudolstadt, and she enjoyed to the full the blessedness of brotherly and sisterly love, and returned in December to Berlin. The new year opened with happy omens for Germany.

On the last day of the year she wrote in her diary: "Here I am, as I have so often been before on this solemn day, but never before has one of my dear brothers and sisters failed me when I have counted them over and commended them to God, and myself to their love,—but to-day my Leopold is missing! For the first time since Fried. Thassilo has lain in the Cathedral I have entered the place, and how solemn the aisles were to me! Prayer was being offered that God's hand might be over us in this great year; I could have wept, for to whom was it more applicable than to me? Father in Heaven, watch over and guard my parents, William, my brothers and sisters, my child, my friends, and make me more worthy of them all. If I could only look back and say that I have improved during the past year; but I cannot. I feel that I might become better in my element in a pleasant country, away from court life,—how I long for it! Almighty God, grant that 1814 may close as gloriously as 1813. I am sorry to part with every year, yet this was a sad one for me! Farewell, 1813."

During the memorable year of 1813, the princess had not only without seeking it, but against her will, and in all

humility, acquired the position of the mother of the country in Prussia.

Thus, when the king returned victorious to the capital in the summer of 1814, and founded the Order of Louisa in memory of the queen, and in honour of the women who had served their country, by their works of love and mercy, he placed the Princess William at the head of it. And thus she takes her place in her country's history as one of the noblest and most active promoters of those works of Christian love which have since been largely carried out by societies of ladies and institutions for deaconesses. By the people, as well as by the royal family, she was beloved for her true amiability and her love of helping others.

"Minnetrost" was the name given her by her nieces, in allusion to Fouqué's "Zauberring."

And in truth, Fouqué and many other poets, without mentioning her name, had beheld and celebrated in her the beautiful of a German princess, uniting as she did princely dignity with Christian gentleness, stern morality with charming grace.

In our narrative, which is intended to describe the religious and not the warlike aspect of events, it is natural that Prince William, who was in the midst of the conflict, should not be so prominent as his wife, who, from the quiet seclusion of home, recorded her observations on what was passing around her. Nevertheless, although it is not our purpose to chronicle his deeds, we will remark that he was a fit husband for such a woman,—a lion in war, but full of self-sacrificing kindness. He fought heroically at Grossgörschen. He was prevented from taking part in the battle of Leipzig by a commission to induce the refractory Crown Prince of Sweden to join in the war, but in France he acquired fame at Laon by the storming of the village of Athis by night. "The prince led the East Prussian fusiliers personally against the enemy, with the lion-like courage that he possesses," wrote the Duke of Brandenburg. But the lion was like a lamb when, soon after this, York in ill-humour resigned the command, and wished Prince William to take it *pro tem*. The prince most earnestly prayed the general

not to forsake the cause of their country in this time of difficulty.

“Never,” he wrote, “has Prussia stood more in need of clear-sighted generals than at present, and on whom can she reckon, if not on the restorer of her ancient fame, as it was gloriously displayed in Kurland; on him who gave the signal for throwing off the foreign yoke, who led his victorious armies from the shores of the Dwina to those of the Seine? As your fellow-citizen, as the second in command, as grandson, son, and brother of your kings, I conjure you not to give up the command.” York returned.

Prince William made the entry into Paris, accompanied the king to England, and, adorned with well-earned military honours by the three great monarchs, he returned to the bosom of his family.

When Napoleon returned from Elba, he joined the army again, and took part in the battle of Waterloo. The worst times of his country had been coincident with painful events in his family; now political and domestic happiness succeeded. The Princess Elizabeth was born on the day of the battle of Waterloo, and in the following years Prince Waldemar and Princess Marie were added to the family; and this increase of the domestic circle was a source of the purest happiness to the prince and princess. On the occasion of her silver wedding, she wrote to a friend of her youth: “Yes, it is a long space of time, this twenty-five years—and yet I have received only mercy from my dear Lord, and I can but praise Him and thank Him for everything that He has sent me. Even all the grief that I have experienced is cause for thankfulness. So much affection is shown me on all sides that I feel quite ashamed, for it is all unmerited.”

Her desire to enjoy her domestic happiness, in the midst of a beautiful country, was gratified by the purchase of the castle and estate of Fischbach, in Silesia. The family always spent the summer there from 1821; indeed, they often lingered there till Christmas. Life among the mountains was refreshing; the families in the neighbourhood afforded pleasant society; Prince

Radziwill at Ruhberg, Field-marshal Gneisenau at Erdmannsdorf, Countess Reden at Buchwald, the Stolbergs and the Reuss family. And if the princess's faith, founded upon her experience in the years of trouble, had been developed in Berlin by the sermons of her favourite preachers into an ever-increasing Christian confidence, her residence in Silesia conduced to the same end, particularly her intercourse with the Countess Reden, who took great interest in missions and the spread of the Scriptures, and who kept open house for earnest Christians from Germany and England, whether they belonged to the national church or the community of the Brethren. Her outward life was pervaded with the spirit of her inner life in an unusual degree, chiefly from the benefit she had derived from the discourses of the court preacher, Strauss; and the stronger her faith became, the clearer were the evidences of it. It was an evidence of this faith, of her affection for her husband, and of her delight in God's beautiful mountains, that on her husband's birthday, in 1830, she and her children caused a cross to be erected on the Falkenstein, one of the heights near Fischbach, with the inscription, "The blessings of the cross upon William, his posterity, and the whole valley."

Attracted by the "blessings of the cross," which were evident in the valley, and by the superior people who dwelt there, Stein set out, about this time, to pay a visit to it, and renewed his old friendship with the princess at Fischbach. To show how much she valued his friendship, she worked him a letter-case, and sent it to him in memory of his visit. The old man wrote in reply: "I shall carefully preserve this beautiful present, and the use of it will remind me of the revered giver with respectful gratitude. The memory of those happy days, spent at the foot of the Schneekoppe, accompanied me on my journey home, and is continually present with me in my solitude. Nothing can be more complete than the picture of the domestic happiness of the inhabitants of Fischbach, founded as it is on inward peace, a religious spirit, and intellectual culture; may it long continue undisturbed, diffusing its blessed influences upon all who come in contact with it, guarded by that Divine Provi-

dence who will preserve the happiness which his fatherly hand has founded."

The residence in Silesia was only broken by frequent visits to her old home at Homburg, and to the Rhine; the latter occasioned by the prince being three times appointed governor of Mayence, and, in 1830, governor of the Rhenish provinces. The affability of the princely pair quickly won the hearts of the inhabitants. They were everywhere received with acclamation, and visited their old friend Stein at Kappenberg.

The health of the princess improved greatly during the years of peace, and from her residence in the country. In 1845 she was attacked with severe illness while visiting her daughter Elizabeth at Darmstadt, and was long detained by it at Homburg. She was, however, able to return to Berlin; but on the 14th of April, 1846, on Easter Tuesday, she was called home. Her children, and sons- and daughters-in-law knelt in prayer around her bed, and she departed as the Princess Marie, now Queen of Bavaria (Queen Dowager), was repeating Paul Gerhardt's consolatory words:—

“ Wenn ich einmal soll scheiden,
 So scheid nicht von mir,
 Wenn ich den Tod soll leiden,
 So tritt du dann herfür;
 Wenn mir am allerbängsten
 Wird um das Herze sein,
 So reiss mich aus den Aengsten,
 Kraft deiner Angst und Pein.”

“ Oh, when thou call'st me to depart,
 Turn not away thy face,
 When death has pierced me with his dart
 Uphold me with thy grace.
 If terror and dismay
 Assail my fleeting breath,
 Lord, thou wilt all my fears allay,
 For thou hast conquered death.”

The iron times in which she had lived had brought her to God's fatherly love, and she had pierced through the dark clouds of trouble to the sun of mercy. Before she spoke much

of Christ, the humility with which she acknowledged herself a sinner, and the faith with which she grasped salvation, made her a Christian. Christ condescended to accept her humble faith, and her piety was built up more and more firmly upon Him.

She is an example to posterity from her union of piety with a truly patriotic spirit, with the purest devotion to her country. It was in this light that her royal son-in-law, King Max of Bavaria, now also departed, regarded her when he addressed her in the following lines:—

“Star and crown of German women,
Go in peace unto thy rest;
Near the throne, yet only seeking
How to serve thy Lord the best.

“In those bitter days of pain,
When the Scourge our country beat,
Binding Europe with his chain,
Bringing princes to his feet;
Keenly, truly, did she feel,
Trembling for her country’s fame,
And with love and faithful zeal
Strove for Freedom’s holy name.

“Stood with angel love untiring
Where the wounded warrior lay,
While her youthful smiles inspiring,
Cheered the victor on his way.
Then when dear-bought peace succeeded,
Bless’d and blessing was her lot;
Hers the gift where help was needed,
To console and know it not.

“Now on you, ye German women,—
What she was ye surely know,—
Still is Germany depending
In the hour of trial and woe;
Cherish zeal’s inspiring flame,
For your country’s fame and good;
We are one in birth and name;
Tie the bonds of brotherhood.”

CHAPTER VII.

HEINRICH KARL FRIEDRICH VON STEIN.

STEIN was the most powerful adversary of Napoleon. All the reverence for past history, which was characteristic of a German Imperial baron, revolted against the revolutionary career of the Corsican parvenu; all his German conscientiousness against romantic unscrupulousness; his zeal for law and justice, against the boundless ambition of the supercilious tyrant; his deep and earnest morality, unwilling to sacrifice any real good to outward success, against a wantonness which did not scruple to establish its successes upon the ruins of morality; his faith in a living and just God, against an illusion which trusts in destiny.

Stein possessed the power which gave unity to all other efforts to subdue Napoleon. Frederic William, disinclined for bold and vigorous measures, required Stein's courage to rouse him up. Alexander, easily influenced and somewhat effeminate, must have imbibed something of the iron strength of Stein's character to take the field against Napoleon with the watchword, "He or I."

Scharnhorst's preparations for war were aided by the greater freedom in the exercise of their powers which the people had obtained from the reforms introduced by Stein; Gneisenau, with the far-seeing eye of a general, beheld in Paris the end and aim of the war; but it would scarcely have been attained had not Stein, with untiring energy, kept political negotiations straight, and Blücher's onslaughts would have appeared like foolhardiness without Stein's statesmanship, by which monarchs and ministers were urged forward. Stein induced Arndt to employ

his popular eloquence to further the deliverance of his country. Fichte's hopes of the rise of a better generation were partially realised by Stein's statesmanlike wisdom, directed as much to the mental emancipation of the people as to their deliverance from outward bondage; Stein honoured the enthusiasm of Steffens, whatever he might have to say against philosophers in general, and in the deeper views of religion, which Schleiermacher preached, Stein saw salvation, not for the people only, but also for himself. Arndt called Stein the political Luther; and the comparison is not inappropriate, for, like Luther, Stein was free from all fear of man, because he feared God and his own conscience; he was like him in not rejecting old forms from mere love of novelty, but from a holy desire for a life which should endure and be pleasing to God; his failings, for from some no human being is free, arose, like those of Luther, from superabundant force; his strength, like Luther's, displayed itself in the moral courage which engaged in a struggle against the world, in Christian humility, which regarded himself as only an instrument in God's hands, and in the human tenderness which, in the midst of storm and conflict, was able to adapt itself to the humble and meek.

To represent the gentle, moral, and Christian aspect of Stein's character is the object of this sketch.

We have endeavoured elsewhere* to introduce to the people this great man, too long unknown. Here it will be our endeavour to depict his life from the inner side, through which his influence was felt in the religious revival of Germany. Heinrich Karl Friedrich, Freiherr† Stein von Stein, was the youngest but one of ten children, and was born on the 26th of October, 1757, at the old family seat at Nassau on the Lahn. Four sons and three daughters survived their parents. His father was privy-councillor of the Electorate of Mayence, and member of the court of Knights of the Middle Rhine; an

* 'Das Leben des Freiherrn v. Stein; Gotha, bei Besser, 1860.'

† *Freiherr* is a title derived from the times of the Holy Roman Empire; it now only indicates a rank next above a Baron, but we have no other word for it than Baron.—T.R.

honourable, upright, impetuous man ; who was preserved from falling a prey to the physical enervation of court-life by his passionate love of the chase, and from the moral contamination of it by his inviolable uprightness. He was a genuine German character. His son inscribed upon his tomb :—

“ Sein Nein war Nein gewichtig,
Sein Ja war Ja vollmächtig,
Seines Ja war er gedächting,
Sein Grund, sein Mund einträchtig,
Sein Wort, das war sein Siegel.”

“ His nay was nay without recall ;
His yea was yea, and powerful all ;
He gave his yea with careful heed,
His thoughts and words were well agreed ;
His word, his bond and seal.”

His mother's maiden name was Langwerth von Simmern ; her name, by her first marriage, Löw. Her mind was clear, her feelings lively and ardent, her will strong ; but all these characteristics were ennobled by a Christian spirit, which early influenced her son. In old age he used to speak of his mother's Christian training, from which he early learnt to bow the knee humbly before God, and to be a willing instrument in his hands. Life in the country, and climbing the wooded hills gave him agility and strength, and his mind was nourished with history and poetry.

When his brothers and sisters were going to act Shakespeare's ‘Midsummer Night's Dream,’ he rejected for himself every other part, with the prophetic words : “I am the Wall,” and even then, as if to qualify himself to be a rampart* to his country, he was zealously studying history, and fortifying his mind with its great examples.

At Göttingen, where he diligently studied jurisprudence, politics, and history, under the guidance of learned men, he began also to enjoy the pleasures of friendship.

A wonderful intellectual life was then stirring in Germany.

* A play upon the word—wall being the German word for rampart.
—TR.

Frederic, Maria Theresa, and the American war of independence had roused the world from its slumbers; Kant's philosophy was in vogue; Klopstock, Lessing, Herder, and Goethe were dispensing the charms of their poetry, and youthful minds expanded to appreciate them.

But while the Counts Stolberg were dancing round the oak-trees with the rustic Voss, in poetical enthusiasm, or pressing him to their hearts at their festivals of friendship, and cursing the whole race of tyrants, Stein was forming with Brandes, and particularly with Rehberg, afterwards Hanoverian statesman, a calmer friendship more conducive to future practical activity. Rehberg says of him at this period: "There was in all his feelings and relations something of passion, but what a passion it was! All personal ambition was swallowed up in his lively and unfailing admiration of the great, the noble, and the beautiful. He was strongly attached to the few to whom he gave his friendship, and it was impossible for those who were honoured by it to help loving him passionately in return." Although Stein and Rehberg formed a close friendship, their religious paths diverged. Rehberg adopted the opinions of Kant; Stein retained his belief in the catechism which had been taught him by his mother. And to the last he preferred the safe paths of simple faith to the dangerous ways of speculation.

After the completion of his studies at the university, Stein saw something of the world; he studied the ancient German empire at Wetzlar, Ratisbon, and Vienna; visited the courts of Mannheim, Darmstadt, Stuttgart, and Munich, and then returned to the family seat. He had now to choose an occupation for life, which he did with all his moral earnestness, and this quality is specially shown in his choosing one at all, for he had been selected by the family as heir of the barony and estates, and he might have found sufficient employment in the management of them, in caring for his dependants, and in attending to intellectual interests as it behoves the nobility to do. But his powerful mind urged him to public and patriotic activity. And it is remarkable that the Diet, the Imperial Chamber at Wetzlar, the High Court of Judicature, and the courts of

princes, appeared to him like old bottles in which the new wine of his ideas had not room to ferment; so that, in opposition to the family traditions, he took service in that State and with that prince with whom German renown seemed then to have taken refuge. It was a German and Protestant impulse which attracted Stein to the service of the great Frederic of Prussia. He was not satisfied with being chamberlain to the king, but under the minister Von Heinitz he was made superintendent of the mining and smelting department, threw himself with great zest into the study of it, and undertook journeys to increase his knowledge of the subject. In his twenty-fifth year he was first councillor of the mining department; in his twenty-seventh he went to Wetter on the Ruhr to superintend the Westphalian mining office, and the commission of mining at Minden.

The country and people of the Mark were congenial to his tastes. It was a mountainous district, fresh waters rushed through the valleys, the people were pithy, able, industrious, and religious, and disposed for self-government in civil and ecclesiastical matters. Stein saw and forwarded here on a small scale what he afterwards laboured to obtain for the whole country,—a national life imbued with a free and religious spirit, not fettered by bureaucracy, but developing its own powers. He recurred with pleasure to the time spent in this district during the whole of his life. From an energetic activity which brought him into immediate contact with his fellow-men and their interests, he was called in 1785, much against his will, to undertake a diplomatic mission, which he only accepted as a duty. He was sent by the old King Frederic to the courts of Mayence, Darmstadt, Durlach, and Zweibrücken, on the affairs of the alliance of princes which Frederic wished to form, in order to oppose the endeavours of Austria to increase the power of the House of Hapsburg by means of the German empire. He fulfilled his difficult mission with brilliant success, but always retained an aversion to a diplomatic career, a moral dislike to the “miserable arts of diplomacy.”

In 1786 Frederic William II. nominated him first privy-councillor of the mining department, and in this capacity he

made a journey to England. Two years afterwards he was at Hamm, as director of the war department, and of the management of the crown lands of Cleve and Mark, and he was specially commissioned with the oversight of manufactures, the water-works on the Rhine and the Ruhr, and the construction of roads. The coalpits in that district were greatly increased in value by making the Ruhr navigable, and the work is a lasting monument to his fame. Besides this, in the course of four years, he constructed twenty (German) miles of roads. The work could not be done fast enough to please him, and when money failed, he furnished it from his own resources to the extent of 10,000 dollars. In the meantime Germany was entering on the first unfortunate war with revolutionary France. When Custine marched towards Mayence, the Prussian ambassador, Stein's brother, in vain endeavoured to arouse the princes to an armed resistance. Mayence fell, and in despair the ambassador hastened into the country to seek for help. At Wetzlar he met with his brother, the Westphalian director, and at Giessen they consulted with the Hanoverian Field-Marshal Wallmoden on what was to be done for the defence of the country. Stein's spirit was fired with ardent patriotism. He advanced 4,000 gulden to his brother for the defence of the country, he roused up the Landgraves of Hesse and Darmstadt to call out their regiments, urged the Hanoverians to assist, and gave his king such good advice that, instead of retreating, he advanced to Frankfort, and, with the assistance of the courageous Hessians, delivered the coronation city of the German emperors from the enemy on the 2nd of December, 1792, and soon made his entry into Mayence. When Hochheim, near Mayence, was retaken from the enemy, Stein hastened down the Rhine: the French were already opposite to the fortress of Wesel,—they had invested the unfortified island of Buderich, and there was a talk of surrender. This roused Stein's indignation to the highest pitch. He armed the artillerymen who were under his command as commissariat for the troops, clothed them in uniform, placed himself at their head, took the island, and saved the fortress. It was in this stormy

and tumultuous time that God gave him his wife. He had often felt very lonely in the midst of his busy life, and it was only the memory of his mother, the consciousness of a faithful discharge of duty, and correspondence with friends, which served to beguile and enliven the solitude within. But his idea of marriage was so deep and serious, that he would not enter into it without a strong feeling of love.

At Giessen and Cassel, in the house of Field-Marshal Count Wallmoden, Stein became acquainted with the count's daughter Wilhelmine. In 1793 he took her home as his young wife. For the first few years the disturbances of the times, which often separated them for months, difference of age and disposition stood in the way of the complete realisation of the happiness of the relation. But reciprocal esteem gradually grew into heartfelt affection, which survived the miseries of the coming times.

In 1793 Stein was made President of the Court of Judicature, and the Castle of Cleves was his official residence. So zealous, beneficial, and self-sacrificing were his labours, that he thoroughly gained the hearts of the people. His sphere of labour was enlarged when, in 1796, he was appointed President of the Government of Westphalia, with a residence at Minden. Thence he frequently visited Hanover, cultivated his acquaintance with Rehberg, and came into contact with Scharnhorst and Count Münster. In 1802 a proposal was made to him to be minister at Hanover, but this he declined. He was rendering important services to Prussia by taking possession of the new territories that had fallen to her lot in consequence of the Peace of Luneville. As through the weakness and want of unity in Germany, the left bank of the Rhine had fallen a prey to France, the princes sought to indemnify themselves for their lost territory by taking possession of bishoprics, ecclesiastical institutions, and monasteries. Prussia received Paderborn, Münster, and other portions of Westphalia, and Stein was commissioned to take possession of them. It was no easy task; for a Roman Catholic district which was well governed, and had reason to be proud of the religious spirit of its people, and of

its ecclesiastical institutions, had to be subjugated to a Protestant government, against which a strong feeling of distrust prevailed. Stein's moral and religious character made him exactly the right man for the office. He left existing customs and institutions as he found them; he sympathised with the religious spirit which prevailed in the circles of Fürstenberg, Overberg, and Stolberg, without relinquishing anything of his own Protestantism; and he had only to appear among the people with his noble, upright, open, and energetic character, to inspire confidence in Prussia.

At the close of the year 1803, the Prince of Nassau-Umsingen issued a proclamation, that he was about to take possession of the baronial estates within his territory, in order to protect them against the estates of the empire, and that he should himself assume the supremacy over them, if the sovereignty of the Imperial Barons should be abolished. The Nassau official took possession of Stein's estates of Frücht and Schweighausen. Stein immediately issued a protest to the prince, full of noble independence and ardent patriotism.

For the greatness of Germany he was willing to make any sacrifice, but not for the aggrandisement of the minor States.

“Germany's prosperity and independence would gain little by the consolidation of the few baronial possessions with the little territories that surround them; but if Germany attain independence, these little States must be annexed to the two great monarchies on whose existence the continuance of the German name depends, and Providence grant that I may live to see this happy event! In the severe struggle after which Germany is now reposing, the blood of the German nobility flowed freely. But Germany's numerous reigning princes, with the noble exception of the Duke of Brunswick, refused all sympathy, and endeavoured to maintain their tottering thrones by emigration, by bribing and negotiating with the French generals. What advantage will accrue to German independence if her powers are to be still further concentrated in such hands? It is hard to relinquish a possession which can be proved to have been in the family for seven hundred years; to have to transplant myself into a

distant country, and to give up the prospect of enjoying repose in the house of my fathers, amidst the memories of youth, and there to prepare for the transition to a higher existence, after a laborious and, I may say, useful public life. It is still harder to have to make this sacrifice, not for a great and noble object for the good of the whole community, but in order to escape a lawless might, in order to—but there is a conscience that will condemn, and a God who will avenge.”

With the same decision with which he opposed a German prince in the interests of Germany, he was soon to enter the lists against Napoleon. At the time that the First Consul assumed the Imperial crown, Stein was summoned to Berlin as President of the Board of Trade. He was in office before and after the battle of Jena, during the most unfortunate and ignominious time that Prussia has passed through. His faithfulness was shown by his endeavours to arouse all the powers of the country to furnish the enormous sums which were demanded, and by his efforts to inspire the people with a courageous spirit which should one day be capable of throwing off the French yoke. Had his bold and vigorous advice been followed, Napoleon would not so long have been permitted to trample Germany under foot. Stein was continually urging the king to remove the incapable, and, in some respects, immoral men who had thrust themselves between him and his ministers, and who stood in the way of a courageous and united policy. After the battle of Jena, when Stein had secured the treasure, and followed the king to Königsberg, the more urgent became the necessity, the more urgently Stein entreated the king to reform the administration. But to these decisive measures the king was not inclined; he was fond of judging and deciding for himself, and the minister's importunity offended him. In an angry letter he told him, in plain terms, that he considered him “a contumacious, defiant, obstinate, disobedient minister, who, vain of his genius and talents, was actuated by personal enmity, and not by desire for the public good.” Nothing remained for him but to ask for his dismissal, which was granted. It is truly tragical to see these two really noble men separated at a

most critical moment, when Stein was most necessary to the king, and was most desirous to serve him: they parted because the energy of the one was incompatible with the over-circumspection of the other, prompt measures with slow resolve, and the glance of genius over things as a whole, with anxious attention to details.

No sooner was Stein dismissed than his loss was painfully felt. England, Russia, and Austria lost confidence in Prussia, since Stein was no longer in office. The officials who had served under him mourned over the departure of the man under whose guidance they felt that they could best serve their country.

Prussia fell from one humiliation to another. When the peace with France was being arranged, Napoleon declared that he would rather carry on the war for forty years longer than treat with Hardenberg, and advised the king to recall Stein; he is reported to have said, "Take the Baron von Stein, he is a sensible man." He had doubtless discovered that the payments which France exacted from Prussia were better paid when he was in office. On the day on which the Peace of Tilsit was signed, and Prussia reduced to half its former size, the Princess Louisa Radziwill, perhaps the most energetic of all the royal ladies who laboured to bring about the fall of Napoleon, wrote to Stein; Blücher and Hardenberg wrote also; all conjured him to return. Stein was at his family seat at Nassau, when the letter reached him, arranging his private affairs, pondering over the rescue of his country, and attending to his health, which was much shattered by gout. Never did his devotion to his country, or his self-denial, appear in a stronger light than in the answer which, deeply wounded as he had been, and suffering as he was, he dictated to the king. "I obey your commands unconditionally, and leave it entirely to your Majesty to decide what office I am to undertake, or with whom I shall work. At this moment of general misfortune it would be highly immoral to allow any weight to personal considerations, and so much the more as your Majesty gives us so exalted an example of firmness."

As soon as health permitted, the hero compelled himself to leave house and home, wife and child, and hastened to join the king in his misfortune. His efforts were crowned with success, for he accomplished great things in the period between September 1807, and November 1808. The object which he pursued, in conjunction with right-minded men, was to awaken a moral, religious, and patriotic spirit in the people, which should be ready to make sacrifices in order to gain freedom and independence at the first favourable moment.

“When,” he wrote, “a nation is raised above a sensual condition, has acquired a fair amount of intelligence, and enjoys a moderate degree of freedom of thought, it directs its attention to its own national and communal affairs. If the people are permitted to take part in them, a healthy patriotism and public spirit are soon evinced; but if participation in them is denied, discontent and ill-will arise, which will break out in manifold injurious forms, and which must be put down with a strong hand, and this enslaves the national mind. The labouring and middle classes are then degraded, because their energies are exclusively directed to trade and physical enjoyment; the idleness and love of pleasure of the upper classes cause them to sink in public esteem, or they injure the government by wild and ignorant censure. Speculative ideas usurp too high a place; the public welfare is neglected; the mind acquires an idle and foolish attraction for the extraordinary and incomprehensible, instead of devoting itself to energetic action.” To energetic action he endeavoured to arouse the nation, and gave them a powerful example of it himself.

While Napoleon's immoderate demands for money gave him abundant occupation, Stein never for a moment lost sight of the necessity of reform in the State. If these demands were to be fulfilled, if the country was ever to be free again, the people must be permitted to enjoy mental and material liberty. On Stein's joining the ministry, landed property was declared to be free, and this put an end to serfdom and hereditary servitude. More liberty was allowed in the government of the communes in town and country. Stein aimed to encourage the nobles,

the gentry, and the people, to use their mental powers, to improve education and the standing of teachers; and as the corner-stone of the structure of national life, he hoped in a few years to be able to convene the States of the empire.

All these reforms were assisted by the reformation of the army undertaken by Scharnhorst. The attention of many patriotic men was directed to a general levy of the people for the defence of the country; and when Spain revolted against Napoleon, and Austria began to arm against him, Stein and his coadjutors began to hope, and to believe it possible that Prussia would enter into the struggle, and they expected that a revolt would take place in the old Prussian provinces, in Westphalia and Hesse, against the tyrant. A letter of Stein's, in which he expressed these hopes, was intercepted. The French and their friends accused him of hurling the country to destruction, so that he felt obliged to tender his resignation. The king hesitated, and did not accept it till November, after a weak policy had once more triumphed over a strong one, and a new treaty had been concluded with Napoleon.

Passionately beloved by the good, and passionately hated by the bad, Stein left the service of the State after having done all that was possible to give permanent effect to the spirit of his government by embodying it in laws and regulations. He drew up a political testament, and circulated it among the Government officials. "Government emanates from the highest powers; the possession of a portion of land cannot give any one the right to domineer over his fellow-subjects; hereditary serfdom is abolished, a general national representation is in prospect; the nobles must be reformed, and the cleft bridged over between them and the burgher class; the duty of defending the country is universal; compulsory service to the lord of the manor must be abolished by law, and, if prosperity is to be secured, the sense of religion must be revived among the people; unworthy ecclesiastics must be removed, frivolous and ignorant candidates must be prevented from taking orders, public worship must be rendered more impressive by greater solemnity; and love to God, their king and country, must be

cherished in the minds of youth, by an education calculated to awaken their mental and moral powers, and we shall have a pledge of a better future, in the rise of a vigorous and moral generation."

Stein had scarcely left Berlin after his release from office, and joined his family after a separation of fifteen months, when the French ambassador, St. Marsan, appeared as the bearer of an Imperial decree, dated Madrid, 16th December, 1808, of which the contents were as follows: "I. Stein, who has sought to excite disturbances in Germany, is declared to be the enemy of France and of the Confederation of the Rhine. II. The possessions of the aforesaid Stein, whether in France or in the territory of the Confederation of the Rhine, are confiscated. The aforesaid Stein is to be taken prisoner wherever he may be found, either by the allied troops or by our own."

The decree was published in all those parts of Germany which were subject to the French army, and Prussia was threatened with war if he remained in office or in the country. He was therefore obliged to fly. But Napoleon's wrath had pointed him out as their leader to his enemies. The ban invested him with the halo of the martyr. All who were longing for the deliverance of Germany looked to him. Accompanied by prayers and blessings, under the impression of a sermon of Schleiermacher's which he read with his family on New Year's Day, on "What man has to fear, and what he has *not* to fear," hospitably entertained on his way by the family of Count Redern, and accompanied over the boundary by the excellent Count Gessler, he went to Prague.

There and at Brünn he lived for a few years with his family in peace.

In the Austrian rising in 1809 he took a lively interest, and rejoiced when the Archduke Carl showed at Aspern that German arms were competent to defeat Napoleon, and hope began to dawn that German liberty would begin its career in Austria.

In the same year intelligence arrived that it was the intention

of England to land an army on the north coast of Germany to fight against Napoleon.

Stein took the greatest interest in it, and expressed his wish that every one who could bear arms in North Germany should join the English army under the leadership of a German prince. He wrote at the time, "That my sympathy in such endeavours, if they fail, will annihilate my existence as a citizen of Germany I am fully convinced, but this will not prevent me any more than it did before, under much more painful circumstances, from fulfilling my duty to my country." In order that the rising in the North German States should not be a lawless one, it was his wish that they should form an alliance under the protection of the German emperor, for the deliverance of the country from a foreign yoke, and for the abolition of the Confederation of the Rhine. It was his wish that a thoroughly German army should take the field under a banner on which the name of the great German emperor was displayed, and that the public worship of God should be maintained in the army, in order that the martial enthusiasm should be sanctified by religion. While he kept up communication with like-minded men, in Westphalia through Gneisenau and Schleiermacher, in Prussia through the Princess William, in Austria through Stadion and Gentz, and thereby caused the influence of his fervent spirit to be felt, he faithfully fulfilled the duties of a father by giving his daughters instruction in history; always in small things as well as in great, keeping the same object in view, that of awakening a free, religious, and practical generation from the ruins of the German empire.

From this peaceful sphere of labour he was suddenly called to the arena of public life. Napoleon was proceeding to Russia. The Emperor Alexander, with the idea of calling every power to his aid against the destroyer of European liberty, thought of Stein; of his great ability, his unflinching courage, and his unquenchable love for his fellow-men. He sent a messenger to him at Prague, and invited him to come to Russia to assist him with his advice. Stein, fired with the desire for action, did not delay a moment, and on the 12th of June, 1812, arrived at the

emperor's head-quarters at Wilna. The purity of his character is shown in this new sphere of labour to which God had called him. He did not enter the Russian service, nor did he covet Russian honours. He was the emperor's personal friend, and inspired him with courage to oppose the enemy to the last gasp; but it was his own beloved country that he had in view, it was her deliverance that occupied his thoughts, and which he strained every nerve to accomplish. He foresaw that the victorious Russian army would pursue the enemy to Germany. To meet this emergency, he laboured at the formation of a German legion; it was to be headed by Prussian officers, who had gone to Russia to fight not with, but against Napoleon; he hoped to be able to bring this into communication with an English contingent in North Germany, and with such a support there, he expected that there would be a rising in Prussia, Hanover, Westphalia, and Hesse. With the help of the councillor of state, Gruner, at Prague, he kept in his hands a thousand threads, connected with the promotion of such a revolt. And it was not only from arms that he hoped for support, but from the minds and consciences of his countrymen. He endeavoured to incite to action the professors at the universities, the Protestant clergy, the enthusiasm of youth, the mental and moral powers of all. He summoned Arndt to Russia, in order that he might infuse the right spirit into the German legion, and from safe quarters speed the winged words of prose and song, which should fall like sparks among gunpowder into German hearts now groaning in the fetters of a foreign yoke. Germany had the first place in his heart, and was the groundwork of his life and labours even in Russia. What did not harmonize with this was nothing to him. "I am sorry," he wrote to Count Münster, in London, "that your Excellency regards me as a Prussian and yourself a Hanoverian. I have but one country, and that is Germany; and as according to the old constitution I belong to *it*, and not to any particular part of it, so I am devoted to the whole, and not to any part in particular. At this time of great changes, dynasties are nothing to me; they are only instruments: it is my wish that Germany

should be great and strong, that she may regain her freedom, independence, and nationality, and maintain them in her position between France and Russia; this is for the interest of the nation and the whole of Europe, but it cannot be done by maintaining decayed and corrupt forms."

Stein's cheerfulness and courage never forsook him in any of the vicissitudes of war. The salutary effect of the evacuation and burning of Moscow were not at the time understood at St. Petersburg, where Stein was then staying. "It may be," he said to Arndt, when the news was brought, "that we shall have to start for Orel, or even Orenburg. I have two or three times in my life lost all my baggage; what does it signify? We must die some time. Most men are pitiable creatures."

When Napoleon was compelled to retreat, and his army was destroyed, those who had before advised making peace with him began to talk courageously. At a family festival at court at which Stein was present, the Empress-mother, a princess of Würtemberg, excited with success and victory, said, "Well, if one man in the French army crosses the Rhine and returns to his country, I shall be ashamed of being a German."

Stein changed colour, and suddenly rising up, said, "Your Majesty is wrong in saying this, and especially in presence of the Russians, who owe so much to Germany. You ought not to say that you will be ashamed of being a German, but ashamed of your kinsmen, the German princes. I lived in the Rhenish provinces in the years 1792-3-4-5 and 6; the brave people were not to blame. If they had been trusted, if the princes had known how to employ them, no Frenchman had ever crossed the Elbe, to say nothing of the Weichsel and the Dnieper."

The empress was at first startled by these bold words, but quickly recovering herself, she said, "You are right, Baron von Stein, I thank you for your lecture."

In January, 1813, Stein went to Prussia, commissioned by Alexander, to find means for carrying out the enterprise against Napoleon. York had already concluded the convention by which the army was released from the service of Napoleon, and

was ready to unite with Prussia in a German policy. These two heroes, Stein and York, shine conspicuously among the great characters then assembled in Prussia's capital, Königsberg; both men of iron will, Stein the most brilliant, York the keenest; Stein, the inheritor of an ancient name and great possessions, a baron of the empire, born, as it were, to rule; York had no long roll of ancestors, belonged to the poor nobility, was a grandson of a preacher and son of a captain, he had nothing but his sword to depend upon, but he was as proud of his military vocation as any prince, count, or baron of his ancestry. It was the cause of Germany that Stein had at heart, although he saw in Prussia the safeguard of German greatness. York, once dismissed from the Prussian service, felt no firm ground beneath his feet till he had entered it again, and he was entirely devoted to his king and country. Stein was full of confidence in the people, and therefore indefatigable in endeavouring to emancipate their powers by reforms. York was at one time one of the most determined opponents of these reforms, and was suspicious of genius; and though foremost in the marshal's vanguard in the whole campaign against France, he was often opposed to the projects of Blücher and Gneisenau. The situation was a difficult one. Stein, formerly Prussian minister, was commissioned, but by a foreign monarch, to engage all the powers of the country against Napoleon. York had turned from the French to the Russians, but without the command of his superiors. Schön, Dohna, and many other excellent men, knew well that in falling in with Stein's plans, they should be working for the salvation of their country, but they had not the authority of the king. By Stein's desire the Diet was summoned. He wished that York should open the communications to the assembly; York desired that Stein should do it, and there were some vehement scenes between them; but Schön stepped in to mediate, and their patriotism prevailed to induce each to give way where it was desirable to do so.

The war began. Stein had hastened to Breslau, to urge an alliance with Alexander on the king. It was at the end of February; he succeeded in his mission, but was immediately

afterwards prostrated on a bed of sickness; his wife and daughters hastened to him from Prague, but found him convalescent, and he was soon in full activity.* After the king had declared war, and issued the "Appeal to my People," on the 16th and 17th of March, there was a treaty to be made between Russia and Prussia about the government of the territories which would be freed in the course of the war. Stein was the soul of the provisional government. From Breslau he went to Kalisch, thence to Dresden. There he was pressed on all sides, and in incessant activity, working in all directions with his usual vigour, now rousing people up, now frightening them; beloved by all the good, the terror of all the enemies of his country; insulted by Napoleon in his bulletins, and thereby pointed out to the country as the foundation-stone of all their hopes, the corner-stone, the precious jewel of the country. After the battles of Grossgörschen and Bautzen, he saw his family again at Prague, and, for the last time, Sebarnhorst, who was mortally wounded. After the victories later in the summer, he kept in view not only the liberation of his country, but also its new constitution. On the day of the entrance of the allied sovereigns he also went to Leipzig. Stein and Gneisenau made a compact that the war should end only with the dethronement of Napoleon. Stein wrote to his wife, "Now this edifice, cemented with the blood and tears of millions, and founded on the wildest and most accursed tyranny, is levelled to the ground; from one end of Germany to the other we may venture to proclaim that Napoleon is a villain, the enemy of the human race; that the degrading fetters in which he held our country are broken, and the shame with which he covered us washed out in streams of French blood. Providence is avenging the past by the great judgment that has passed upon the monster. His obduracy led him into political and military follies, which have hastened his fall, and will make him the derision of the nations."

In November Stein went to Frankfort, and his presence there was highly necessary. Metternich was contemplating concluding peace with Napoleon, and allowing him to retain the boundary

of the Rhine. Stein had no confidence in this statesman from the time when he first came into contact with him. He thought of the excellent spirit which Stadion had infused into the Austrians in 1809. "Now," he complained, "they have a cold and calculating man at their head, who is afraid of vigorous measures, has no lofty aims, and whose mode of action is pitiful patchwork." He saw with pain that the supremacy which Metternich had attained by Austria's joining in the war against Napoleon, would not be employed for the advantage of Germany, and that it would be necessary to watch and restrain him.

It was always Stein's part to urge on towards Paris when Metternich opposed it. It was a blessing for Germany, which has not been sufficiently accounted of, that through Stein's political influence and moral power he enjoyed so much consideration. Some of his greatest admirers even thought that he might be elected Emperor of Germany. From Frankfort he went to Freiburg, to Basle, and to France, always exerting his influence at head-quarters that no political hindrances should stand in the way of the bold military schemes of Blücher and Gneisenau.

He had the pleasure of making the entry into Paris. On the 10th of April he wrote to his wife, "I have been in Paris since yesterday, the anniversary of my arrival in Dresden. What events have taken place since then; out of what an abyss of misfortune we are delivered! Thanks to Providence, to the Emperor Alexander, and his brave Russian and German troops! To what a height of happiness, of independence, of fame, we have attained; we may at last give ourselves up to the enjoyment of our success, and return in peace to the bosom of our families, conscious that they are delivered from the miseries which threatened them. Only when I compare the feelings which now pervade my whole being, with the suffering and oppression of the last nine years, can I appreciate my present happiness, or the intensity of my previous suffering."

His work was accomplished, he had done his part to bring about the fall of Napoleon. When Napoleon assumed the Imperial crown, Stein was Prussian minister. So powerful did the German baron appear to the tyrant that he placed the

martyr's crown of outlawry upon his head, thereby distinguishing him as an equal opponent. When Napoleon crossed the Russian frontier, there was Stein to face him, and now the outlaw enters the capital of the would-be monarch of the world, and helps to proclaim an act of outlawry against him. Content with having seen the avenging arm of God, the German baron returned to his castle. Alexander invited him to accompany him to England, but he had no inclination to be stared at by the Prince Regent.

Longingly expected by his family, joyfully welcomed by his dependants, he returned to Nassau, which he had left seven years before to labour for his country.

But he was not long permitted to remain in peace at home. He was soon summoned to Frankfort, and thence by the Emperor Alexander to Brüchsal, and in September to the Congress at Vienna. It appeared to be thought that his mere presence would prevent the pen from spoiling what had been gained by the sword. He was not among those who had the right to speak a decisive word as ministers; he was adviser to Alexander in the interests of Germany; he enjoyed consideration as president of the government of the conquered German territories, but still more from the purity and inflexible firmness of his character.

He did all that was possible to gain something for the constitution of Germany. He was by no means satisfied with the concluding acts of the Congress, which were finished somewhat in haste under the impression of the return of Napoleon. He returned to Nassau immediately after the battle of Waterloo. When the allied sovereigns entered Paris for the second time, there was a general desire for Stein's advice, so he tore himself away from Nassau again, and reached Paris on the 16th August. But it was impossible, with the best intentions, to gain all that he wished for the advantage of Germany, amid the conflicting interests of so many monarchs, all greedy of territory; and in September he was at home again. His years of peace now began. He built the tower at Nassau, in which he intended to collect all his national, literary, and artistic treasures. He pur-

chased the estate of Kappenberg, in Westphalia, and by means of an extensive correspondence he laboured to nullify, by good administration, what was unsatisfactory in the constitutions of the German States.

Austria offered him the office of President of the Diet, and Prussia to send him to sit as her ambassador, but he declined both honours. But at the Prussian festival, in January, 1816, no one was more highly honoured than he, and he alone received the order of the Black Eagle. The following winter he spent at Frankfort; in the summer he was either at Nassau or Kappenberg, and later in life he passed the winter also on his estates. In 1818, by the invitation of Alexander, he attended the Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle; in 1819 he lost his wife; in 1820 he made a tour with his daughters in Switzerland and Italy. During the last ten years of his life he devoted himself to the Westphalian Diet, and to collecting materials for German history.

Having given this sketch of his outward life, we will endeavour to present a picture of its interior aspect.

The inner and religious life of every man is influenced by his birth, his education, and the spirit of the times in which he lives. Faith, although in itself eternal, appears to us all in a form which has received the impress of the spirit of the age. During Stein's youth rationalism was prevalent, and from this he adopted that cold form of religious expression which makes use of the term Providence instead of the personal appellation of God. Still, when he speaks of Providence, a heartfelt faith is always discernible, and the evidences are unmistakable that God had been revealed to him as a Father through Jesus Christ. He gives some hints of the development of his religious character in a letter to the pastor Stein, at Frankfort, after the death of his wife: "Thanks to my pious parents, and especially to my excellent mother, esteem and love for the life and teaching of our Saviour were early instilled into my mind. Agitating conflicts, distracting and overwhelming business have often obscured these sentiments, sometimes made me forget them, but the germ of them was never crushed by contempt or

mockery, and it was revived and developed by suffering, and the troubles which assailed the evening of my days."

In fact, although any expression of religious opinions is seldom to be found during his early busy life, he never appears as an unbeliever, a doubter, or a mocker. At Göttingen he maintained the faith as expressed in the catechism, in opposition to the philosophy of Kant, which then exercised a powerful influence upon superior minds.

When he resided in the Mark the evangelical spirit which prevailed there, in spite of the rationalism of the age, was peculiarly congenial to him, and we know from Eylert's 'Recollections' that he maintained friendly relations with estimable men among the clergy. When he was afterwards commissioned to take possession of the district of Münster, he was especially pleased with the moral and religious character of the people; and in the lenient judgment which he passed upon Stolberg's joining the Romish Church we have evidence that he was aware of the emptiness of rationalism within the Protestant fold, and that it was in positive Christian doctrine that he discerned genuine Christianity. In later time we see him accord his sympathy to all efforts to maintain and to infuse a definite Christianity into religion; he recommends Herder and Châteaubriand, and occupies himself with Schleiermacher. In his correspondence with the Princess William we have seen with what earnestness he laboured to deepen his own religious impressions and those of others. In the extraordinary events of the years 1812, '13, '14, and '15, he saw the hand of God plainly revealed, and it is clear from his letters that he heard the voice of God in his inmost soul.

He had many strong impressions to work out when he could at length enjoy a time of repose. Arndt has left us some notices of the manner in which he did so in the conversations which he has recorded.

"Yes," he would sometimes say, "God has often turned our follies and perversities, our pitiful and wrong beginnings, to a good end, without any merit of ours; we have Him alone to thank for our deliverance." Or, "My dear friend, we have

attained a great deal, God will help us to attain more." "This is an evil world where rogues often get the upper hand; one often longs to be in a better one; I hope some day to attain to a place where we shall always associate with honourable people, and not meet the rogues and villains who so often come in our way here." When he turned from his own future in heaven, to the future of Germany, he said to his friend: "I am old, and hope not to have to witness any more Babylonish confusion. But you are younger, and will very likely see violent storms break over us and other nations. It will be all the more necessary to be armed with trust in God, in order to keep right aims in view, and to have an internal support. God will not permit the world to come to an end yet, but His justice cannot allow it always to escape its well-deserved chastisement."

The war of independence awakened all his faith, and he strove to confirm it. Arndt says that he never saw him engaged in prayer, either alone or with his family, but often observed that he hastily put aside an open Bible or a hymn-book on his entrance. This was also in accordance with the spirit of the time; for rationalism had declaimed so loudly against the outward and hypocritical expression of piety that, even when genuine, it preferred to shut itself up in the closet, and to reveal as little as possible of the influence of the Spirit of God to which it had been subject there. But it is a fact that he devoted from a quarter to half an hour every morning after rising to contemplation and prayer; and he asked a friend, whom he invited to visit him, not to come on Good Friday, because he had set it apart for devotional exercises.

He was a regular attendant at church, but had a great aversion to the mere moral twaddle and flowery emptiness of rationalistic preachers. "These stupid fellows have forgotten the chapters which relate to the Holy of Holies in the ark of the Covenant, overlaid with gold, and before which we ought to worship; they are much more at home in prattling and commenting on the oxen and asses who were to draw the ark. The heart raised to God! The head uncovered in reverence! For this they seem to have no feeling. But never mind, if the sermon is

bad we can take comfort, we have a hymn of Dr. Luther's, or Paul Gerhardt's, and if we are disposed to devotion, we need not be hindered."

He was lenient to the Roman Catholics; he felt that there was something in their maintenance of the positive doctrines of Christianity which united him to those of his time. He kept up a friendly correspondence for many years with Count Spiegel, Canon of Münster, and afterwards Archbishop of Cologne; in which, however, he did not fail to point out the errors of the Romish Church, and to confess his Protestant faith. When governor of the district of Landskron, he bestowed a considerable pension upon a priest of Bodendorf; and when he visited his patron, there was much friendly discussion on their difference of faith. When speaking of the worship of saints, Stein said, "One God, and but one God, and God alone! Hearts and hands always raised to one only, to the Highest! That gives us courage, the right kind of courage. We Protestants are soldiers who, even in time of peace, have to exercise with heavy baggage on our backs, and so we have longer breath in time of war; you Catholics have, in your saints, so many servants and lackeys, who help you off with your loads, and carry them a good way for you, that when you are obliged to fight, you are short-winded."

He rejoiced in the blessings of the Reformation. He used to say, "Dr. Luther, thank God, has shortened the way to heaven, for he dismissed a multitude of marshals, doorkeepers, and masters of the ceremonies from the gates of the heavenly palace. You know I like a short path, even if it is a little steep and dangerous."

It was a natural result of the uprightness and purity of his character that he should be most anxious that youth should not be educated for the service of this world only, but that their minds should be so developed as to fit them for independent and active life. We have already seen his opinions on the subject of education, expressed in the political testament which he bequeathed to his colleagues on leaving the ministry in 1808. Like Fichte and Queen Louisa, he hoped a great deal from the

example set by Pestalozzi's method, which, founded on the nature of the human mind, seeks to develop its powers, and to excite and strengthen noble principles. But he was not contented with these general ideas; when it was in his power he strove to influence the minds of young people himself; and he considered that the subject best calculated to form a noble, powerful, and superior mind was history. When president in Westphalia, he kept up a correspondence with Prince Louis Ferdinand, whose powers he hoped to see preserved for the service of his country, instead of wasted in youthful excesses. He once wrote to the prince: "If the lot of a man who feels himself called to a great and useful career is cast amidst the effeminacy of court life, or amongst people of little minds, he can sustain and develop his strength of character only by surrounding himself with the great men of history, and by fortifying himself by means of their example, against the effects of mean and hurtful circumstances." Stein also exercised a decided influence on the education of the Crown Prince. He observed that his tutor, Delbrück, was no longer equal to the task of educating so sensitive and vehement, but well-disposed, a young prince, fond of learning, and gifted with a lively imagination; that it was not enough for him to receive the general good education which would make him a well-informed man, but that he ought early to receive instruction in the history of nations and their rulers, the causes of their greatness or their fall; he therefore proposed that Ancillon should undertake the task.

During his residence in Bohemia, he acquainted his daughters with the history of the French Revolution, which he derived from the best sources, as well as his own knowledge of the events. His brother-in-law, Arnim, had, when dying, committed to him the care of the education of his children. He fulfilled this charge with great faithfulness; and, in this case also, it was from historical studies that he looked for the most beneficial influence. He wrote to the tutor of the children: "The influence of history is most beneficial to the juvenile mind, when it is thoroughly studied with honesty and simplicity,

and not encumbered with metaphysical twaddle and political sophistry. It raises us above the common level of our contemporaries, and acquaints us with what has been accomplished by the noblest and greatest men, and shows us how great powers have been wasted by a perverted use of them through indolence or sensuality. I therefore consider it most essential to excite a taste for the study of history, and to make it one of the chief employments of young people."

And what he thus did towards promoting the study of history amongst individuals, it was his wish to do for the nation at large when peace was restored, by collecting materials for German history.

By aiding the learned in this undertaking, which they would not so well have been able to accomplish without the aid of his high position, his connections, and his purse, he evinced a noble spirit—a patriotic spirit, by his researches into the most hidden sources of German character and history; a scientific spirit, by undertaking a work that would have to pass through the hands of two or three learned men, before it was adapted for the use and enjoyment of the many; and a Protestant spirit, in that he only sought to discover the truth, whether his views might be such as would be agreeable to others or not. Was it not in a genuine Protestant spirit that he wrote to Pertz, who had informed him that the Emperor Francis and Metternich viewed the enterprise with suspicion? "In combating the spirit of evil we must be careful not to allow ourselves to become suspicious of the good, or be seduced into the belief that it is only the ordinary, nay, even the vulgar course of things that deserves our confidence.

"What will be the use of the history? I thought that question had been answered long ago by the whole human race; for the savage barbarian, as well as the cultivated European, delights to preserve the memory of the deeds of his forefathers; and if history is to be studied at the universities, the teachers must have pure and correct sources of information. Who would have dreamt that an undertaking of such obvious literary value, as making a complete collection of the *Scriptores rerum Ger-*

manicarum, mostly printed a long time ago, and which have been so largely used, could have been looked upon by statesmen as a dangerous one? A Russian censor at Mittau had Tissot's 'Avis au Peuple,' a well-known medical work, burned, and another at Moscow, Klopstock's 'Messiah,' as likely to spread mystical errors. Is not the revolutionary school fairly charged with throwing history aside, with destroying the existing state of things, and with endeavouring to construct a new edifice, based upon air, the creature of its own imagination?"

He was always attached to the Church, and, during the days of bondage, it was from her vitality that he hoped the national spirit would be aroused to throw off its fetters; and afterwards, during his residence in Westphalia, he entered thoroughly and very beneficially into ecclesiastical questions. In Westphalia and the Rhenish provinces they have, by their constitution, a means of rejecting those ecclesiastics who have shown themselves unsuitable for the service of the Church, and of employing in it the energies of the Christian laity.

According to the constitution of the earldom of Mark, the proprietor of Kappenberg was a member of the synod, and Stein was elected president.

From the constitution of the synod in that district, he hoped for the decrease of unbelief.

He wrote to Eichhorn: "The synod will compel our Protestant clergy, who are infected with the doctrines of Enlightenment, to return to the simplicity of Christian doctrine; for the people do not want their exegetical philosophical nonsense, their atheistical gibberish,—they want the simple teaching of the Gospel, founded upon faith, hope, and charity, to be their guide in life, their sure and steadfast anchor in death; they will choose ministers who will give them these and reject others."

The year before his death he exerted himself as a member of the synod to establish a seminary for preachers. He offered to contribute 5,000 dollars, and hoped others would follow; but it was not so much in the means for establishing it that he interested himself, as in the spirit of it. While he expressed himself most decidedly, on the one hand, against every form of

unbelief, especially against the school of Semler, Paulus, Wegscheider, and Gesenius, and, on the other hand, against superstition and sectarianism, he asks, "What shall be taught there? A revealed Christian religion, something defined, steadfast, in a spirit that confesses that Christ is of God? or a spirit that is called in the 1st of John iv. 1—3, the spirit of Antichrist, of rationalism, something undefined and vague which will at last open the door to all the errors to which the human mind and human blindness are liable?"

He says of the philosophical preachers that, when they are talented, they are instructive to the educated; but if they have only moderate gifts, they are unintelligible to the uneducated, tedious to the half educated, intolerable to the educated. But a congregation "always listens readily to the sermons of a very moderately gifted preacher, if he is humble, pious, and anxious for the salvation of his hearers; if they discern the influence of the Spirit of God derived from the power of prayer, and find that the spirit of piety is predominant in his mind."

He was consulted about the hymn-book; and answered that he did not consider himself competent to give an opinion, but he gave one nevertheless.

"Above all things the hymn-book must be in accordance with the universal Christian creed, and whoever gives the right to depart from it materially, whether to a hymn-book commission, to a consistory, or to any other body of persons, had better, in company with every one else who does not hold that creed, descend from the pulpit, and not mar the task which has been committed to him. This is one point. The other is, that I should select old hymns, up to the beginning of the eighteenth century; for the subsequent period, and for the most part our own, is not a religious one, but a scientific, industrious, commercial, political, loquacious, rash, and most conceited age. For these reasons, I would select some from the thousands of these excellent old hymns; many generations have found comfort and edification in them, and a refuge from cold and tedious preachers, whose bungling performances were often accompanied by an offensive delivery, ridiculous action, and excessive vanity."

He also delivered an opinion about the project for a new agenda for public worship, which he considered to be very necessary, in order that the mode of conducting it should not be dependent on the caprices of the moment; he spoke in favour of the simplicity, power, and unction of the ancient prayers, and was glad that the taste for novelty was not to be gratified, nor for "a tedious idyl-like phraseology."

It will be plainly seen from the foregoing that the ministers he liked were those who preached Christ crucified with simplicity and power.

At Frankfort, after the war, the pastor Stein attracted by his ministry all those who sought edification from the true source. A Mrs. von Löw is said to have first mentioned him to the minister.

"I dare say he is a woman's parson," was his first answer; but he went to hear him, and the young clergyman was from that time his spiritual adviser. "What a beautiful sermon!" said another lady to him, as they came out of church.

"A *beautiful* sermon!" he exclaimed, "we talk of a beautiful romance; you should say it was a Christian—an edifying sermon."

Stein fully accorded his sympathy to works of Christian love. He was interested in missions to the heathen at a time when they were almost universally looked upon as an absurdity, and he did what he could for discharged prisoners. He was always disposed to accept the good in the Romish Church, and admitted that there had been a use in monastic life. He was interested in the life of St. Charles Borromeo, and the writings of Sailer; and the Sisters of Mercy, whom he had seen in France and Lorraine, had made a deep impression upon his mind. He was desirous that such a Sisterhood should be introduced in Germany, and long cherished an idea of establishing an institution for training these nurses of the sick within the folds of the Protestant Church. He discussed the subject with his clerical friend Pastor Stein, and with his young friend Von Bodelschwingh, afterwards minister, and the biographer of Vincke. Through him, Amelia Sieveking heard of Stein's wishes, and entered into

correspondence with him. He communicated to the 'Hamburg Tabitha' the information he had acquired in Borromeo's institution and that of St. Vincent de Paul.

"When I visited both institutions I was particularly struck with the expression of inward peace, repose, self-denial, and pious serenity of the Sisters, their quiet activity, devoid of all bustle, their affectionate treatment of the sick committed to their care, so calculated to be a blessing to them. To all this there was a painful contrast in the expression of the countenances of middle-aged, unmarried women of the upper and middle classes, who were not called upon to labour, or to earn their living, a look of irritable discontent, arising from unsatisfied vanity or neglect,—their want of occupation occasioned them to feel an emptiness and bitterness which made them a misery to themselves and a burden to others. Then this condition of mind has an injurious effect upon the health. The question naturally arose, Why are not institutions similar to those of the Sisters of Mercy to be found amongst the followers of the Protestant faith? We have in many towns endowments for such institutions, and a more active spirit of benevolence is prevailing in many ladies' societies, etc., but we have no such permanent associations as those of the Sisters of Mercy, with which so much that is excellent is connected."

Then he expresses his pleasure at the decline of rationalism, and the increasing number of pious Christian ministers, encourages Amelia Sieveking to continue her work, advises her to visit the institutions at Nancy and in Lorraine, and to enter into communication with Pastor Stein at Frankfort.

Institutions for deaconesses are now flourishing in nearly all the countries of Protestant Germany, and a part of the merit of their establishment must be accorded to Stein; and it is plain that he was instigated to encourage such undertakings by the outward circumstances and inward experience which were the result of the war.

In all that Stein says about ecclesiastical institutions and Christian works, the sincerity, purity, and warmth of a Christian spirit are unmistakable; and we discern this still more clearly

when we are introduced into his family life and his intercourse with his friends.

The unquiet times deprived him for many years of domestic happiness, and when he was reunited to his family he lost his wife after a union of twenty-six years. He made a sketch of her, and wrote for a superscription, "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." He added in her praise, "Her life was 'faith which worketh by love;' from this sprang the virtues which adorned her. Nobleness of mind, humility, purity, a lofty feeling for truth and justice, faithfulness as wife and mother, transparency of mind and a clear judgment: these were displayed all through a life of much trial, and diffused blessings around her under all circumstances. Her taste was for domestic pleasures, family and social life, and peace; but it was not granted her by Providence to enjoy them. Had she been selfish or indifferent to the voice of duty and conscience, she might have separated her fate from that of her husband, or advised him to unworthy compliance or to cowardly escape from new dangers in the various circumstances she passed through with him; but she was always faithful to duty, she trusted in God, and adhered to the motto which she chose for herself in times of trouble, and which she had engraved upon one of her rings: 'Bear and forbear' (*Dulden und Entbehren*). She has fought a good fight, she has finished her course, she has kept the faith."

The hope of meeting again cheered him at the tomb of the departed. He wrote to Pastor Stein: "We may also hope to be again united with her; Jesus assures his disciples of this reunion; why may not we also hope for it? Love does not die, but how should it live without reunion?"

The daughters now clung still more closely to their father, and he conscientiously attended to the completion of their education. God gave him the satisfaction of seeing both united to excellent men,—the elder, Henrietta, to the Imperial Count Giech; the younger, Theresa, to Count Kielmansegge. The deepening of his faith which took place after the death of his wife, is shown in many ways in his correspondence

with his friends. His letters are always full of purpose, earnest, and calculated to impart a healthful incitement to his friends, and he often expressed himself as really solicitous for their souls' welfare. Sometimes he sends an extract from a hymn, sometimes a text to a friend in trouble, and he always directs them to the true source of consolation. He kept up a lively personal and epistolary intercourse with his old friend Hans von Gagern, in spite of great differences in their views. Stein had pointed out to him in 1819, on the occasion of the death of a daughter, the great consolation afforded us by the resurrection of Christ, and had copied for him some fervent words of Sailer's on the life eternal. In 1822, Gagern mentioned the comfort which Cicero's book on the nature of the gods had been to him during a severe illness. Stein broke out into righteous indignation: "In the earnest and solemn frame of mind occasioned by the prospect of death you take 'Cicero de Natura Deorum,' etc., in hand!!! Could, then, the disciple of the worldly wisdom of the Greeks, the Roman statesman, tell you more of the land you were approaching than the crucified and risen One, through whose mercy alone you can be justified? What would you say of a traveller intending to sail round the world, and to explore the North-West Passage, who should take with him Hamann's school atlas, and leave all more modern geographical charts at home?"

Gagern answered him, but Stein would not leave him alone.

"Your Excellency says we are separated, both by our faith and our Prussian politics; that is, for time and for eternity. You say with perfect truth that one cannot take faith like a pinch of snuff, for I cannot see the least propriety in the simile; it is one of those that has not a leg to stand on. Faith can no more be obtained by subtle reasoning, as all metaphysicians and theologians maintain, than it can be taken like a pinch of snuff, but it must be asked of God in humility and self-renunciation. Try this, since neither reasoning nor snuff-taking will help you."

To the persecuted Arndt, Stein wrote, "Trust in God, and in a just and noble king. Address yourself to the one in prayer,

when the enemy would swallow you up, and to the other with representations of the truth." And at another time: "How is it that this fate has befallen a man who, during the time of the foreign yoke, awoke and spread attachment to king and country with courage and self-sacrifice, while so many unworthy instruments and admirers of Napoleon, and even arch-Jacobins, have attained to honour? But we have a God who will help us, and a Lord of lords who will save us from death."

At the end of 1824 Stein wrote to Niebuhr, who was depressed and irritated by political and personal circumstances: "Only one word, a free and friendly word from an old man who loves you dearly, spoken on the last day of the year. Forget yourself, deny yourself; Providence has destined you for something nobler and better than for the mere enjoyment of domestic joys, and for working in your garden and vineyard. . . . Forget yourself, deny yourself; pray in humility that He from whom all strength comes will give you strength and courage." To a young friend, Von Arnim, Prussian consul at Berne, among other amiable letters on the death of a child with whom Stein had made acquaintance on a journey into Switzerland, he wrote the following: "My friend, so deeply bowed down, seek comfort from Him who has promised rest to all those who are weary and heavy laden; seek it by prayer, the power of which is taught us by his own on the Mount of Olives, as well as what we ought to pray for, 'Not my will, but thine be done!'"

With the consoling faith which he endeavoured to instil into others, he awaited his own end. He longed to depart and to be with Christ. In 1817 he became blind in one eye. After he reached his seventieth year, no year passed in which he did not pass through an illness. Gout, from which he had suffered even during his years of vigour, attacked him in the chest, occasioned a convulsive cough, and threatened at one time to cause paralysis of the lungs. After the first severe attack he wrote: "Illness teaches us patience—resignation to the fatherly will of Him who sends it; it loosens our ties to the things of earth. Illness is one of those educational institu-

tions of which life is made up, so we will accept it with thankfulness, and derive the benefits from it that we are intended to."

The next year the attack returned. "I am declining fast," he wrote; "I long for rest, and to be removed from all earthly things,—this is not a murmur; who would dare to murmur, who has had even but a little opportunity of witnessing the extent of human misery? But I wish that the ties that bind me here were loosed, and that I might join those beloved ones who have gone before me."

In the summer of 1830 the aged hero once more went to the old family seat at Nassau. Once, when resting on a bench on the bridge, and gazing on the landscape in the evening light, he exclaimed, "How beautiful it is even here; how much more beautiful it must be above! rejoice with me that I am so near the goal!" Those who were with him tried affectionately to turn his thoughts away from death, but he answered, "Do you suppose that I am afraid to die? When one is seventy-two years old, the most sensible thing one can do is to die."

When the news of the Revolution in France, in 1830, was brought to him, he exclaimed, "Is that wicked nation, then, going to bring confusion over Europe once more? If they will, and must break out, I wish they had waited till I was dead."

But his heroic nature was true to itself. "If we are attacked," he wrote to Arndt, "we must fight bravely; what folly to expect any good from the French! from that avaricious, godless, empty-headed, vain, deceitful nation!"

The disturbances in the world around him often wrung from him the exclamation, "Away, away from here! I am no longer of any use in the world!" and sometimes the longing for heaven was expressed in softer tones,—

Seek me a spot for calm repose,
I am weary, and fain my eyes would close."

He spent the following summer at Kappenberg. Earthly things receded more and more from his view, but his love was active still. The care of the estate became burdensome to him,

and he accused himself of having spent too much in building, and of having contributed too little to works of mercy; and when it was in his power, he helped those who were in want, especially young people.

In the spring of 1831 he had another paralytic attack. When he revived, and was able to speak, he exclaimed, "Oh, God! while I am lying here, they are fighting in Poland!" At another time he said to a friend, "I shall not live to see it, but you may; there will be fearful wars, emigration of nations, and God knows what other dreadful things."

In June he had intended to go to Pymont, to visit his daughter Theresa, and see his little grandson, and then to return to Nassau, but was prevented by an illness which arose from being out in a storm. So he made preparations for another journey. His children's governess, who had faithfully remained with him and tended him, had often to read reflections on death to him. After listening to the newspaper for the last time, he said, "After a life so richly blessed as mine has been, God will also grant me the favour to call me away in his own good time."

The time was drawing near. During the night of the 29th of June he wished to partake of the Holy Communion. While waiting for the minister, who lived at some distance, he took leave of his *employés* and servants. Unfortunately, neither of his children was with him. He expressed his thanks most heartily to the high-forester, and concluded with, "I must say to you once more, that it is my firm belief that there is a communion between the dead and the living, and it will give me great pleasure, if I look down from above, to see that you serve my children with the same faithfulness and devotion that you have shown to me. We shall meet again on the other side—remember me to your wife and family." Thus he took leave of one after another, admonishing them to piety and uprightness, forgiving and asking forgiveness, and alluding to meeting again. To a young forester he called out as he was going away, "And if war breaks out again, fight like a brave Prussian for king and country."

When the pastor came, the dying man wished to be raised up, and giving him his hand said :

“ I appear before you as a poor sinner ; I wish to acknowledge my sins and my Redeemer, and to be reconciled to Him, and I ask for the Holy Supper.”

He received it with devotion ; then wished to be raised up once more, and again giving his hand to the minister, he admonished him to grow in faith.

“ The Church is threatened with danger from France, and her servants must be upon their guard. But God has protected her hitherto, and will continue to do so.”

Many tears were shed by those around him as his voice became weaker and weaker. Once more he asked, “ There is no hope, is there, doctor ? ” and receiving the answer that he wished, he sank into a tranquil slumber.

Soon after, about six o'clock in the evening, he turned upon his left side ; the congestion of the lungs that had long been looked for set in ; one last, deep breath, and the noble spirit of the hero had escaped from its tenement.

The officials, the servants, the doctor, the Lutheran and Catholic pastors were all deeply affected by the peaceful death of their revered master and friend, and the poor who were standing in the court below broke into loud exclamations of grief when they heard that he was dead.

“ Ah ! ” exclaimed a poor woman who came the following day intending to see him, “ is the good minister dead ? If *he* is not in heaven, nobody will get there ! ”

And when the coffin was taken to the family vault at Frücht, near Nassau, it was evident how much he was beloved by the people. At his modern home in Westphalia, and at the ancient one on the Lahn, the bells announced that a disciple of Christ had entered into the joy of his Lord. From parish to parish, old and young, nobles and peasants, accompanied the procession : Arndt also, from Bonn, followed for a considerable distance the best friend he had had on earth. Consoled by God's Word and sacred hymns, the children of the deceased, surrounded by a company of those who revered him, placed the coffin in the

vault. The inscription describes him as "Humble before God, high-minded towards men, the enemy of falsehood and injustice, constant in duty, undismayed when outlawed, the unyielding son of his oppressed country, a sharer in the struggles and victories of Germany," and the record of the fame of the patriotic hero melts away into the exclamation of the Christian, "I am ready to depart and to be with Christ."

For many years almost passed out of memory, scarcely known to the present generation among the great names of the war of independence, Stein was recently crowned with fresh laurels and pronounced to be Germany's greatest statesman.

He possessed qualities which are rarely found united. With an experience in the details of public business, acquired by passing through the successive steps of the service, was joined an eye that could take in the whole range of statesmanship; though he disliked a merely literary national life, he had a constant desire that the range of knowledge should be extended by means of literature; he united a creative genius with veneration for the past, with great gifts, untiring energy; and all his endeavours were borne aloft on the eagle's wings of patriotism above all that was narrow and restricted, guided by an unsullied conscience, purified by heartfelt Christian piety. The image of the man as he was altogether, as a German and a Christian, should always be remembered as the most vivid personification of the powers that were at work during the years of the war of independence.

But it is painful to reflect that while he has many admirers, he has but few imitators.*

* Stein's *Leben von Pertz*; 'Das Leben des Freiherrn von Stein,' von Wilhelm Baur (Gotha, bei Besser, 1860); und, 'Stein und Perthes, von Wilhelm Baur' (Zwickau, 1862).

CHAPTER VIII.

JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE.

THE most conspicuous place in the history of the religious awakening in the German war of independence belongs to those men who regarded the mental bondage of debased sentiments as the cause of subjection to a foreign yoke, and who therefore only looked for complete deliverance by means of national regeneration.

The number of these was not small, and comprised theologians, philosophers, historians, poets, statesmen, and plain citizens; but three powerful spirits were conspicuous among them, Fichte, Arndt, and Schleiermacher.

It has been said, and with especial reference to Fichte, that since Luther's time no such stirring language had been addressed to the people as in those days. We fully agree in the opinion, and maintain that the German Christian movement of the war of independence has not only a certain resemblance to the Reformation of the sixteenth century, but stands in essential connection with it. In both cases the object was to throw off a yoke which was not merely an outward bondage, but which enslaved the spirit; and the leaders in the struggle, especially Luther, preached the necessity of an inward regeneration as well as of liberty, and kept the national as well as the Christian element in view. It was the spirit of the Reformation which was aroused again in the war of independence, the spirit which, while it refuses to submit to outward authority, willingly owns allegiance to God and to his laws. We do not overlook what was accomplished in Roman Catholic countries, especially in the Tyrol, nor do we doubt that a great increase of sincere

faith took place in many Roman Catholic circles, and rejoice to think so, but it is impossible to deny that it was a spirit of Protestantism which showed itself in repentance and faith, and in works of charity. The task of rendering clear to a wide circle of readers the significance of Fichte's labours, appears a difficult one, for few can be expected to follow him into the realms of abstruse thought into which he soared.

But we will not shrink from the task, for the mere history of the course of his life is instructive, and even his most profound speculations were directed to the practical end of the revival of pure morality, and the ripe fruits of his labours in assisting to throw off a foreign yoke, are intelligible to all.

According to the family records, during the Thirty Years' War, a German guard of the name of Fichte was left wounded in the village of Rammenau in the Oberlausitz. A peasant took him into his house and nursed him, protected him as a fellow Lutheran from the Roman Catholic enemy, gave him his daughter in marriage, and made him heir of his little farm, for he had lost all his sons in the war. From this soldier in the army of Gustavus Adolphus, Fichte was descended. His grandfather inherited from his parents a little manufactory of tapes, which were sold in the neighbourhood. He apprenticed his son Christian to Johann Schurich, tape and linen manufacturer at Pulsnitz, in order that he might improve himself in his father's trade. Christian became a favourite with his master; nevertheless, when he gained the affections of his daughter, his burgher pride would not allow his peasant son-in-law to settle down near him. The young people therefore returned to Rammenau, and built a house with the wife's dowry, in which they carried on their trade as weavers.

It was here that their son Johann Gottlieb was born on the 19th of May, 1762. The boy grew up the image of his mother, quick of comprehension, ready in his answers, and with a will of his own; sometimes when his comrades were at play, he would stand by the hour gazing dreamily into the distance, or watching the setting sun. His father was his first teacher; he taught him to read and to commit texts and hymns to memory

He was soon entrusted with the office of reader at morning and evening prayers. His imagination was early excited by what his father related of his travels; and he was determined to exercise control over himself at a very early age. When only seven years old, his father brought him home the story-book about horned Siegfried, probably the first he had possessed, except the Bible and hymn-book. He was so taken up with the wonderful story, that he was inattentive at his lessons, and made up his mind to throw it into the brook. He did so, shed a few tears as he saw it swimming away, and his father happening to come by, he bore the scolding for throwing away his gift, without revealing his deep moral grounds for doing so. Not long after, his father relented, and proposed to give him another, but he declined it, in favour of his brothers and sisters.

He had a remarkably retentive memory, and could repeat the sermons he had heard by heart.

The Baron von Miltitz came one Sunday to Rammenau to hear the excellent minister preach, but he arrived too late. Afterwards, when dining at the table of the proprietor at Rammenau, he was expressing his regret at having missed the sermon, when he was informed, half in jest, that there was in the place the son of a peasant, Gottlieb Fichte, who could repeat it to him. The boy was sent for, and though shy at first, he soon forgot himself in his subject, and went on repeating the sermon until he was told to stop.

The baron was interested in him, and the clergyman took advantage of the circumstance to recommend him to his notice. Miltitz decided to take him home with him. The mother was fearful that the influences of the great house might not be good for her pious and simple child, but his benefactor promised to watch over him carefully. He took him with him to Schloss Oberau, near Meissen, but he soon became homesick, and was sent to the pastor Krebel at Niederau, in whose house he passed some very happy years. At Schulpforte from 1774 to 1780, his character received a fresh impulse to independence. The strictness of the rules, the deception practised in efforts to evade them, the tyranny exercised by the elder boys over the younger

ones, and the entire absence of any of the softening influences of family life, occasioned the boy to become more reserved than ever, and to defy external circumstances by the strength of his will. Once, fired by the history of Campe's 'Robinson,'* he resolved to run away and seek his fortune. He traced the way to Hamburg on the map, and made his escape. But while pursuing his solitary way he remembered the injunction of his pastor to begin every work with prayer. He knelt down, and the thought of his parents came into his mind. The idea of grieving them by his disappearance was intolerable, and he resolved to go back and confess his fault.

The simple confession of his escape, and all the circumstances, made so favourable an impression that he was afterwards regarded with special interest.

He made good use of his time, and often sat up far into the night over his books. Lessing was one of his favourite authors, and a favourite motto was the saying of Horace: "*Si fractus illabatur orbis, impavidum ferient ruinæ.*"†

At Michaelmas, 1780, Fichte went to Jena, and afterwards to Leipzig. He studied theology, but without any inclination for it. He early speculated on the subject of the freedom of the will, and decided in favour of fatalism until Kant occasioned him to alter his views. But this theoretical opinion had no evil influence on his conduct, for, in common with many others, he was so happily illogical as to deny with the understanding, the freedom of the will, and yet to strive to attain perfection with all his might. His needy circumstances gave him abundant exercise for resolution. His benefactor was dead, his parents could give him but little help, so that he was obliged to devote some of the hours to teaching that he would fain have given to study. In 1784 he returned as a candidate to his parents' house, and they were proud to hear him preach in the village church. Then began an unsettled life as a tutor. In 1787 he was at Leipzig again in great poverty, but associating with

* A German adaptation of 'Robinson Crusoe.'

† If the world should be dissolved, he would be found undaunted amid the ruins.

superior men. For seven years he had experienced the delights of study and the bitterness of want. Wishing to put an end to this state of things, he addressed himself to the president of the consistory of Saxony, explained his circumstances and his theological opinions, told him what he could do, and what he could not, and asked for some assistance to enable him to complete his studies, in order to pass his second examination, that he might be competent to take charge of a parish. But his request was not granted, and he took it as a hint to give up his theological career. It was the evening before his birthday in 1788 that he made up his mind that this honourable profession was closed to him, and the future looked dark before him, but he resolved not to disclose his circumstances to any one.

But just at this juncture the tax-gatherer Weisse, known as the author of the 'Kinderfreund,' sent for him, and offered him a situation as tutor at Zurich, in the family of a hotel-keeper, which he at once accepted. It was very soon found that there were great discrepancies between Fichte's ideas of training the children and those of the parents. He kept a diary in which he chronicled the parents' mistakes, and great must have been the awe in which the mother stood of the tutor, for she submitted to hear the diary read aloud once a week. Fichte continued his speculative investigations, preached and translated, drew up a plan for a school of elocution, and made many friends. It had great influence upon his political views that his opinions of the French Revolution were formed while living in a republic. But the circumstance which had the greatest influence on his after life was his acquaintance, through Lavater's introduction, with the family of the Rahns. Rahn had become deeply attached to Lavater during the time when he was at Zurich, and afterwards married his only sister. Fichte formed an attachment to their daughter, Anna Mary, and she became the star of his life. Thus, brightened by the charms of friendship and love, the life at Zurich was a very happy one. But the time came for leaving it, in order to seek for a place where to found a home, and whence he could influence the world at large.

But success did not accompany him on his return to Germany, and his residence at Leipzig in 1790. It had, however, great effect upon his inner life, for the lessons which he gave in the philosophy of Kant, obliged him to study it more deeply himself, and it resulted in his renouncing the contradiction between his theory and practice with regard to the freedom of the will. He eagerly grasped the truth that man is gifted with moral freedom, and rejoiced in the consciousness of having escaped from an error and attained to the light of truth, though it was certainly not yet the pure truth of Christianity. On this subject he wrote as follows to his friend Achelis, at Bremen:—

“I came to Leipzig with my head full of great schemes, but they have all foundered, and not a vestige is left of the bubbles of which they were composed.

“At first this disturbed my peace not a little, and partly in despair I adopted a plan which I ought to have adopted long ago. Since I could not alter outward circumstances, I resolved to alter my inner man. I buried myself in philosophy, and of course in that of Kant. In this I found an antidote for the true source of all my sorrows, and a great deal of pleasure into the bargain. The influence that this philosophy, but especially the moral part of it, has upon one’s system of thought, the revolution which has taken place in mine, is inconceivable; but it cannot be understood without studying the ‘Critique of Pure Reason.’ I feel that I owe the confession to you especially, that I now believe with my whole heart the doctrine of man’s freedom, and see plainly that it is only on this condition that duty, virtue, and morality are possible; a truth, however, which I perceived before, and perhaps have acknowledged to you. I also see clearly that very mischievous results are caused by the doctrine of necessity; that the immorality of the so-called higher classes mainly arises from it, and that when any one who holds it escapes ruin, it is rather in spite of the doctrine than because it is harmless or useful. Further, I am convinced that this is not a world of enjoyment, but of work and effort, that all our pleasures are only intended to strengthen us for further exertion; that we are not required to shape our destiny,

but only to cultivate ourselves. I do not trouble myself about external circumstances; I try not to *seem*, but to *be*, and it is to these convictions that I owe the peace of mind I now enjoy. My outward position is just such as it is likely to be; I am neither the master nor the servant of any one. I am without prospects, for neither the ecclesiastical constitution nor many of the people please me. As long as I can maintain my present independence, I shall be willing to make any sacrifice to do it."

It was indeed a great revolution which had taken place in Fichte's mind. The world had previously been to him a web of cause and effect in which his *ego* was imprisoned, but the *ego* was now become the ruling principle, and the outward world was only an appearance. He had now attained that for which he had been striving, "the consciousness of the absolute freedom of the *ego*, which sees all the powers of the world ranged in vain against the power of the will."

The battle which Fichte successfully fought with fate under the influence of these new views was a brave one. In 1791, when he was about to return to Zurich to be married, the lady's father lost his property, and the prospect of a home had suddenly to be given up. Instead of going southward full of hope, he turned his steps to Warsaw, to take a situation as tutor. On the way he visited his parents. With childlike love he speaks in his diary of his "good, brave, warm-hearted father," and prays, "Make me, O God, as good, as honourable, and upright as he is; take all my own wisdom away, and I shall have won the victory for ever!"

On arriving at Warsaw, he soon found that the family of the count in which he had been engaged as tutor had been entirely mistaken in him; he was as entirely innocent of any intention to deceive, and proposed to release them from their engagement, but claimed a sum of money as a compensation. With this he went to Königsberg, after having preached in the Protestant church at Warsaw, feeling sure that he should derive great mental improvement from the acquaintance of Kant, and in the hope that something or other at Königsberg might decide his destiny. He visited Kant, but was not very cordially received,

and attended his lectures, but found his delivery drowsy. Wishing to have closer intercourse with him, he wrote in five weeks his 'Critique of all Revelation,' and handed it himself to the great philosopher as a letter of introduction. Kant then treated him with extraordinary kindness, and he was admitted to the superior society of Königsberg. But though mentally in his element, he was in the greatest physical need. To whom should he make it known? To him alone in whom he had the greatest confidence in the guidance of his inner life. The letter in which he made known his painful situation to Kant, and asked him for a loan to enable him to return home, is remarkable for the manner in which he protests against being subjected to any suspicion for doing so. Kant did not comply with his request. But just when every door seemed closed against him, he received an advantageous offer of a situation as tutor in the family of the noble-minded Count von Krockow, and at once accepted it. Meanwhile his 'Critique of all Revelation' had found a publisher. The book excited a great deal of attention, and was supposed to be by Kant, and to be a new link in the chain of works in which he was applying his philosophy to every sphere of intellectual life. His admirers were extravagant in its praise.

Kant disclaimed the authorship, and stated to whom the merit of it belonged. From this time Fichte had a profound contempt for reviewers and the public, in consequence of the lukewarmness which succeeded to their first favourable opinion. But the work placed Fichte among the ranks of eminent philosophers. In the meantime the prudence of his betrothed had found means to save a portion of her father's property, and in the spring of 1793 Fichte went to Zurich to be married. The marriage took place in October. During a journey afterwards he made acquaintance with Baggesen, and spent a few days with Pestalozzi, whose system, fifteen years afterwards, he recommended to Germany.

On his return, he finished a work that he had begun at Königsberg, 'Contributions to the Correction of the Judgment of the Public on the French Revolution,' which caused him in many circles to be regarded as a democrat or a Jacobin.

He gave lectures at Zurich, and among his hearers was Lavater. The testimony that he gave to their value is remarkable, considering the essential differences in their views. Lavater wrote to Fichte after the conclusion of his lectures: "To think more clearly, more deeply, and more comprehensively, to generalize more readily, to pass more rapidly from the general to particulars, to prove things more carefully, to define more exactly, to express myself more intelligibly, to form clearer views of what I have never yet expressed, to admire more than ever the powers of the human mind; to congratulate myself more warmly on the honour of being a man, to reverence more than ever the noble attributes of man in every individual, to labour more earnestly, more industriously, and with more hope and courage, in every way, and especially in my own way, for the development and perfection of the highest good of all—all this (and how much it is!)—I have learnt from the most acute thinker that I know, who so kindly devoted many precious hours to me, and some other friends of truth, during his last stay at Zurich. He will ever have the thanks of his pupil, friend, and fellow-being, John Caspar Lavater."

We add a passage written in 1800, intended to be given to Fichte after Lavater's death.

"Unattainable thinker, thy powers are to me a proof of the existence of an eternal Spirit, from which lofty minds are a radiation. Were it possible that thou shouldst doubt it, I would prove it to thee by showing thee the rays from the eternal Spirit which illumine thy own mind."

This life at Zurich was brought to a close in an agreeable manner, by his being called to fill the chair of the professor of philosophy at Jena, rendered vacant by the removal of Reinhold to Kiel. He went there at Easter, 1794, at first alone, and began, as the model of an academical teacher, his career of usefulness among the German youth. Perhaps no one ever had more ardent disciples, and their admiration, far from becoming a snare to him, only animated him to be more useful to them. And in every stage of his course, his efforts were directed to improve mankind, to rouse them from selfish isolation, to willing

service for the community, to lead them from delusive appearances to the true and the eternal. It was this which induced him to propose giving some moral Sunday lectures, by which he hoped to attract in his own way those young men who were estranged from the church to give attention to eternal truths, but the project failed, owing to the opposition of the clergy.

During the five years that Fichte was at Jena his activity and domestic happiness were at their height. His father-in-law had followed his children to Jena, and they had the pleasure of making him happy in the evening of his days. At his death, we have a glimpse of Fichte's religious feelings, the warmth of which was not stifled by philosophy. He wrote to his wife, "Sleep softly, thou good spirit, after thy long labours; sleep in the evening after the heat of the day! If there is a God—and there is—it is not possible that the life of this good man is really ended, that all is over with him. Undoubtedly it is now well with him, while you are weeping for him, and my own eyes filled with tears."

The happiness of smoothing the path of a departing life was soon exchanged for that of welcoming a new one; a son was born to them who was their only child. Fichte was closely connected with the university; he gave so much satisfaction to the government, he was held in so much esteem by such men as Schiller and Goethe, that it appeared probable that a long career of usefulness was before him at Jena, but it was suddenly cut short by an unexpected accusation of atheism. It may appear surprising to some of our readers that we should include among those who contributed to the religious awakening of Germany a man against whom such an accusation was possible, but we hope to be able to explain the seeming contradiction, without compromising either Fichte or our own belief in religious truth. The child of the age in which he lived, Fichte had become estranged from the faith as derived from the Scriptures which the reformers had proclaimed. The pitiful subterfuges of the rationalistic clergy were so repulsive to him that he had given up the idea of taking orders. He had destroyed the craft in which he had embarked on the sea of life, and was

trying to construct a new one on the island of his speculations. In his lectures he most carefully avoided the use of customary ecclesiastical expressions in portraying spiritual life. But, as we have seen in his diary, he addresses himself to God, and consoles himself with His love when friends were taken from him. And it was not merely an adoption of ordinary usage, for in his heart he believed in God, clung to Him, and stretched out the arms of aspiration towards Him. But God seemed to him so far above all human comprehension, that he avoided speaking of Him in his teaching, and spoke only of those revelations, which appeared to him the safest and clearest, the moral government of the world, and the moral law which exists in the mind of man.

He had a strong conviction of the existence of a divine life in man, and his doctrine was entirely opposed to materialism. It could not be said of him that he denied that God had an existence, but he expressed no decided opinion on the subject, considering that Infinity was beyond the power of man's finite judgment. He said, "The moral law which lives and acts is God. We want no other, and can comprehend no other."

It must be admitted that this is a very dry and barren doctrine, and the Christian will reply, "*I do* want another God. I want a God who is heart to heart, who speaks to me as a father, and to whom I can speak as a child; and *I can* apprehend another God, for I can apprehend His appearance in the flesh."

We shall discover once more in Fichte's case that philosophy is ever seeking, but fails to find, that of which those who believe in revelation are in possession. But the great gulf between Fichte's doctrines at this time and those of the Bible must not lead us to join in the charge of atheism against him.

The accusation was made, not by his own government, but by that of Electoral Saxony. In a philosophical paper that he edited, Fichte admitted an article by another philosopher which concluded with a doubt of the existence of God; and in an article of his own in the same number he did not, to ordinary understandings at least, combat it with sufficient plainness.

He was therefore denounced, and, as usual, without full understanding of his doctrines; and it was demanded that measures should be taken by the government of the Duchy against so dangerous a person. The government, of which Goethe was a member, wished to hush the matter up. But this was not congenial to Fichte's independent, or, as many thought it, defiant nature; he was never willing to sacrifice an internal good to an external one, and the contrast of this disposition to Goethe's sublime calmness widened the breach. He received his dismissal in 1799 in spite of the wishes of the students that he should remain, and the danger that threatened the university in consequence of his leaving. The students had a medal struck with his likeness, in order to show their attachment to him.

He was therefore obliged to leave Jena, and as a residence in Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt was refused him in consequence of the influence of the government of Weimar, he left his wife and child for a time, and went in July, 1799, to Berlin, where he was permitted to remain in peace. Frederic William III. is said to have replied, when permission was asked for Fichte to reside there, "If, as I hear, Fichte is a peaceful citizen, and not connected with any dangerous associations, I am quite willing that he should live in my dominions. It is not the business of the State to pronounce upon his religious views." Or, according to another report, "If it be true that he is at enmity with God, God can arrange that matter with him; it is nothing to me."

Fichte amply requited the king for his good will. Whatever may be thought of his doctrines, it is impossible not to admire his moral character. He wrote calmly to his wife from Berlin, "You see, my dear, I look at it in this way. I did not wish to have a reprimand, so I resigned; this was my own affair; I think it was quite right, and do not repent it in the least, and should do the same thing over again.

"That they accepted the resignation is their affair; that they did not strictly adhere to form is also their affair, not mine. I am not angry with them; I have had my own way. I did not

wish to have a reprimand, and have not had it. The resignation will not make me unhappy."

And at another time, when his wife had told him the lies that were circulated about him, he wrote, "Tell me, now, is it the first time that we have been slandered, and are not those slanders blown over? Now there are some new ones! They will blow over like the others. Perhaps, then, there will be some more, but at last, when we are better known, people will get tired of it. I will bet you whatever you like that in ten years' time I shall be revered and valued by all the German public. This is only the first mighty opposition to the powerful effect I have produced, and which can no longer be denied. It must be gone through; I shall not shun the conflict, and shall come out victorious."

This is still the language of moral consciousness, not that of faith which says, "By the grace of God I am what I am." But submission to conscience is next to submission to grace; and the more earnestly a man strives to fulfil the moral law, the more surely will it be a schoolmaster to bring him to Christ. In Berlin, Fichte brought his doctrine to completion, and religion appears both as the root and the fruit of it. He employed his leisure in writing his work on the 'Destiny of Man,' which was published in 1800. About the end of the previous year he wrote to his wife, "In working at the present treatise I have examined religion more closely than before. My heart is only affected when I can see with perfect clearness, but it could not fail to be touched when I had attained it. Believe me this frame of mind has a great deal to do with my cheerfulness, and with the calmness with which I bear the injustice of my adversaries. I do not believe that I should ever have attained to it but for this unfortunate dispute; and so results have followed from what has befallen me that neither you nor I would wish to dispense with."

He had no official position in Berlin; but always anxious to work upon the minds of his countrymen, he was not content with authorship and the friendship of distinguished men, but gathered around him a select audience to whom he gave private

lectures. They were attended by high State officials, learned men, officers, and citizens. In this way he employed his talents, until in the spring of 1805 he was appointed professor of philosophy at the university of Erlangen, but with the agreement that he was to lecture there in the summer, and return in winter to Berlin. But he only held the professorship one summer at Erlangen, being prevented from returning there by the public events of 1806.

We are now arrived at the point where we shall fulfil our intention of describing Fichte's labours for the regeneration of the German people, for which the foregoing sketch has prepared the way.

In the winter of 1804-5 he gave lectures on the 'Principal Characteristics of the Present Age.' In these his newly attained religious views were first clearly expressed. They are far enough from ecclesiastical orthodoxy or biblical theology; but whoever has convinced himself of the futility of the doctrines then taught by both the supernatural and rationalistic schools, and has seen that theology required to be renewed from its foundations if it was to infuse new life into Christendom, will rejoice at any attempt at such renovation, which proceeded from profound thought and rigid conscientiousness, even if he is not satisfied with the results. Fichte's discourses held, as it were, the mirror of repentance before the age. From the heights of philosophical speculation, he surveys the past and future development of the human race.

He declares it to be the aim of man's earthly life to arrange everything according to the principles of reason, and divides the course of the human race into five epochs.

Whatever may be thought of this theory, it was at any rate of great practical import that he described the time then passing as belonging to the third epoch, as an age which had emancipated itself from the dominion of reason, as an age of absolute indifference to all truth, of unbridled liberty, and therefore of a measure of iniquity filled up. A call to repentance was mingled with this, such as had not been heard for a long time.

"This epoch," said Fichte, with philosophic irony, "has this

great advantage over the age of knowledge, that it knows everything without having learnt anything, and can pass judgment upon all that comes before it without troubling itself about any previous opinions.

“As far as morality is concerned, in the present age, virtue consists in advancing one’s own interests, adding, perhaps for the sake of appearance, those of other people when they do not interfere with your own; and vice consists in want of success. It is maintained, and even proved, for when people are ignorant of all that is noble, there will never be any difficulty in finding bad motives for everything, that no one ever lived who ever acted on any other motive than his own interest; and he who *does* appear to act from any other will be despised as ignorant of the world. As for religion, it is treated as a mere question of happiness, intended to teach us that we must be moderate in our pleasures if we wish to prolong the power of enjoyment. The only necessity for a God is that He may look after our interests. Whatever is spared of the supernatural part of any existing system of religion, will owe the honour to its being supposed to be useful for controlling the common people, for the educated do not require it, and it is looked upon as a sort of complement to the police system and the tribunals of justice. In a word, the present age has attained to the sublime conviction that reason, and whatever is above the sphere of sensuous experience, is the invention of those idle creatures whom men call philosophers.”

If knowledge of the disease is the first condition necessary for a cure, this unsparing disclosure of the ills from which Germany was suffering must have been a blessing. Far as Fichte was from attaining to biblical truth, he had grasped the idea that man will not find salvation in self-seeking, but in willingness to sacrifice himself for the good of all. In another place he says, “Religion reveals to man the signification of the eternal law which influences the free and noble in the form of duty, and the ignoble as the law of nature. The religious man apprehends this law, feels it to be a living principle within him, the law of the development of life. With inexpressible love

and rapture, his eye perceives the source of all life, and it flows onward with him in perpetual streams. What the moral man calls law and duty is to him the natural fruit of life, the element in which he breathes most freely. He wishes for nothing else, all else is to him death and damnation. For him the imperative 'Thou shalt' is not needed; he neither will nor can do otherwise than obey it. As morality requires no external law, religion requires no internal one. The lawgiver in our breasts is silent, for the will, the tastes, and the affections are impregnated with it. The moral man often finds it difficult to do his duty, for he has to sacrifice his strongest inclinations and feelings. But he does it, it must be so, and he suppresses his feelings and controls his grief. He must not even allow himself to ask, why this conflict between the inclinations which have been implanted within him and the requirements of the law; he must submit in silence, for then only is submission genuine. For the religious man this question is solved. This principle which struggles and will not die is an imperfect life, but life still; but it must be renounced if a nobler principle is to take its place. The religious man says to himself, 'These inclinations which must be given up are not my inclinations, they are opposed to my nobler being, they are foes which cannot be conquered too soon. The pain which I feel is not really mine, it is the pain of a nature that is my sworn enemy. They are not the agonies of death, but the throes of a new birth which will be glorious beyond all my expectations!'

“Religion raises her devotee above time, and above all that will pass away, and puts him into possession of eternity. His eye rests in the contemplation of the divine life, and his love is rooted in it. He is raised far above all fear of perishing in death, and all anxiety to find proofs of the immortality of the soul. He is already in possession of eternal life with all its blessedness, and he does not require ingenious proofs of what he sees and feels. It is a most striking proof that the knowledge of true religion has been very rare among men, and is not contained in the various systems, that eternal blessedness has always been postponed to the other side of the grave, and that

no one has conceived that any one who will, can possess it at once. At the beginning of this discourse we have stated that the test of all that is great and noble in man, must be his willingness to sacrifice himself for the good of his species, his readiness to labour for it, to suffer and to die. The only true nobility of man, the highest idea of which he has any conception, is religion ; but religion is not an external thing—she perfects the inward man, she is light and truth in the soul. When man possesses her, the actions will be right without effort, for truth can only act in accordance with truth. It is no longer any sacrifice to act rightly, it is the natural expression of the highest inward blessedness.”

The religious views which were first expressed in the ‘Lectures on the Characteristics of the Present Age,’ are more clearly defined in his ‘Way to the Blessed Life,’ called also, ‘The Doctrines of Religion,’ lectures delivered in 1806. Although we cannot help ascribing to both a great influence in awakening the religious spirit with which thousands entered into the conflicts of the following years, we must not forbear to point out the errors of Fichte’s doctrines. While the philosopher seems to hold in one hand the precious gifts of revelation, he still grasps in the other his system of thought which is so opposed to it.

A correct idea of sin is the first essential point in religious knowledge. No one will doubt that Fichte acknowledged the existence of sin, since he described his own time as that of a measure of iniquity filled up ; but he did not recognise it as enmity to God arising from the fact of the Fall of the father of the human race from his allegiance to God, but considered rather that the divine life in individuals had become enfeebled. Like Novalis in one of his hymns, Fichte speaks of an “illusion of sin.” The attainment of the divine life, therefore, seemed to him, not to depend upon a reconciliation with God, but upon a resolution of the will. He did indeed believe that there had never been, before or since, such a union of the human and divine as there was in Christ, but it was to him a historical fact, not a metaphysical necessity. He would have considered

it possible for a person to attain to such purity by mere resolve. Because he does not regard sin as a great gulf separating man from God, he will hear nothing of redemption, and rejects the doctrines of St. Paul as fettered by Judaism. When St. John speaks of the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," and of the blood that cleanseth us from sin, the idea conveyed to his mind is not, "His blood shed for the remission of sins, but his blood, his life, his spirit within us."

He places but little value on those passages of the Bible which are merely moral. It is only in St. John the Evangelist that he discovers the truth which agrees with the results of his own investigations. What then was the relative good in Fichte's doctrines amidst so much serious error? It chiefly consisted in his ascribing to religion a power to pervade the life of man. Kant and his followers had lowered religion by their one-sided attention to morality. They attached a pre-eminent value to such portions of the Bible as the Sermon on the Mount. Fichte, on the contrary, adopting the mysticism of St. John, again proclaimed religion to be a life in God. He says, "The veil will be taken away when thou takest religion as thy standpoint, the world and its corrupt principles will vanish, and the Godhead will enter into thee in its original form of life, as thy life itself, the life that thou oughtest to live and wilt live. In all that a holy man does and loves, God is no longer only shadowed forth or veiled, He exists in all the fulness of life. Dost thou long to see God as He is face to face? Do not seek Him behind the clouds, thou canst find Him where thou art. Look at the life of one who has given himself up to Him and thou wilt behold Him, give thyself to Him and thou wilt find Him in thy own breast."

Fichte goes far beyond Kant's morality, but makes morality more closely dependent on religion. "Real and true religion does not consist in views and contemplation, in brooding over devotional thoughts; it is necessarily practical. It consists in the inward conviction that God really lives and acts in us, and will perfect this work. Religion is not devout dreaming, and,

above everything, not an independent thing distinct from all our other affairs, which can be carried on at particular days and hours ; it is the internal spirit which pervades and animates all the thoughts and actions which would otherwise pursue uninterruptedly their natural course.

In such words as these Fichte described the essence of religion in a much more attractive manner than was common at the time, and the affection with which the philosopher speaks of Christ may be regarded as a hopeful sign. One is not disposed to regard with so much severity the philosophic conceit that man can attain to what Christ possessed, when one hears the acknowledgment that no man has been like Christ before or since, and that all are dependent upon Him for their knowledge of religion. Fichte says, "Undoubtedly an insight into the absolute unity of human existence with the divine is the highest knowledge to which man can aspire. It never existed before the time of Jesus, and since, as far as we know, up to this time the knowledge of it has been lost. How did Jesus attain to this insight ? It is no miracle that anybody should be able to understand the truth after it was discovered, but that he who was distinguished from all before or after him by being the only possessor of this insight should have attained it, is a stupendous miracle. And in this sense it is true that Jesus of Nazareth, in a manner in which no one can approach Him, is the only begotten and first-born son of God, and that in every age in which men are capable of understanding Him, He must be acknowledged to be so."

Notwithstanding the pertinacity with which he maintains that the philosopher could discover the same truths independently of Christianity, and would have at any rate a more logical and clearer view of them than was common at that time, he acknowledges that our religious views are dependent on Christianity. He says, "And thus the second article of the Christian faith, that all those who have attained to union with God since the time of Jesus have only attained it through Him, is also indisputably true ; and to the end of time all intelligent people will bow the knee to this Jesus of Nazareth ; and the

more independent they are, the more humbly they will acknowledge the surpassing glory of this great appearance."

And it is not only as an object of admiration, while shrinking from the consequences of it, that Fichte represents Christ.

"To eat His flesh and drink His blood, means to become entirely and thoroughly like Him, to be changed without reserve into His image—to repeat His personality—to enter into transubstantiation with Him. As He was the eternal Word transformed into flesh and blood, it means so to be changed into His flesh and blood, and what is, therefore, the same thing, to become like the eternal Word itself; to think entirely as He thought, as if He was thinking and not we, to live entirely as He lived, as if He was living in our stead."

Doubtless the way to the attainment of the divine life has been much more clearly pointed out than by Fichte's method, as above described, because more simply in accordance with the Word of God, but that his views were a blessing to Germany resulted from the pitiful religious state of the country. He introduced a request to his hearers to be sometimes allowed to make use of Scriptural expressions with these words, "I am well aware that it is impossible nowadays to enter any circle of educated men, even if not very numerous, without meeting with individuals to whom the mention of Jesus, or the use of Scriptural expressions is unpleasant, and excites the suspicion that the speaker is either a hypocrite or a narrow-minded simpleton." And it was in the minds of such a generation as this that Fichte strove to kindle the sparks of a new life with all the enthusiasm of one commissioned by God.

We give one more extract in which he shows that the love which aspires to God also embraces its fellow-men, though it is not with the sensuous happiness of man that true love concerns itself.

"Having regained his life in God, man will regard it with affection, but, apart from God, he hates it, for his love for the one presupposes his hatred for the other. The effect of perceiving what man may be, is to call forth righteous indignation at all that is unworthy and dishonourable. Knowing that he

has only to stretch out his hand to take what is ever within his reach, and which would at once make him blessed, he is overcome with melancholy and bitter grief. He never gives up striving to ennoble his fellow-men, and therefore never gives up hope. As often as he is repulsed and fails in his object, he is driven back into himself to draw from the inexhaustible springs of love new zeal and love and means. He looks past the present into the future. At last—and where will the end be?—everything will be safe in the secure haven of everlasting rest and peace. At last, the divine kingdom must appear in might and power and glory.”

It is related of Arndt's ‘True Christianity’ that this book and his ‘Paradies Gärtlein’ were often miraculously preserved from the hands of the Roman Catholics in the Thirty Years’ War. Such stories, at any rate, indicate the value placed upon the book. Something similar is told of Fichte's ‘Doctrines of Religion.’ A Prussian volunteer jäger, Friedrich Wilhelm Schulze, according to the account which he wrote to his “Father Fichte,” owed his life to this book. He wrote, “I had in my shako that excellent work ‘The Doctrines of Religion,’ which has been my inseparable companion during the campaign. I threw myself into the midst of the murderous bullets, and received one in the crown of my shako, where my book, intended as a moral defence, served as a physical shield, for it received it between its leaves, and prevented it from giving me anything more than a stunning shock, though it would, doubtless, otherwise have been fatal. It was also especially striking to me that the bullet struck at the passage, p. 249: ‘For everything that happens to him is the will of God, and therefore the best thing that can possibly happen.’”

Nothing could more clearly indicate the deep impression made on the young soldier by Fichte's writings than this circumstance, and it vindicates our right to place him among the renovators of religious life in the wars of 1813 and 1814.

When Prussia rose against Napoleon, Fichte was anxious not to be behind any one in love to his country.

He regretted that it was not the custom of the time for a

philosopher to take part in the war, like Æschylus or Cervantes, but he hoped to be able to animate the troops by his patriotic eloquence, and petitioned the King to allow him to be at headquarters and to grant him opportunity for the exercise of his gifts. The King refused the unheard-of request, and hoped that he would have an opportunity of celebrating with his eloquence the glories of victory. Fichte submitted, and showed his zeal by expending large sums of money for the necessities of the war. But it was soon grievously evident that he was not to celebrate victory, but that all his courage would be required to enable him to keep others from despair. After the entry of the French into Berlin he followed the King to Königsberg, not to escape danger, but in order to be where Prussia was, and to be able to work for her restoration. When peace was concluded between Prussia and France, and things appeared to be in a manner settled, he returned in deep dejection to Berlin. "God's ways were not our ways this time," he said, "I thought the German nation must be preserved, but, behold, it is extinguished."

But Fichte's hopes were not extinguished. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

He took courage, and endeavoured to inspire his countrymen with it in the 'Discourses to the German Nation,' which he delivered in the winter of 1807-8 at Berlin, often disturbed by the noise of French trumpets and watched by French spies.

The delivery of these Discourses, which were a challenge to the oppressed, within hearing of the oppressor, to throw off his fetters, was Fichte's most heroic deed; and the valour of it is not diminished by the fact that the French, in their contempt for German ideology, did not recognise the danger of it. One of Fichte's aims in the Discourses was to promote the regeneration of the nation by recommending a better system of education. Mme. de Staël called the remedy a very tedious one. But Fichte showed his faith in the immortality of the German mind by not rejecting a method for its improvement, because its effect would be slow. And if the people of that day could devote themselves to no more holy task than to preparing the

way for the restoration of their country to liberty by training a wiser generation, they were not, in so doing, forestalling the acts of God. And when He did at length interpose, the seed that had been sown sprang up and bore fruit. A new generation had indeed arisen, not only of youths grown into men, but of men who had been imbued with new principles. We can neither ignore the effect produced by Fichte's Discourses upon education, nor entirely approve his methods. The fundamental error which we recognised in his religious views also affects his opinions on education. It is the delusion concerning the natural goodness of man, the aversion to the doctrine of universal sinfulness.

His own moral energy and heroic will bear him on eagles' wings above the mists of sensuousness and self-seeking to a purer air; the dread of inducing total indifference in the minds of a people already sunk so low, by teaching them the doctrines of inherited sinfulness, prevented him from duly estimating the doctrines of the Bible. He forgot that the same teaching which proclaims the bondage of the human will, also announces its freedom; that those who have most humbly acknowledged their ruined state have been those who have most brightly reflected the light divine; that Christianity, which asserts the sinfulness of the human race, also recognises in it the image of God, which will again shine forth in the sun of His grace, when disencumbered of the rubbish in which it now lies buried. Agreeing with Rousseau in his denial of the doctrine of original sin, he made a proposition similar to his for removing the youth entirely from that corrupt generation; only that the German philosopher, instead of proposing the isolation of each pupil, which would have an obvious tendency to promote selfishness, recommended that all the youth should form a community, under the care of those few who had not fallen victims to the corrupt spirit of the age. The fundamental error of this plan, besides that it ignores the value of family life, is the delusion that youth might be infallibly preserved from corruption by this isolation.

But we are willing to overlook this accusation, and many

others which can be brought against Fichte's views, and to express our conviction, which grows with every reperusal of his Discourses, that no such words had been addressed to the people since the days of Luther,—so penetrated with ardent patriotism, combined with so deep a sense of the evils which had befallen the nation.

Repentance, faith, and love are the remedies which he prescribes. It seemed to him that the spirit of Germany, of her past and of her future, was speaking to the assembled nation by means of his voice ; and it was fearlessly addressed to young and old, to the learned and unlearned, and not the least boldly to the princes of Germany.

Those who can see no connection between the spirit of his addresses and the spirit of the Reformation, must see it in the enthusiasm with which he speaks of Luther, and in his thorough appreciation of his works. He says, “In refined culture, in antiquarian learning, and many other advantages, he was surpassed, not only by foreigners, but by many of his own nation. But he was seized by an all-powerful impulse, anxiety about eternal salvation, and it became the life of his life, outweighed every other consideration, and gave him the power and the gifts which are the admiration of posterity. Others may have had worldly purposes to serve by the Reformation, but they never would have prevailed if they had not been headed by a leader who was inspired by things eternal. That one who felt that the salvation of immortal souls was at stake should go fearlessly forward, and brave all the devils of hell, is only natural, and no miracle at all. It is only an evidence of German earnestness of purpose.”

And it was with this earnestness of purpose that Fichte wished to inspire his countrymen.

“When, notwithstanding a deep conviction of the hopelessness of improving this generation, we yet continue to labour to improve it,—when the seed is sown in the sweat of the brow, without any prospect of a harvest,—when good is done to the unthankful,—when blessings are bestowed on those who curse us, in the full knowledge that they will curse,—when, after

manifold failures, we continue to labour on in faith and love,—it is not morality only that is the moving spring; it is religion, submission to a higher and to us mysterious law, silent humility before God, love for His life in us, which has been almost quenched, but which must be preserved alive if everything else perish.”

Filled with love for his country and with faith in the power of the divine spirit, he quoted the prophet's vision of the dry bones, and exclaimed, “Let the elements of our higher spiritual life be ever so dried up, and the bonds of national unity torn asunder and scattered abroad in wild confusion, like the dry bones in the vision,—let them have been bleached for centuries by rain and wind, and dried by the burning sun,—the vivifying breath of the spiritual world has not ceased to blow; it will reanimate the dry bones of our national body, and join them one to another, so that it shall live again in all its glory.”

Fichte continued to exert his utmost powers in this manner as long as he lived. A new door was opened to him by the establishment of the university of Berlin, which arose out of the conviction, so in accordance with his own, that Prussia must endeavour to make up for loss of territory by increase of mental strength. Fichte was invited to propose plans for the new institution, and when opened, he was its most eminent professor. He was soon elected rector of the university, and, as at Jena, he endeavoured to influence the moral character of the students.

Amidst these labours the time of bondage passed over, and the year of liberty arrived. When the king published his appeal to the people, Fichte discontinued his lectures: He would not detain the young men from the conflict when all available strength was wanted for the country, neither could he have maintained the composure necessary for his work when his whole soul was engrossed with the fate of his country.

Not deterred by his want of success in 1806, he again proposed to endeavour to animate the army by his eloquence. He wished to preach the Bible and Christianity, not to make them a text-book of morality, but to draw lessons of life and love

from their spirit. He had no wish to supplant the army chaplain, but longed to use the talent which he possessed for the good of his country.

But it was not, this time either, considered practicable to permit him to carry out his wish; and he therefore endeavoured to do in a narrower sphere what he could not do for the nation. He joined the militia. Still in the summer of 1813 a number of students flocked to him, and he delivered lectures to them, in which the deepest springs of Napoleon's character and deeds were portrayed in a masterly manner. When, in the autumn, Germany reaped the fruit of her exertions in the victory of Leipzig, and the army soon afterwards marched across the Rhine, Fichte felt his youth renewed for his winter academical labours. He seemed to have attained to new light, and to work with fresh vigour.

But the time was drawing near when he was to quit the scene of his earthly labours; he was to be taken from his country in the full vigour of manhood, in order that we might retain him in our remembrance, with strength unimpaired, energy unbroken, and ardour unquenched.

As we have seen in the memoir of the Princess William, the war had found abundant work for women's hands. Fichte's wife had from the beginning joined the Ladies' Association, which was first occupied in helping to equip the volunteers, and afterwards in tending the wounded and dying. She was indefatigable in the Lazarettos, and especially interested herself in many young men who now lay sick and wounded, unable to communicate with their parents. Many a dim eye brightened once more at the pious and consoling words spoken by this devoted woman, and to many a mother she sent the last wishes of her dying son. After leaving the Lazaretto, worn out with fatigue, she would go about the city to collect funds for the relief of the sick. In consequence of her great exertions, she was attacked, in the beginning of January, 1814, with typhus fever, and it seemed as if recovery was hopeless. On the day of the crisis of the fever, Fichte tore himself from her sick-bed to deliver a lecture; and such was his self-control that he

soared for two hours into the realms of the most abstruse thought. As he left the lecture-room, the image of his dying wife, perhaps already dead, again took possession of his soul. He found that the illness had taken a turn, which gave room for hope. Full of gratitude to God, and affection to his wife, as it seemed, restored to him, he bent over her, and probably at that moment caught the infection.

The next day he lectured again, but his resolute will was obliged to submit to the will of God ; he was struck down with fever, and was soon unconscious. In one of the latest moments of consciousness he heard from his son that Blücher had crossed the Rhine, and of the rapid progress that the allies were making in France. It was the last joy that he shared on earth, and it was so intermixed with the fantasies of delirium, that he fancied he was taking part in the conflict. When his son was once more bringing medicine to his bedside, shortly before his death, he said, in a tone of the deepest affection, "Never mind that, I do not want any more medicine ; I feel that I have recovered." And he did soon after recover, for on the evening of the 27th of January, 1814, his noble head was laid low in death. One of his successors, in the philosophical chair of Jena, has said of him, "There is something in his death which reminds us of that hero of antiquity who was drawing the arrow from his wound as he heard that his people were victorious: 'Thou diest, Epaminondas, and leavest us no sons.' 'But I leave to you two immortal daughters,—the victories of Leuctra and Mantinea!'"

Fichte was taken home when his mission to his country was fulfilled, but not without leaving sons whose minds he had trained for us, as well as the son after the flesh, who, under the pious care of his mother, grew up to be worthy of his father ; and who afterwards portrayed for us his father's character. It is from this Memoir that we have borrowed the traits which we have presented to our readers, with the purpose of showing what Fichte was to his countrymen.

We will only add that this patriotic hero was exemplary as the head of a household. He taught his son with the greatest

patience, and with the most lively interest. And at the close of the labours of the day he was accustomed to do what his spurious disciples are not fond of relating. Wife and child and servants were assembled, and the day closed with solemn worship. Some verses of a hymn having been sung, accompanied on the piano, the master expounded a passage or a chapter from the New Testament, generally from his favourite St. John ; or when domestic circumstances called for it, he spoke words of admonition or consolation. But his purpose was not so much to give special rules or to make moral applications, as to purify the spirit from the distracting influences of the common occupations of life, and to raise it to things eternal.

He who believes that Christianity does not consist only in correct doctrines, but also in putting in practice the new principles which Christ brought into the world, will not hesitate to class Fichte with those who promoted the revival of religion in the war of independence.

We may be repulsed by the pertinacity with which he rejected some of the doctrines of Christianity, but we can but feel attracted to him when we observe with what power and purity he embraced and acted upon the Christian truth, that "He that loveth his life shall lose it, but he that hateth his life shall receive it unto life eternal."*

* 'Fichte's Leben und Literarischer Briefwechsel, von seinem Sohne, J. H. Fichte ; Leipzig, 1862 : ' und das von dem Enkel Ed. Fichte herausgegebene Buch, 'Johann Gottlieb Fichte, Lichtstrahlen aus seinen Worten und Briefen nebst einem Lebensabriss ; Leipzig, 1863.' The quotations from Fichte's works are from the latter.

CHAPTER IX.

ERNST MORITZ ARNDT.

NO one is more worthy to take his place next to Fichte than Ernst Moritz Arndt. Much as they differed in their course, and especially in the use they made of the Word of God, yet they were alike in the faith that, as the expression of the will and of the Spirit of God, it has a wonderful influence in imparting fresh life to a benumbed people; and they were one in their entire devotion to their country. Arndt sat at the feet of Fichte at Jena, derived inspiration from his influence, and ever retained a grateful remembrance of him.

In the year 1812, when Arndt had met his hero Stein, at St. Petersburg, and had been most cordially received by him, he wrote, "Touched and excited by the bearing, the manners, and the conversation of this noble man, I retired to my little chamber. I was seized with a fit of musing on reminiscences and resemblances; it possessed me still more on the following day, until what I was trying to remember suddenly came into my head, and I exclaimed, Fichte! yes, my dear old Fichte, it is you to the very life; the same closely knit frame, the same forehead which sometimes looked so beaming and benevolent. Both had the same powerful nose, only with this difference, that in Fichte this mighty member appeared as if it was still seeking an object to attack, and in Stein as if it had already found it. Both could be very agreeable, Stein much the more agreeable of the two; there was a deep earnestness in both, and sometimes a fearful severity in their glance, occasionally much greater in the son of the German baron than in the son of the weaver of Lausitz."

We have elsewhere portrayed in detail the life and character of Arndt, and to this we may refer our readers.* It is our purpose here only to delineate some of his more striking features, and to show that he was of the number of those who, during the time of the deepest humiliation of Germany, predicted her restoration on account of the mission assigned to her by God, and who taught that Christian faith was indispensable to this restoration.

Arndt was born at Schoritz, in the island of Rügen, on the 26th of December, 1769. The memories of his childhood were therefore connected with this curious island, whose moors, rocks, and bays, connected as they were with mysterious ancient sagas, must have exercised a powerful influence on his childish dreams. Rügen belonged at that time to Sweden; his father was Swedish, and it was to Sweden that the son's inclination early led him.

The depth and vigour of the northern races, as well as their fanciful sagas and legends, contributed their share to the formation of Arndt's character, in which earnestness and power were combined with the most delightful humour, and in whose writings the most vigorous eloquence is tempered with delicate wit.

His parents were of peasant race. His father, the son of a shepherd serf, was freed by his master, and had risen to the rank of a farmer; his mother was the daughter of a small inn-keeper and farmer. Thus while ancient families die out and decay, men of vigorous powers are constantly springing up from among the people. Luther, Fichte, and Scharnhorst rose from their ranks to be their leaders; so also did Arndt. As under the ancient covenant, Moses, David, and Amos were called from tending their flocks to be shepherds of men, so did Ernst Moritz Arndt, during his association with shepherds in his early youth, hear and see the voice and power of God in the sunset and sunrise, in the rushing of the wind among the

* 'Ernst Moritz Arndt's Leben, Thaten und Meinungen; ein Buch für das Deutsche Volk, von Wilhelm Baur. Hamburg, Agentur des Rauhen Hauses.'

oak-trees, and in the roaring of the waves of the sea. It must not, however, be forgotten that his parents, more cultivated themselves than might have been expected from their origin, did not allow their children to be engrossed in the labours and pleasures of the field, but gave them higher aims. Their education was strict, according to the custom of the time, but it is less to be attributed to that, than to the peculiarity of their father, that so much attention was paid to hardening their bodies. The long journeys on foot that Arndt was able to take, the hardships that he underwent, and the ninety years which were his portion, must be attributed to the early control of the mind over the body to which he was accustomed. With this physical training was combined a careful cultivation of the mind and heart. Neither his father nor his tutor probably exercised so much influence upon Arndt as his pious mother, with her lovely blue eyes, her open brow, her clear well-regulated mind, and warm heart. Arndt read the Bible through with her three or four times while yet a boy, and often sat up with her far into the night while they read together the spiritual songs of the Lutheran Church.

He gave evidence of what his mother had taught him in his answers at the public examinations in the catechism, and he attended the services of the church, both from the example of his parents and for his own gratification. Arndt's influence in the renovation of the nation was no doubt greatly enhanced through his early familiarity with the national Church and religion. But while his heart was thus early made susceptible to divine grace, his mind was also opened to the fantastic realms of fancy. He wove into wonderful stories for his brothers and sisters what he heard among the peasantry, and in old age they still haunted him in his sleep, like delightful dreams of childhood.

When he was older he came under the exciting influences of German poetry. The impressions of his father's house were not effaced either at the Gymnasium at Stralsund, nor at the universities of Greifswald and Jena. He remained true to himself, and to his determination to make the body the willing

instrument of the spirit, and therefore he resisted all temptation to waste his powers in debasing vices, and strove earnestly to attain the highest aims of life. In one point the youth may have deviated from the intentions of more childish years. His childlike faith was influenced by the searching test of reason to which it was everywhere subjected, and he gave up the idea of being a preacher after he had preached a few times with "*éclat* and approbation." But he afterwards returned to the faith of his early years, and became a preacher, not to a single congregation but to the whole German nation, a preacher, not only of liberty from the tyranny of a foreign despot, but of the "glorious liberty of the children of God."

At the university, Arndt, like Fichte, gave more attention to languages, philosophy, and history than to theology.

The superficial manner in which divine truth was handled by rationalism was probably not attractive to him: it is known that he was deterred from becoming a clergyman by the base practices through which the fat livings of Rügen were obtained.

His strongest inclination was for the historical study of national life, for which a knowledge of languages is necessary. After spending some years as a candidate, first in his father's house, and then in the house of a friend, learning as well as teaching, in 1798 he set out on his travels.

He travelled through Germany—stayed three months at Vienna, walked through Hungary, thence went to Italy, where the war prevented his going further than Tuscany, proceeded to Marseilles; spent the summer of 1799 in Paris, and returned home in the autumn. He then settled down at the university of Greifswald, in Pomerania. In March, 1800, he passed with honour the examination which was necessary to obtain permission to give lectures; his public disputations were also very successful. When he had taken his degrees of M.A. and Doctor of Philosophy, he was authorised to teach philology and history, and began his lectures in the summer of 1800. About the same time he brought home his bride, but his happiness in his first marriage was of very short duration, for the son who was born to him in the summer of 1801 cost his wife her life.

Arndt lectured on the Revolutions of Europe from the time of Charles VIII. of France, till the death of Louis XIV., also upon the Dialogues of Lucian, and had some private Latin classes. History and the languages were the principal subjects of his lectures as long as he was an academical teacher at Greifswald. In December, 1810, he was appointed to be an assistant of the philosophical faculty, "with a salary of one hundred dollars, twenty dollars for rent, twenty fathoms of wood, and six thousand pieces of turf." He was elected professor extraordinary in 1806, having meanwhile resided for a year in Stockholm. When the French were approaching in the autumn of 1806, Arndt, who had already made himself known by his writings as a true German, deemed it prudent to get out of the way of the enemy, having no inclination "to be taken prisoner by the foreigners, and to be shot like a mad dog." He again went to Stockholm, found occupation, and kept quiet until provoked by the admiration of the Swedes for the French. When in the year 1809 hope was dawning for Germany, when Austria was aroused, when the sound of Hofer's rifles were resounding in the Tyrol, when Schill projected his bold enterprise, the ground burnt under his feet, and he returned to Germany. He went first, as his parents were dead, to his brother's estate of Trantow. Thence he paid a visit to Berlin, and was introduced by his friend George Reimer to the circle of brave men who were inciting their countrymen to rise against the French.

After his return in May, 1810, as France had made peace with Sweden, he was again included among the professors at Greifswald, from the lists of whom he had been struck out by Marshal Soult in 1808. But meanwhile he had published his political opinions, and was so completely identified with the political conflicts of the time that the university, in its quiet course, was frightened at his powerful discourses. On the 7th of October, 1810, he intended to give an address on the king's birthday, but there was so much previous whispering about it that he did not deliver it, and it was first printed in his collected works in 1847, as a 'Hopeful Discourse in the year 1810.' A

discussion on some theses put forward by him was also prevented from taking place. We may observe Arndt's truly German character in these Latin theses. "Nothing," he says, "could be more painful and ruinous to us than the founding of a so-called Universal Empire. The peace which it promises would be more dangerous than eternal war. Such an empire must be feared by every one, no philosopher can approve of it, and by Christians it must be abhorred." And again: "A certain modern system of alliances is lauded as the best means of safety to the world. We are of opinion that it is not an alliance that is meant by it, but bondage under its name." The allusion is plain to Napoleon's project of universal monarchy, and to the Confederation of the Rhine. Arndt required a larger sphere of labour than that of the little university; and in August, 1811, he asked for his dismissal. He received it with a testimonial to the commendable zeal and industry with which he had fulfilled his duties, and with the regrets of his colleagues. He went to Trantow, and afterwards to Berlin, to procure a passport for Russia; and when the French were advancing in 1812, he set out again for Berlin, Silesia, Bohemia, and, at last, to Russia, in order to offer his services, for the liberation of his country, to the Baron von Stein.

Before Arndt had been directly called to aid in this work in connection with Stein, he had had a powerful influence in stirring up the patriotism of the people to throw off the foreign yoke by means of his work on 'Germania and Europe,' published in the year 1802, and the first and second parts of 'The Spirit of the Age,' in 1806 and 1809. From the time when this, his first great political work, appeared at the beginning of this century, until the publication in 1854 of his 'Pro Popolo Germanico'—as the fifth part of the 'Spirit of the Age'—with the motto, "Sarò che fue, vivrò com' ho vivuto" ("What I was I shall be, and as I have lived I shall live"), he did indeed remain the same, steadfastly admonishing the German people to be true to themselves, and reiterating the truths on which he considered the salvation of his country to depend. In all his political writings, larger and smaller, his custom is to

express his deepest views on the subject of life in general, and political life in particular, then to place a historical view of the nations of Europe before the eye of the reader, to assign its right place to his own country, to call her unsparingly to repentance for her sins, and with the warmest enthusiasm to represent to her what she was capable of becoming. Never did there live a man to whom the sorrows of his country entered so like iron into his soul, or in whose heart a brighter flame of patriotism was kindled. He was like a conscience to his countrymen, and was deeply sensitive to whatever was for their weal or woe. He was like the watchman on the tower, giving notice of the approach of the enemy, and exhorting the people to resist him with all their might.

It was for an entire national renovation that Arndt was labouring; he considered that the whole head of his country was sick, and the whole heart faint; that no small reforms here and there would effect the object, but that the very foundations must be renewed. During the time of humiliation he wrote with courageous faith, "Why do you look so gloomily at me? Have I been delivering a funeral oration for my people and my country? Do you suppose I wish to do so? By no means. I had quite another end in view. It is better to look our evils in the face, that we may be the better able to meet them. He is a bad man who loses all hope. An old poet has said, 'Hope is for the living.' I say she is also for the dead. Old things must die in order to give place to the new. As we shall awake from the grave to a more glorious life, strength must spring out of destruction, and revenge from ignominy. Germans, my beloved brethren and countrymen, these are sad times, our misfortunes are great; we are covered with burning shame, although we have not deserved it; but all is not lost for him who does not despair. It is the privilege of lofty natures to grow in misfortune, to feel the fulness of their strength in times of urgent need, even to afford an example to others by the manner in which they perish. For a long time we have no longer been a nation; now the last semblance of our nationality is destroyed; but a brighter day may be dawning; now that we know that

we are nothing, perhaps we shall begin to be something. Mediocrity is the ruin of both individuals and peoples. When things are come to an extremity, salvation begins to appear. You are few and scattered, but you do not fear; the power of mind is immeasurable, and a noble will that wills the right can inflame the hearts of millions; it can break swords in pieces, and scatter the satellites of the tyrant."

In his "Germania and Europe" he points out that the greatest evil among his countrymen is an exaggerated spirituality. By this he means the substitution of a false idealism for the sober realities of life, the contempt of morality as a commonplace thing; in a word, the so-called enlightenment of the previous century. He does not overlook the purifying influence of this tendency, but he considers it to be incapable of producing anything new or great.

He meets with it in every sphere of life. It is to this that he ascribes the want of plain cultivation of the understanding in the education of youth, and the absence of noble impulses in the rising generation; that the holy impulses of our religion are lost sight of, and she has become a repulsive mixture of superstition and unbelief, which has given rise to fanaticism and gloomy mysticism, and that social life has degenerated into mere spiritless and commonplace intercourse. But what pains him most of all is that this fine-spun spirituality should seek to supplant patriotism, that it is willing to see Germany swallowed up in a universal empire, that the idea of a united German empire is sacrificed by some to cosmopolitanism, by others to those races who imagine themselves to be nations.

Arndt strove to counteract both these tendencies with all his might. Germany was infected with a spirit of cosmopolitanism during the last few years of the empire, because it offered too little prospect of promotion. Then Napoleon appeared, and gave himself out as a political Messiah for Germany, and the weakness which was unable to withstand him took refuge in the pretext of a political idea, and considered itself happy to form a part of the French Universal Monarchy. The Confederation of the Rhine was considered to be the first realisation of this

dazzling prospect, and some of the German States made the revolting attempt to secure promotion for themselves through the favour of Napoleon at the expense of the German empire. It was a disgrace that the submission which had been too often refused to the empire by some of the States was accorded to the French.

It is the great merit of Arndt that he directed his country to the sources whence she must look for renovation, and that he never despaired of her when the empire was dissolved, and Germany appeared to be nearly annihilated, and that he always laboured to keep before her view her peculiar gifts and calling.

He pointed out the bond of union she possessed in her language, lauded her manners and customs, and revived the memory of her heroes and their noble deeds.

With striking truth he lays bare our faults, and admonishes us with ardour and enthusiasm. The fervour of his patriotism warms the hearts of his readers, and we can but regret that, notwithstanding all the love which has been at length accorded to "Father Arndt," his powerful writings of the time of the war are now but little read.

It was only in connection with Christianity that he looked for the regeneration of his country.

But while at the beginning of his career as an author his religion is confined to the general expression of Christian sentiments, the calamities of the times urged him to an ever-increasing decision on the subject. Like Fichte and Schleiermacher, his childhood was passed under the influence of Christian faith, but the tender buds of youthful piety were nipped by the keen winds of modern liberalism; later, however, the ploughshares of divine chastisement turned his heart into a fertile soil, in which grace caused the seed of faith to grow. He belonged to the number of the elect who passed from ancient orthodoxy through the wilderness of unbelief and attained to new faith.

He had grown up in acquaintance with the Bible and hymn-book, and had had the advantage of preaching and catechetical

instruction in the church, but while at the university, the influence of his mother's teaching was supplanted by the prevailing opinions. . According to the ideas of that time, unbelief would have presented no obstacle to his being a theologian, but he was too honest to be a preacher of the faith which he did not hold.

In his 'Germania and Europe' there is a passage which gives us an insight into the history of his mind in youth. He is speaking of the influence of Rousseau in Germany, of the enlightenment which has robbed men of all religion in professing to give them something purer; he then continues: "There has never been more atheism in the world, from the palaces of France to the poorest huts of Germany, than from 1770 to 1790; for the notion that we possess God only in our own conceptions was atheism, and of the worst kind, for this doctrine could have no influence on the life. This God of the reason could have no effect upon the happiness or misery of man, He could not confirm him in anything that was good, but soared above his head in cold sublimity, while man groaned beneath his burdens and perished. I passed through an epoch like this myself; I prayed with fervour as a boy, as a youth I laughed and scoffed; may innocence and piety not be wanting to me in old age."

In these words we detect the longing for a life of faith; the prevailing enlightenment did not satisfy him, but the problem of life had not yet been solved for him by incarnate love; he had not yet attained, through faith in Christ, to see God in everything, and everything in God.

"I have my part in divinity, holiness, and immortality, but I do not see everything pervaded by them; they appear to me like distant lights, like foretastes of hours of blessedness, like powers which have but a feeble influence upon my understanding and daily walk. My heaven is above, my earth below, entirely separated, yet often blending. I know nothing, I do not affect to know, where I can only hope and believe, and I have always thought it the greatest folly to endeavour to lay bare the secrets of heavenly things that are above our ken. It

is this unwise practice which has driven religion and faith out of the world."

It was Arndt's desire neither to see religion degraded by bringing it down to too low a level, nor yet banished to the regions of pure reason. He could only find satisfaction in the message which proclaims that the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.* In the first part of the 'Spirit of the Age' we find the same longing of the soul for the fulness of divine life, but he had not yet attained to it. He gives it as his opinion that Romanism must fall, but accuses the Lutheran ministers of dishonesty, because they preach the faith they no longer believe.

"There is no longer any religion, any discipline, any enthusiasm in the Protestant world. It is a fearful state of things, which would have made us think, two hundred years ago, that the day of judgment was coming; and have we not had judgments enough? We cannot retrace our steps; those are in error who take refuge in Romanism; they will not find what they seek there. It is vain to try to return to the old faith; this enlightened generation can no longer enter into the spirit of that, for the last vestiges of it are vanishing in spite of all efforts to retain it. There is but one means of salvation; we must pass through the fires of death, in order to secure life."

In the second part of the 'Spirit of the Age' he points more clearly to religion, to an exalted and glorified Christianity, as the foundation of all things that shall be, the destruction of those that have been.

"When all that is eternal and universal appears to man in a purer spiritual light than it has hitherto done, he will feel its influence more clearly in earthly things; and through the lofty wisdom that he will attain through inspiration, he will see things in their true simplicity, for he will perceive how and why he must submit to his condition as an inhabitant of earth, and where his heavenly liberty begins.

* John i. 14.

“Christianity, like all other religions, will always have to preserve an outward form. It is only the madness of presumption, the conceit of Satanic ambition, only atheism, which arose from the error that reason is the standard by which everything must be judged, which looks upon the externals of religion as relics of the childhood of the human race, which the men of a riper age, who should be guided by reason only, ought to dispense with. But I maintain that it is not only the multitude, but every one, who stands in need of something external, to preserve the deep sympathy, the holy union with, and childlike dependence of his soul on God. Therefore, as long as men exist, there will be an outward church with rites and observances, a community of saints, with symbols and priests; but it will have to keep pace with the spiritual advance of Christianity.

“Oh, happy time! which will surely come. By the divine light of spiritual Christianity it will lead us back to the innocence and simplicity of nature. It will make us freer and more courageous in all our works and ways. The time which was announced to us by Christ, the prophet and well-beloved of God; the time which Luther saw, but which his contemporaries could not understand; the time of the religion of light will come, and teachers, mighty, inspired, and holy, will raise our perplexed and weary generation to the heavens again. With an enlightened head and fervid heart, man will pursue his way in peace and holiness. Then will the space between earth and heaven be filled with spirits joining their hands to make a chain by which we happy mortals may ascend and descend. Man will then know where his heaven is; sun and stars will greet him, and condescend to be his playfellows, and they will be joined by his companions in Eden, Innocence and Joy; he will have as his inalienable possession a childlike faith in nature, and will be ever obedient to her laws.”

Although there is much in this passage that is vague and visionary, it plainly indicates Arndt's longing for a Christianity that does not keep itself apart from the world in recluse spirituality, but which imparts vigour to common life,—in short, for a national Christianity. His hopes for the realisation of these

ideas were strongly excited during his journey to Russia, and his residence there in the time of the war with France. For he saw there, for the first time, the remarkable spectacle of an enthusiasm which was based as much upon religious as national grounds. Napoleon was resisted in Russia, not only as the enemy of the country, but as the destroyer of the faith. And there was abundant cause for so regarding him; he came into the Revolution as his heritage, the principles of which had been renounced throughout Christendom by the united voice of the people; and though he was too prudent to imitate the early follies of the Revolution, his treatment of the Pope, and his thoroughly selfish, and therefore unchristian policy, made it impossible for the nations to regard him with anything but suspicion. It may be observed that nations belonging to the Romish, the Greek, and Protestant Churches were in turn arrayed against Napoleon with spiritual as well as carnal weapons; the first in Spain and Austria, the second in Russia, and the third in Prussia, and that throughout his career, nothing proved so dangerous to him as popular risings in which religious was combined with national enthusiasm.

When, summoned thither by Stein, Arndt arrived in Russia in the autumn, he found to his astonishment the whole nation, from the Czar to the peasant, from the princess to the humblest woman, animated by a devout and self-sacrificing enthusiasm. The emperor had formed his resolution before God, to resist Napoleon to the last gasp; his deep religious emotions originated at the time of this decision. The synod exerted its religious influence upon the people in the same direction. Arndt was witness of all this, and of the terrible destruction of Napoleon's army. "It was the finger of God," he exclaims repeatedly in the third part of the 'Spirit of the Age,' when narrating the events of that time.

"The arm of man is weak unless God lends it strength, and his heart is easily discouraged unless inspired with unconquerable faith. The Russians are a devout people; they made this mighty war a religious war; their religion, the desecration of their holy places by the foreigner, the peril of their country,

inspired them with a faith which enabled them to surmount every obstacle, and to which death and ignominy were welcome. The churches, the chapels, the sacred burial-places were daily thronged with people; the soldiers consecrated themselves by prayer, they signed themselves with the cross, they consecrated their banners with religious ceremonies, they took a solemn oath to the emperor and their country, and went forth rejoicing as to a triumphal procession. Was Bonaparte to subjugate such a people, to prevail against such a spirit!"

He accompanies the description of the retreat of the French with the following words. "Thus perished, through the recklessness and infatuation of one man, in six months, the flower of France, Italy, Germany, and Poland, and thousands of children were made orphans, thousands of wives were made widows, thousands of parents and betrothed maidens were clothed in mourning. So great is the event, so unheard of the defeat, so incredible the disaster, that surely the unbeliever must be convinced, and exclaim, 'Behold God is here, this is the finger of God!' That mysterious, incomprehensible, that infinite power above us and within us, which lightens from the clouds and illumines our hearts, that which we call providence, destiny, retribution, and which, by whatsoever names it is called and whatever it means, is always about our path, afar off and near, has pronounced such a doom as Europe has not witnessed for ages."

With the impression of his experiences in Russia deeply engraven upon his mind, with a feeling of profound humility in view of the power and glory of the living God, and with an ardent desire to see the German nation withstand Napoleon, not only with the sword of steel, but with spiritual weapons, he returned to Germany. In the third part of the 'Spirit of the Age' he relates God's judgments upon Napoleon, and asks, "What have the great powers to do now?" and answers the question by advocating a war, not of the usual kind, but with spiritual weapons. "The French will not be conquered by the usual warlike preparations, nor by the arts and calculations of human foresight, nor the most skilful appliances of physical and

mechanical means. Bonaparte and his Frenchmen bear a charmed life against debased views. They must fall by means of lofty views, and lofty views mean trust in God, devotion to our country, an ambition to live or die for the sake of honour. It means faith in virtue and in the people."

In smaller works adapted for the people, Arndt sought to arouse them to a Christian and national spirit. One of the most worthy of notice is the 'Catechism for the German Warrior;' and it was a happy thought to provide him with this spiritual food as part of the contents of his knapsack. In the preface he gives a sketch of the history of Germany, and after describing the outrages of the French, he continues: "It is now the will of God that this pride shall be curbed, that the French shall be punished for the outrages that they have committed in every land, and which cry to Heaven. It is the will of God that the Germans shall arise in righteous indignation, and smite the Tyrant, and regain the freedom which they inherited from their fathers, but of which the crafty foreigner has robbed them.

"It is the will of God that you should set your brethren free on the other side of the Rhine, and restore them to the empire from which they have been separated by treachery and cunning. This may be looked upon as a Christian and holy war, for had Napoleon ruled much longer, freedom, virtue, and justice would have vanished from the earth."

In another passage Arndt says, "Yes, people of Germany, God will give you love and trust, and you will see what you are and what you ought to be. God will kindle a flame within your hearts, and awaken the bold spirit of liberty that the enemy would fain cause to slumber. God himself will go before you and be with your hosts, and bless your banners with victory, if you have faith in eternal justice and believe that there is a God in heaven who will crush the Tyrant." The same spirit pervades the pamphlet published in 1813 at Königsberg, entitled, 'What do the Levy of the People and the Landwehr mean?' and it is an interesting memorial of the enthusiasm of Prussia in the spring of 1813.

It may be imagined that Arndt would break out into heartfelt expressions of joy and praise after victory had been gained. Soon after the battle of Leipzig he published a pamphlet, entitled, 'The Army and People of Prussia in 1813.' The following is an extract from it:—

“Ever memorable to him who has a German heart in his bosom will be the spring and summer of 1813. We may now be content to die, for we have witnessed that for which it is alone worth while to live. We have seen men sacrificing all their temporal goods, and even their lives, for the sake of that which is eternal and imperishable. And the most delightful of all was, that in this holy zeal and tumultuous joy all differences of class and age were overlooked and forgotten, that every man humbled himself, and gave himself up for such service as he could most usefully perform; that every other sentiment was swallowed up in the love of our country, its liberty, and honour; all considerations of rank and position, allowable and praiseworthy at other times, were set aside. Every one felt that misfortune had made all equal, and all wished to be equal in obedience and usefulness. And so filled were all hearts with the idea of duty and a common object, that there was no place for the license for which the tumultuous scenes of war generally afford so much opportunity; the enthusiasm of those memorable days was desecrated by no excesses; it seemed as if the humblest felt that he must be a model of morality, modesty, and justice, if he was to prevail against the boastful pride and debauchery which he had so detested in the French. It is the effect of the power of the spirit, the power of God, to lift man out of and above himself, so that he scarcely knows what he has been or what he is. Brave and pious heroes, you yourselves exclaimed in amazement: ‘We did not do it, it was not we; God did it, it was God; God gave us strength, God gave us success, God decreed, and we executed his purpose!’”

What Rückert expressed in poetry after the battle of Leipzig was in accordance with the opinion of Arndt,—

“God, who long time our woes beheld,
At last Himself came down.”

After the peace he published a little pamphlet called, 'Five or Six Miracles of God,' in which, after pointing out the Divine interposition in some special events, he continues: "More miracles might be related which cause the devout to adore, and the scoffer to laugh; but the greatest miracle of all is the power of German enthusiasm in scattering treachery and tyranny like spray before the wind, and in restoring our country to its honourable position. Let every true German ponder it in silence and faith."

We must here say a few words on the service which Arndt rendered to religion in the revival of the ancient hymns for the use of the church. The Reformation had been prolific in hymns; the singing of them had been, as it were, the response of the congregation to the preaching of the word.

At the time when the doctrines of repentance and faith were no longer heard from the pulpit, the hymns in some degree supplied their place to the worshippers, and kept them from perishing in the barren wilderness of rationalism. But just for this reason the rationalistic preachers detested the old hymns, and during the last quarter of the last century there was a zealous attempt at a so-called improvement of the hymn-book, by which the most valuable hymns were struck out, others altered in an unwarrantable manner, and many new ones added, alike wanting in faith and poetry.

It was during this period that Arndt's youth was passed, but he had become so much attached to the old hymns in his home and in the church that he was fully alive to the danger of revision. "I was born," he says in one of his works, "among a humble people, with them, and as one of them my life has been spent, and, if I know anything at all, it is from the people that I have learnt it. I have seen how those of my own faith have been starved by the use of meagre catechisms and hymn-books, from which the ancient simplicity and force of the divine word, its fervour and exultation of language, have been washed away. It cannot be doubted that many have fallen into error in consequence of this, in an age when people have erred rather unwittingly than

through intention. And since this has been the case, God has been gracious to us again since the joyful years of 1812 and 1813, but this pitiful state of things still continues in too many places where Protestant Christians live."

When Arndt wrote his 'Catechism for the German Warrior,' he added to it hymns of his own after the manner of the ancient models. He strove earnestly to awaken the people, and when awakened he could think of them as singing such hymns only as were sung in the days of Luther.

Some years had passed since the Peace; and the minds of the people were once more in a ferment, in which the revival of the grand old hymns of the church could not fail to be advantageous, but the spiritual leaders of the people were still carrying on their mischievous revision of the hymn-book. Arndt then published a pamphlet called the 'Word of God and the Hymns of the Church.' He pointed out the inexhaustible sources of edification which the country possessed in both, and proposed that a new hymn-book should be compiled chiefly composed of hymns from the time of Luther to 1750, but not excluding more modern ones worthy of a place in it. He wrote a number for it himself, which breathe a spirit of pure Christian piety. He was the first to clear the way in this matter, and those must bless his memory who rejoice that the people are now almost everywhere in possession of their ancient hymns.

The above relates to a period long after the wars of independence. After the peace, Arndt lived an unsettled life for two years, seeking a spot in which to found a home. In 1817 he established himself at Bonn, having just been united to his second wife, Nanna Marie Schleiermacher, the half-sister of the great theologian. The following year he received an appointment at the newly-founded university there, built himself a house, and planted a garden on the shores of the Rhine, with a view of the Siebengebirge. He started in life again with a fair wind, and everything promised a prosperous course. As is well known, however, his voice as an instructor of youth was soon silenced; but he remained true to himself during the twenty years when his best powers were lying fallow, and when

he had much painful experience of the fickleness of the world, until he was fully reinstated by Frederic William IV. He continued to be the same faithful guardian of the unity and greatness of his country that he had been during the time of the war; and the Christian faith which had been awakened during that stormy period was deepened during the years of peace, under the influence of personal crosses which he had to bear, some sent immediately from God, others the result of the suspicion with which he was regarded.

He was the author of many hymns, and while they always express his sense of sin, his joy in his Saviour, and his longing for heaven, they sometimes enter into the religious questions of the day, and he expresses himself warmly against all free-thinking on the one hand, and all tendency to Romanism on the other.

He faithfully served the Protestant community at Bonn as elder and representative. The Word of God and the sacrament continued to be the nourishment of his soul until, full of faith in his Redeemer, he died on the 29th of January, 1860.

Perhaps scarcely any other German has been so applauded by his countrymen as Ernst Moritz Arndt, but most of them were not acquainted with his character as a whole, nor did they care to be so. Their applause was accorded to him as a patriot, not as a Christian; but the characteristics of such a man as Arndt cannot fairly be separated. He was a patriot because he was a Christian, and a Christian because he was a patriot. It is because Christianity and patriotism were so closely united in him that we regard him as an exemplar. His merit lies in his endeavours to infuse the one into the other; and during the time of the great events through which our nation was passing fifty years ago, he endeavoured to keep Christ, as their light and their salvation, continually before the view of the people.

To his latest breath he cordially acknowledged every greeting which reached him from German hearts, but those were the most congenial to him who, like himself, daily sought in the Scriptures for the nourishment of their souls, who joined him

in approaching the Table of the Lord full of devotion and expectation of blessing ; who could unite with him in singing from the depths of his own experience :—

“When all around seems dark and lost,
As if my soul were sunk in hell,
And when in seething billows tossed
The floods of sin within me swell ;
When in the depth of want and woe,
All hope of help seems cast away,
Whence does the streak of morning glow,
The herald of approaching day ?

“From Thee, from Thee ! my comfort springs,
Thou star of hope, Thou rising sun,
Servant of servants, King of kings,
Helper and healer all in one.
What boundless riches Thou canst give !
What light e'en in the darkest place !
Who doth as our Redeemer live,
Who died to save a guilty race.”

CHAPTER X.

FREDERIC SCHLEIERMACHER.

SCHLEIERMACHER accomplished so much for the revival of religious life during the first thirty years of this century, that the chief difficulty of our narrative will consist in confining it within the needful limits. His first achievement was the deliverance of religion from the bonds of petrified formulas, obstinate ignorance, and mere external observances, and leading it back to the deep springs of intimate communion of the soul with God.

And from the atmosphere of piety in which he had grown up he had attained to a clear conviction, then almost a new discovery, that there could be no Christianity without Christ; that a holy life must proceed from a union with the incomparably holy person of our Lord.

Important as was Schleiermacher's vocation in proclaiming the double fact that religion must take root in the very life of man, and that the religious life could only be perfected through Christ, his usefulness would have been but limited had he not also taken part in the rich intellectual life which at that time pervaded our country—had he not been on a mental equality with the great spirits which were then shining star-like upon Germany.

If Germany, after its religious desolation, was again to drink of the springs of holiness, was she to return to an insipid orthodoxy, to a narrow pietism, or to the superficial teaching of the so-called modern enlightenment? Might not the Gospel retain its power of permeating all things, and thus offer the

best gifts to the people, without rejecting the other gifts of God ?

Schleiermacher was specially adapted to prepare the way for the introduction of Christian faith into the regions of renewed intellectual life. He stood upon the heights of philosophical research ; he was one of the best Greek scholars in Germany, and his translation of Plato showed how deeply he was versed in the spirit of antiquity. A talent for art and art criticism brought him for a time into close contact with the Schlegels and Hardenberg, and as a statesman and patriot he has left evidence that his idea of a State was not of one destitute of religion, and that the faith which he preached had no tendency to destroy nationality.

Before the great events of the times of which we write had taken place, his religious convictions were settled, and therefore he was the better qualified to offer his fearless admonitions to his countrymen at every step of their humiliation and exultation. And his words were listened to by educated men, not as those of a priestly guild, but as the utterances of a man who, sympathizing in all the joys and sorrows of his country, had a moral right to exhort them to a better life.

Rich materials have now been provided for us from the life and works of this great man ; every one endeavours to portray his character in his own particular manner, betraying love or aversion by the colour given to it. We shall also attempt the task, hoping to fulfil it without that blind admiration which forgets that he was not perfect, and without the religious prejudice which has often been unjust to him.

Friedrich Ernst Daniel Schleiermacher was born on the 21st of November, 1768, at Breslau, where his father was then an army chaplain, belonging to the Reformed Church. His mother, the daughter of the court preacher, Stubenrauch, exercised the chief influence upon his childhood, and mainly conducted his education. Before he was six years old, she rejoiced in his attention to his lessons. When he was ten years old, his parents left Breslau, and during the next few years he was either at Pless or Anhalt.

His parents were Christian people; and when they visited the school of the Moravian Brethren at Niesky, in the Oberlausitz, with a view of placing their children there, they were charmed with the spirit of the place. To their great consolation they found that it was the doctrine of the Brethren, that reconciliation with God could only be attained by the atoning sacrifice of Christ, and that it is from participation in this sacrifice by faith that every virtue springs. "I have often trembled for the children," their mother wrote to her brother, "on account of the soul-destroying opinions, principles, and manners of our times; ah, how could we have preserved them from their subtle poison! We thank our dear Lord with all our hearts that He has not inclined their tender hearts to rush to destruction with the world. O Lord, preserve them in this truth, that it is only in Thy love that they can be blessed and happy."

When it had been decided by lot that the Schleiermachers should be received into the community at Niesky, their parents were delighted. They felt as if the children were for ever protected from the dangers of the world, and told them of the beautiful and peaceful life they would lead in constant intercourse with their Saviour.

Schleiermacher and his younger brother went in 1783 to Niesky, while their sister Charlotte was received at Gnadenfrei.

His letters at this time are childlike and natural, though written in the pious tone which prevailed among the Brethren.

After writing to his sister of his preference for winter over summer, because it was a better time for study, he continues: "But neither my love of winter nor dislike of summer disturbs me in my peaceful course; I am only disturbed when I see that I do not love my Saviour enough, that I do not live to His glory, and that my daily intercourse with Him is interrupted. But whenever we go to Him as sinners, who can only be saved by His mercy, we are not sent empty away. He is never unfaithful, however often we may be so; but the more undisturbed our communion with Him, the better; the more regular it is, the more peaceful and nearer to Heaven—how delightful it

would be to be there altogether!—but His will be done; it must be for the best.” And after this outpouring, which was doubtless quite sincere, he makes affectionate inquiry for his father, and concludes with—“You may remind him that my purse is in a consumption, occasioned by eating fruit, though nobody would believe it. Papa knows how to cure it. Now, farewell, under the Saviour’s protection, to whom I commend myself and you.”

At another time he consoles his sister for having missed the celebration of Passion Week and Easter among the Brethren, by saying that the season was the same everywhere, though the manner of keeping it might not be so edifying.

“We partake all the same of the body of Jesus that was offered for us, and of His blood that was shed for the pardon of our sins, and the effect of it must be just the same if our hearts are humbled by our sins and by His mercy, and if we yet rejoice in Him because He quickens and refreshes us when we approach Him with a spirit full of reverence and love—I am sure you must have experienced this.” And what wisdom there is in the following advice from a brother of fifteen or sixteen years old to a sister :

“In the first place you ought to be glad that you have something to do with domestic affairs again; it is absolutely necessary for a young woman to know something about them: you do not know where the Saviour may place you some day, or that it will be always your vocation to sit in the choir-house at your embroidery frame. In the second place, do not be so anxious about doing these things right; it is of no use. My principle is, ‘To venture boldly is half the battle’ (*Frisch gewagt ist halb gewonnen*), but it must be understood that venturing boldly does not exclude the necessary care and consideration. Thirdly, do not forget that people will have their eyes upon you, and will form opinions about the Brethren from what you are; so do take care not to be depressed and melancholy, that people may not be confirmed in the opinion that they are all sanctimonious hypocrites. Fourthly, talk like other people do, and do not make use of phrases that you first

learnt among the Sisters ; it is of no use ; nobody will understand them."

We see that the boy passes a free judgment on non-essentials, but we cannot doubt that it was his earnest endeavour to imbue his life with essential principles. He asks his sister for her prayers while preparing for the communion. " ' I will draw all men unto me ' was our yesterday's text, and He will be so merciful as to fulfil it in my case ; He rose again to help all who are miserable ; this gives me a right to come to Him. He alone is my confidence, the God who expired for me upon the cross."

He confessed that he had learnt much during the two years of his residence among the Brethren, much of the evil of his own heart, and much mercy on the part of the Saviour. ' On my part I can only say, ' I have deserved wrath,' but the Lamb on the cross exclaims, ' I have redeemed thee.' "

About this time his mother died, and his father rejoiced the more that she had so guarded her children from the dangers of the world. When the son complained that he could not love his Saviour enough, and that his feeling of his own unworthiness awakened the wish that he might soon be released from all earthly troubles, his father directed his attention to the sufferings of Christ. But an inviolable love of truth did not allow him to conceal from his father, however much it might pain him, that the contemplation of these sufferings did not have the desired effect.

The boy had gone through some religious conflicts before joining the community of the Brethren. The doctrine of the eternity of future rewards and punishments anxiously employed his youthful imagination ; and when eleven years old he passed sleepless nights, because he could not satisfy himself about the relation between the sufferings of Christ and the punishment for which they were a substitute. At Niesky the doctrine of original sin and supernatural grace occasioned him much perplexity. That he was a fallen being he knew from his own experience, but he could not, in his own case, trace the working of that supernatural grace for which he was taught to hope, and

which he thought he perceived among the Brethren, which was to enable him to rise from the depths of sin into the purer atmosphere of the new life.

If he thought he had attained anything of it, it soon proved to be nothing but a phantom.

In the meantime he earnestly endeavoured to follow the Saviour, who was undoubtedly leading him, with childlike confidence.

So passed the years at Niesky, not in complete religious satisfaction, but with great industry. He formed a great friendship with Albertini, afterwards bishop of the United Brethren, which procured them the names of Orestes and Pylades. Their literary undertakings were adventurous and colossal. In Latin they received excellent instruction, and their inferior teaching in Greek did not prevent them from eagerly devouring Homer, Hesiod, Theocritus, Sophocles, Euripides and Pindar; with very scanty means of instruction they attacked the Hebrew of the Old Testament, and first stuck fast, as Schleiermacher expressed it, in the mysteries of Ezekiel. They continued their labours and endeavours at the seminary of the Brethren, at Barby, where they were sent in 1785. There his religious doubts increased, and gave rise to a conflict between the father and son, which might be called tragic, if the thorough honesty of purpose which was at the bottom alike of the son's candid confessions, and the father's severe admonitions, had not in the end brought it to a peaceful close. His critical talents, his more mature years, the critical atmosphere which pervaded Germany, and of which traces were often to be found even among the secluded communities of the Brethren—indeed, from their very seclusion the active minds of youth hankered after it,—all tended to increase Schleiermacher's doubts; and he was disturbed that the objections of modern theology to the orthodox faith were not introduced into, or refuted in the lectures. "There is one thing I do not like," he wrote to his father, "I should like to study theology thoroughly; but I shall not be able to say that I have done so when I leave this place, and it seems to me that the fault lies in the limited scope of our

lectures ; for of all the present objections, exceptions, and disputations about exegesis and dogma, we read nothing except in the learned newspapers. In the lectures they are not sufficiently noticed, and yet it is certainly necessary for any one entering on the study of theology to be acquainted with them. This course causes many to suspect that there must be a great deal in these modern objections, and that they are hard to refute, because they seem afraid to lay them before us. I am not, however, of that opinion, and this little annoyance has not disturbed my peace, and I have not mentioned it to any one but you." His father assures him that he lost nothing by not being acquainted with modern objections and explanations. "Avoid this tree of knowledge, and the temptation to eat of it, under the plea of a thorough study of theology. I have read almost all the objections of unbelief ; but they have not convinced me, indeed they have shown me that faith is what is due from us to God, and that it is purely a gift of His grace. Besides, it is not your wish to be a vain theologian, but to be expert in leading souls to the Saviour, and for this those things are not necessary, and you can never be grateful enough to your Saviour for placing you among the Brethren, where you can so well dispense with them." He then directs the attention of his son to the length and breadth, and depth and height of the love of God, and hopes he will be happily restored to holy simplicity.

But the desire to find a firm basis of truth was not so easily quenched. After this letter the son was intimidated, and for five months kept his feelings to himself. The new year, 1787, arrived. He longed to wish his father happiness in the fulness of childlike love, but the consciousness of doubts which he knew would pierce his father's heart prevented him, and he put off his New Year's letter till the 21st of January. With an aching heart he wishes his father joy in his children. Then he expresses what had been consuming him like a secret fire for months. "You write to me that faith is the prerogative of the Deity. Oh, my dear father ! if you believe, and I know you do, that without this faith there is no happiness in another

world or peace in this, do pray God to give it me, for at present I have lost it. I cannot believe that He was the true and everlasting God who called Himself the son of man; I cannot believe that His death was a propitiatory atonement, because He never distinctly said so Himself, and because I cannot believe that it was necessary; for it is impossible that God can eternally punish man for not being perfect, when it is obvious that He has not made him capable of attaining perfection, but only of striving to attain it. Ah, my dear father! the deep grief which I feel in writing this letter prevents me from giving you the history of my mind as connected with these opinions, and from telling you in detail all my strong reasons for holding them; but I entreat you do not take them for passing ideas, for they are deeply rooted opinions. They have been in my mind for nearly a year, and long and strenuous meditation on them has only confirmed me in them. I pray you to lay before me your strongest arguments against them, but still I must honestly confess that I do not think you will convince me, for I stand firm."

With a beating heart, this secret was confided, and a request added that he might be allowed to go to Halle to qualify himself for a schoolmaster, as with his opinions he should not be allowed to take any office among the Brethren; and his father would hardly wish to see his son increase the number of unbelieving preachers in his own church.

His father's grief on receiving the letter was distracting. It was like being thrust out of heaven. In the first feeling of sorrow he thought his son was lost.

"Oh, foolish son," he wrote, "who hath bewitched you, that you should not obey the truth; before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth, but now is crucified by you. You did run well; who did hinder you that you should not obey the truth? This persuasion is not from Him that calleth you, but a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.

"That perversion of heart which made you fear four years ago that you would be ruined in the world, and which inclined you to the Brethren, ah, you have unfortunately retained a por-

tion of it; it has leavened your whole being, and now it drives you out from among them. Ah, my son! my son! how you have bowed me down! What sighs you have wrung from me! And if those who are departed take any cognisance of us, what a disturber you must be of your blessed mother's peace! for even your stepmother, who does not know you, weeps over you with me. Go out into the world then, whose honour you seek. See if your soul can be satisfied with husks, since you despise the divine nourishment which Jesus gives to all those who thirst for Him. Have you then never received a drop of balm from His wounds? Was all that you have written to me deceit and hypocrisy? If it was truth, it will testify powerfully against you on that day if you do not turn again to your merciful Saviour. (John xii. 48—50; Heb. vi. 4—6.)” He then enters into his son's doubts; but quiet investigation of them soon changes to the most agonized exhortation, urgent entreaties, and fervent prayer. “And now, my son! whom I press with tears to my aching heart, with heartrending sorrow I part from you; for part from you I must, since you no longer worship the God of your father—can no longer kneel with him at the same altar; but once more, my son, before we part, tell me what has the gentle Jesus, so lowly in heart, done to you that you will not accept what He offers you, and that you choose to dispense with His peace? Was it not well with you when you brought your griefs and sorrows to Him? And now, after His long-suffering and patience, will you deny Him; will you be false to your vow—‘Jesus, I will remain with Thee?’ Why will you go away? Have you not heard the words of life from Him? O return, my son, return! Oh, Lord Jesus, thou shepherd of men, do bring back thy wandering sheep thyself! Do it for the glory of Thy name! Amen!”

How desirable would the mediating love of a mother have been in this painful collision between an excellent father and an excellent son. She would not have been less grieved than her husband, but she would have had more confidence in her son. Her brother Stubenrauch, Professor of Theology at Halle, assisted the youth most kindly in arranging his affairs. His

father allowed him to go to Halle, became gradually pacified, and before his death his son fully regained his confidence. Thus, then, Schleiermacher left the United Brethren, and joined that more general Christian community connected with the world by a thousand ties; but he always retained not merely an affectionate remembrance of the Moravians, but called them the maternal lap of piety in which he had been brought up; he liked to visit them, and many of his ideas on the subject of the Church and the Christian community were influenced by what he had learnt and loved amongst them; indeed, it may be said that the new and earnest stress which he laid upon the person of the Redeemer, and upon communion with Him, which is his distinguishing characteristic, was a legacy of the Brethren to their departing son. "God bless you at Halle, preserve you by His spirit from all evil, and may His fatherly love draw you again to His Son whom you have denied. Yes, the true Shepherd will not cease to seek to bring you Himself, until, weary and heavy laden, you return again to Him, to our humble and lowly and sympathizing High Priest." This was the father's prayer, on his son's entering on his academical course. He assures his son that he will have his prayers that he may make his salvation sure, and gives him excellent advice for his earthly welfare. He warns him to beware of modern interpretations of the Scriptures, but advises him to study philosophy thoroughly, particularly Kant's 'Critique of Pure Reason.' For the advancement of his calling as a teacher, he recommends him to study English, French, and mathematics; but warns him not to confound mathematical with theological certainty, because they stand on a totally different basis. He specially commends the reading of the Bible to him. The son was truly industrious; not after the manner of those who think that whatever you read becomes your own mental possession; he attended but few lectures, and those not regularly, but he threw himself with vehemence, as he expresses it, into those subjects which deeply interested him.

He was regarded as a youth of independent mind, careless of outward things, wrapped up in himself, and fond of solitude;

but when, in accordance with his father's wish, he mixed with superior people to form his manners, his manners were as good as theirs. Two years were passed in this way at Halle, then he went with his uncle Stubenrauch to Drossen, in Brandenburg, near Frankfort-on-the-Oder. The quiet of the parsonage and the residence with so fatherly a friend and counsellor were very beneficial to him. But here also he found it impossible to follow a plan of study, and to take up several things at once; he loved to devote all his time and strength, all his intense energy, to one thing at a time, to make an end of it, and to think it out. His mind was not adapted for the acquisition of mere knowledge. He calmly listened to arguments for and against any opinion, and considered whether he could make it his own mental possession. During his student years it was not his way to heap acquirement upon acquirement, but to find out the net value of everything; and when himself an author, he was not a voluminous writer, but what he wrote was the full expression of his whole being.

In the summer of 1790 he passed his theological examination, and obtained the situation of tutor in the family of Count Dohna-Schlobitten, in Prussia. His residence in this family was of great importance to him. The teacher was himself taught; he learnt "patience, and that gentleness which comes from the heart, and which is founded on gratitude for social happiness." Intercourse with the nobility enlarged his views, and contributed to the ease with which he afterwards filled important positions in the service of the State. But the chief advantage of his residence there was in sharing a genial Christian family life, and in forming an acquaintance with superior women.

Such a life was what Schleiermacher wanted, he could not thrive except among his fellow-men. He says of himself a few years later, "I stretch out all my roots and leaves for love; I must imbibe it, and if I cannot, I droop and fade. This is my inmost nature, I do not know any help for it, nor do I wish to find any."

His father hoped that his son would make himself necessary

to the family. "They have become almost necessary to *me*," he wrote; "they are all such nice people, and it is such an instructive, and yet such a pleasant school. My heart thrives here, and does not wither among the weeds of mere learning, and my religious feelings are not stifled by theological subtleties. I enjoy domestic life, too, for which man was destined, and it warms my heart."

It is a striking evidence of his inviolable love of truth, that notwithstanding the great attractions of this life to a young man of twenty-five, when a dispute on the subject of education arose between him and the Count, he would not sacrifice his convictions to his happiness, and in the spring of 1793 he gave up his situation.

He first went to his uncle at Drossen; but in the autumn we find him at Berlin, a member of the Gedeke Seminary, and Assistant-Master in the Kornmesser Orphan House, in which he lived. Half a year later he went to Landsberg on the Warthe, in order to assist a relative, Pastor Schumann, who was prevented by illness from fulfilling his duties. Here, in the autumn of 1794, he was deeply affected by the news of his father's death. It was a comfort that the worthy man had regained confidence in his son. He had asked him to stand godfather to his little girl by his second marriage, which the son regarded as a gratifying proof of his father's affection. He wrote to his sister Charlotte, "There has never been any interruption to your mutual affection; but there was a period of my life, the thought of which distresses me, in which I misjudged my excellent father's heart, and I thought he misjudged me, because our opinions did not agree. A certain coldness towards him, to which this gave rise, appears to me one of the darkest spots of my life; but I have seen my error, and he forgave me without my asking it." Then he continues, longing as he always was for love, "It remains for us, my dear sister, to draw still closer the bonds of our friendship, to cling still more closely to each other, now that we have lost such a support, and often to remind each other of him who has left us. Peace be to his ashes, and may his soul delight itself in his children."

At Landsberg, also, he partook of a happy family life, and there he made his first attempt at authorship. At the instigation of Sack, he translated "Blair's Sermons." In the pulpit he gave, and even then to a great concourse of people, the best that he had to offer. His sermons were not generally written, but they were the product of his hours of holy contemplation.

In 1796 he removed from Landsberg to Berlin. He had the choice between a lucrative post in Brandenburg and the Chaplaincy of the Charité at Berlin. He disinterestedly gave up the more lucrative office to an older man, but was indemnified for it by the greater intellectual advantages of Berlin. The six years which he spent in the capital had a most important influence upon his mental development.

His ideas concerning the renewal of spiritual life were yet slumbering in the recesses of his own mind; but in order to appear before the public with any decided effect, his mind required to be ripened by intercourse with congenial minds on an equality with his own. Strenuous mental exertion was natural to him, but he required the refreshment of social intercourse, and this he found at Berlin.

There he met with his old friend Gustav von Brinckman, Alexander Dohna, afterwards minister, Scharnhorst, Henrietta Herz, and Frederic Schlegel. The two latter exercised the greatest influence upon Schleiermacher during the next few years. The lady, because he found in her a congenial friend, who, while always appreciating his views on the most sacred subjects, incited him to more practical life, and Schlegel's influence was animating and exciting, both from the fertility of his mind and from his facility in giving expression to its treasures. Interesting as these friendships are, it is impossible to go deeply into the subject of them here; and in consequence of the many misunderstandings which they have occasioned, it would be useless to go into them superficially.

Henrietta Herz was the beautiful and intellectual wife of a Jewish physician, Marcus Herz. She afterwards became a Christian.

The importance of her friendship to Schleiermacher is shown by the fact that, during the composition of his 'Discourses on Religion' at Potsdam in 1799, he was in constant communication with her about them, and they were first sent to her both in manuscript and in print. In this work he comes forth with the strength of a victor to meet refined scoffers at religion. It is not that he despises refined culture, he is no stranger to its varied manifestations, neither to pomp and show, to art nor to social life; on the contrary, he takes the keenest interest in all, but for this very reason, he cannot bear the contempt with which religion is treated, when she is deprived of her peculiar characteristics, and made subordinate to other things. He reveals the deepest source from which religion springs, the self-consciousness of man. But after descending into these depths, he rises again and shows that the living water of life invigorates the whole life of man; that religion effects a community of interests, in which the individual finds himself elevated by the spirit which embraces all mankind.

It is impossible to give an idea of the impression which these 'Discourses' made at the time. Claus Harms, who read the book as a student, says that he felt as if two screws were being applied to his temples, so powerfully did it oppose all his previous ideas; and when he had finished it, the conviction came over him that rationalism, æsthetics, all our self-knowledge, and our own works, go for nothing in the plan of salvation, which he saw must come from another source. And, like Claus Harms, many have received from these 'Discourses' an impetus in their spiritual progress.

With them Schleiermacher had taken leave of the old century; he greeted the new one with his 'Monologues.' They are more widely known than the 'Discourses,' and allowance being made for the style of the time, and bearing in mind that it is only through the mediation of the Son of God who became flesh, that man can have his life in God perpetually renewed, they are still a beautiful description of human life according to the original intention of the Creator. For it was this original ideal of life that Schleiermacher desired to describe, not as though

he had himself fully apprehended it, but knowing well, "That life as we see it, is continually vacillating between its ideal and its caricature."

One of the results of Schleiermacher's intimate acquaintance with Frederic Schlegel was his appearance as an author, but it gave rise to one work which has placed him in a false light. They were united in the bonds of the closest friendship, they lived together, they shared everything, and the little events of domestic life gave occasion for the most animated mental intercourse. Schleiermacher's enthusiastic affection made him entertain the highest opinion of his friend, though his faults were not unperceived by him. Their paths afterwards diverged. Schlegel became a Roman Catholic, while Schleiermacher remained a Protestant.

It was about this time that Schlegel wrote his romance, called 'Lucinda,' a book of an evil tendency both in matter and manner. It was an attempt to counteract the prevailing low and superficial views on the subject of love, but advocated open license instead of sensuality under the garb of virtue. The approbation which the book received from the men of genius of that day is only to be explained by their deep aversion to the philistinism* of the time, and by their romantic desire for a poetic conception of life. Of course the book was attacked by people of simple burgher morals. But Schleiermacher wrote 'Confidential Letters on Lucinda'; they were disquisitions on friendship, love, and chastity, full of subtle irony and striking truths, and displaying a keen appreciation of the subjects of which they treat. But he unfortunately introduced into them what he approved of in 'Lucinda,' and it is a pity that so much mind and taste were wasted upon such a subject. If this book was an error, a much greater one, indeed the great mistake of his life, was the relation in which he stood at this time to the wife of a clergyman, an intellectual woman, unhappily married. Schleiermacher was desirous to rescue her, and wished her to obtain a divorce, in order that she might be united to him.

* See p. 20.

Of this, however, after bitter grief, he repented, and afterwards proclaimed by word and deed the inviolable sanctity of the marriage tie.*

This position of affairs made it welcome to him to be removed to Stolpe as court preacher in 1802. The income was not large, and he had to pay for the title which he did not want. Amidst dreary domestic circumstances, in which the family element which he so much prized was wanting, he found peace in retreating into himself, and in devoting himself to his duties, and to his study. While writing his 'Critique on the Doctrines of Morality,' a book very difficult to understand, and, therefore, accessible to but few, he was imparting the riches of his inner life to his congregation in animating sermons.

While translating Plato's Dialogues, he was devoting himself with his whole heart to catechizing the youth under his charge. He felt it laid upon him to do something for the church, and the pitiful state into which it had sunk, partly through the fault of its ministers, grieved him deeply. He wrote from Stolpe: "On Wednesday the Synod of this diocese was held, and the provost was so civil as to invite me. It took up nearly the whole day. How melancholy it made me! Ah, my dear friend, to be among thirty-five clergymen such as they were. I will not say I was ashamed to be one, but I looked forward with longing to the time, it is to be hoped not very far off, when things will not be as they are now. I shall not live to see it, but if I could but do anything to hasten it. I am not speaking of the openly bad, though I dare say there were some such among the number, but the general low standard, the absence of appreciation of anything noble, the low and groveling way of thinking,—and I was the only one who took it to heart. I must have been, for I knocked at so many doors that I must have found it out, if there had been any others." Schleiermacher had already the gratifying consciousness that he was producing an effect among his countrymen.

* From the 'Life and Letters of Schleiermacher' it appears, however, that it was the lady who first repented, gave up the project of divorce, and resolved to remain with her husband.—TR.

Many persons, both men and women, had expressed their thanks to him for the excitement or renewal of their interest in religion by means of his 'Discourses' and 'Monologues.' The novel, gifted, and strikingly powerful manner in which he grasped the subject of theology could not be long without effect in Germany. In 1804 he was elected professor of practical theology at the University of Würzburg. The idea of having to deliver lectures took him by surprise; he considered his knowledge in many respects too deficient, but he would probably have accepted the office had not the Prussian government refused permission, and at the same time offered him a professorship of theology at Halle, and the office of preacher to the university. He went there in the autumn of 1804, and invited his half-sister, Nanny, to live with him, that the sunshine of feminine society might not be wanting in his home, and she remained with him after his marriage, until, in 1817, she became the wife of Ernst Moritz Arndt.

The new calling of an academical teacher awakened all his powers. He bestowed equal care upon the matter and the manner of his lectures; they were principally upon ethics and divinity, and expositions of the New Testament. He seldom preached, as public worship was only established in the university in 1806, and the Lutheran pulpits were still closed to the preachers of the reformed faith, although the distinction between their creeds appeared to many of the ministers as senseless as it did to Schleiermacher. Having found it impossible to work at Plato with F. Schlegel, on account of not being able to rely upon him, he continued it alone. His 'Celebration of Christmas,' a dialogue written during his residence at Halle, bears testimony both to his religious life, and to his occupation with that great master of dialogue. It brings out the various conceptions of the person of Christ in a most attractive manner, set as it were in the frame of a domestic festival, and pervaded by a genial warmth which makes the little book still acceptable to Christian readers.

At Halle he formed a friendship with Heinrich Steffens, with

whom he shared, with manly patriotism, the fate which befell the university after the battle of Jena.

Having brought Schleiermacher's life to this point, we might proceed to the description of the powerful influence which, after the deep humiliation of his country, he exercised upon the renovation of its life, and particularly of its religious life, but we pause for a moment in order to present to our readers a more complete picture of Schleiermacher's "striking individuality," for it was from this that his influence arose. With an eager cultivation of knowledge he joined an equally ardent cultivation of the affections by means of friendship, not only by correspondence, but by personal intercourse. In the immediate influence of a man upon his fellow-men he took especial pleasure. And while he could not feel entire satisfaction in his home as long as his country was prostrate, yet he felt that the chief glory of that country, and that which lay nearest to his heart, consisted in its beautiful domestic life.

Schleiermacher's correspondence, lately published, must have presented the great theologian in quite a new aspect to those who were only acquainted with him through his learned works.

While Christian doctrine has risen, partly on his shoulders, to heights far above those to which he attained, the character of the man comes before us once more as an example of moral life in all its aspects. Indeed, although we may feel that his theology is very incomplete, God has rarely given us a man who devoted himself so entirely to the service of his fellow-men. But it was always his endeavour, while labouring for the good of the community, to enrich his own mind by intercourse with superior men, and to impart to others the fulness of his own life.

And in this respect he set a very high value on the influence of woman. He endeavoured to awaken in their minds their mostly unsuspected aspirations towards a higher life, and when awakened, to draw thence inspiration for himself.

Schleiermacher's social intercourse was surprisingly rich, and his family affection unquenchable. His love for his brothers and sisters was beautiful, as it appears in descriptions to his

sister Charlotte of the meetings which took place several times a week between himself and his brother Charles at Berlin ; and how intimate were his relations with this sister during the whole of his life ! They differed widely in their religious views. While the bonds of the United Brethren were too strait for his soaring spirit, she felt herself at home among them from childhood to old age. She was not one of those rare women who have either the powers of mind or the inclination for deep investigation ; her character was simple and easily satisfied. But how carefully, nevertheless, Schleiermacher cherished brotherly intercourse with her ! how faithfully he imparted his rich intellectual life to the quiet Moravian, not even concealing from her what she might be likely to misunderstand ! he wished her to share the best of his enjoyments.

As soon as he left his father's house, he began to feel a great desire for friendship. He relates in a letter that in an early stage of his mental development he had two friends. They were both alike in earnest aspiration, and in a tone of thought which distinguished them from those around them. One died early ; the other, Albertini, remained from piety, and a timid nature, in a position from which Schleiermacher escaped ; this friendship declined from want of intercourse, though they continued to regard each other with affection.

When at Schlobitten he became acquainted with Wedeke, a country clergyman, "a noble-minded man of a simple and genuine character, of true morality and pure love of truth, living a patriarchal kind of life." But, besides disparity of age, there were mental differences which stood in the way of intimate friendship. But at Schlobitten, the elder sisters of his pupils, particularly the Countess Frederica, exercised great influence on the formation of his character. He says of her, "Of art I was ignorant, and had no knowledge of the influence of woman. My mind was opened to the value of the latter in the domestic circle in Prussia. The merit of having done me this service was, I hope, not the most insignificant result of Frederica's beautiful life. It was only through acquaintance with the female mind that I learnt the true value of life."

But it was in Berlin that the delights of friendship first fully opened to him. Besides the friends before mentioned, there was Reimer, the publisher, a man of a truly national character, who may be compared to Perthes in the lofty disinterestedness with which he forwarded valuable literary undertakings for their own sake, and for the devotion with which he served his country, although very different from him in other respects.

It was a happy moment in which their hearts first opened to each other. Schleiermacher had caught a glimpse of Reimer's conjugal happiness, and a happy marriage always delighted him. He pressed his friend's hand, and said, after a short pause, "When my life becomes clear to me, and is perfected like yours, you shall witness it." Reimer embraced him with the words, "We will no longer be strangers to each other in anything."

They were both then about three-and-thirty years of age, so that their intimacy had nothing of youthful enthusiasm about it, but was maintained amidst earnest labours for their country. During the latter part of his life, until his death, Schleiermacher occupied part of Reimer's handsome house.

The University of Halle, in which they both ranked among the most distinguished teachers, brought Schleiermacher and Steffens together. They were animated by the same enthusiasm; in Schleiermacher it was an all-pervading glow, in Steffens a brilliant flame. There was much similarity in their views; and in the different spheres in which they worked, each helped to perfect the other. Their friendship took deep root, and Schleiermacher, who was then suffering keenly from disappointment, and thought the bloom of life was gone for him, took heart for the sake of his friend. But we have still to describe the best treasures that love and friendship had in store for him. In May, 1801, he went with Henrietta Herz and her daughter to Prenzlau; he wished to make acquaintance with a theologian, Ehrenfried von Willich, who had been greatly attracted to Schleiermacher through his 'Monologues.' They made good use of the three days they were together; they were deep in conversation on the highest subjects, the last thing at

night and the first thing in the morning. But the hour of parting arrived. A large party was assembled in the house of a friend, the punch-bowl steamed, and song after song was sung. Schleiermacher and Willich were deep in the most confidential discourse, one mental recess was opened after another, they were drawn more and more closely together. Henrietta Herz was delighted, for her friendship was entirely free from jealousy. "My heart was very full after you left," she wrote to Schleiermacher; "I was touched and pleased to see how intimate you and Willich were becoming, and I would gladly have extended to both the friendship that one possesses already. All left, and I was alone; this was pleasant to me, for I could think of you without interruption. Much moved, and with a genuine sentiment of devotion, I felt the force of all that is good and beautiful. When they returned, Willich came and sat by me; he was in the same frame of mind, and we cherished your memory together. He told me that he had not felt so devout for a long time; I was pleased with this unity of sentiment, and was silent."

This was the sort of friendship that prevailed among Schleiermacher's friends. Let not him who cannot comprehend it, on that account despise it; for in these days the power of individual attraction among men appears to have wonderfully diminished.

Schleiermacher's acquaintance with Willich was a source of the greatest happiness to him. He felt at once that his friendship was more valuable to him than that of Schlegel. "He has not," Schleiermacher wrote, "the deep, all-embracing spirit of Frederic Schlegel, but our hearts are in many respects more congenial, and his views of life are more like mine."

A visit which Willich paid to Berlin confirmed the friendship, and it was kept up by frequent correspondence. As soon as Willich had obtained a living at Rügen, his native place, he introduced Schleiermacher to the circle of his friends there. One of these was Charlotte von Kathen, a noble woman of superior mind and great warmth of heart. With her also the 'Monologues' were the bond of union.

Willich also introduced her sister, Henrietta von Mühlentfels, to his friend as his betrothed. She was only sixteen; in many respects still but a bud, but a bud of fairest promise and sweetest perfume. Schleiermacher again appears before us as the patron saint of happy unions; he had thought so much on the subject of love and marriage, and yet this happiness, on which he set the highest value, appeared so distant in his own case. But he rejoiced in every fresh marriage among his friends, as if he augured from it a promise of his own future bliss.

Through the friendship of these people, Rügen became the brightest spot of earth to him, and after a visit he paid there in 1804, the affectionate intercourse with his friends was like the echo of a sweet melody in his life. "Believe me, Ehrenfried," he wrote after his return to his solitude at Stolpe, "I can take a pure and unalloyed pleasure in the happiness which is not for me. Your happiness, instead of depressing, consoled me."

He could not be present at the wedding, which took place in September, 1804, but he wrote a benediction to his friends. "You invited me to be with you, my dear friends, and so, indeed, I am, for is not a man where his spirit is? I do not know who is consecrating your union, perhaps a perfect stranger, but if you do not like his address, listen to me instead. You know where to find what would be the essence of my marriage address in the 'Monologues;' you know also of that beautiful mystery of Christ and the Church, how she is built up through His love, how she extols and glorifies Him, and how she is to subdue and sanctify the world. You know Christ's sublime prayer that she may be one with Him, and so you know what I should say to you. My daughter,—for I usurp a father's office to-day,—I give you to the man who is my friend and brother. You know the eye that has often overflowed when gazing on your beloved countenance. It overflows now with fatherly pride and holy sadness. And I consecrate you for all the joys and sorrows before you; but in your case they will ever be blended. I consecrate you for all that we call duties, but which your loving heart will always render as a free

tribute of affection for the great calling upon which you are entering, the holiest to which you can aspire. And you, my beloved brother, when you receive the sweet girl from the hands of our dear Charlotte, receive her also from mine. You will be everything to her,—husband, father, brother, son, friend, and lover,—and yet we shall all be able to be to you both what it behoves us to be. I cradle your marriage on its birthday, in my fatherly arms, and smile on it with a father's eye; let me often witness its engaging childishness, its merry roguery, its holy earnestness. Let all your friends say of your union, 'Premature wisdom and eternal youth!' A life hidden from the world, but rich and vigorous in the consciousness of immortality. I salute you with all the love of which my heart is capable."

When he received intelligence of the fulfilment of this happiness, his enthusiasm broke out afresh. The intimate intercourse between the friends was continued, and the grave events of 1806 introduced a tone of manly and courageous patriotism into the correspondence.

In March, 1807, Schleiermacher learnt from a heartrending letter from the widow that her Ehrenfried had been suddenly taken from her. "I entreat you," she wrote, "by all that you hold dear and holy, to assure me, if you can, that I shall find him and know him again. Tell me your opinion about it. I should be annihilated if this faith were to fail me."

It must be confessed that Schleiermacher did not possess that simple faith which alone can give peace and consolation concerning the death of our beloved ones, but his answer was full of affection and of faith in the immortality of the true life.

"Dear Jette, what shall I say to you? Certainty beyond this life has not been granted us. Do not misunderstand me; I mean that there is no certainty for the fancy which loves to see everything in defined forms, but there is the greatest certainty, indeed, we could be sure of nothing if not of that,—that there is no death, no destruction for the soul. But the personal life is not the essence of the soul, it is only an appear-

ance. How this will be reproduced we do not know; we cannot *know* anything about it, we can only imagine. But you may allow free course to your loving and devout imagination in your sacred grief; do not attempt to hinder it. Its piety will prevent it from desiring anything contrary to the eternal laws of God, and therefore there will be a truth in the fancies in which you indulge."

Schleiermacher faithfully fulfilled his office of consoler by means of correspondence. The young widow gave birth to a second child, a son, soon after her husband's death. Her impressible mind was much influenced by the words of her friend, and she felt that her character was deepened and strengthened by her correspondence with him.

In the summer of 1808 he went to Rügen, and his visit led to his betrothal with Henrietta von Willich. Both were certain that the departed would bless their union, and that he would rejoice to see his wife and children under the protection of his best friend.

The engagement lasted till May in the following year, 1809. His love-letters are among the most beautiful that have been left us by superior men, for mature and earnest sentiments are combined in them with the youthful freshness of love. There is no wild enthusiasm overpowering the mind; they are pervaded by a gentle, animating, composed spirit. This love was the result of the wonderful dealings of God, and it exhales the dew of His blessing. It came from God; to God it would return; but it was permitted upon earth, for their own enjoyment and the edification of their friends.

Some have thought that there was something effeminate in Schleiermacher's character, because he sought to preserve in his mind so much freshness of feeling, because of his fondness for influencing women and being influenced by them, because he so zealously cherished whatever was beautiful in individual character, and was fond of observing in particular marriages the peculiarities of the life of love.

But all this was only the more private and confidential sphere, from which he influenced the community at large. It indicates

the harmony of his character, not any want of manly power. The wonderful acuteness with which he built up the knowledge of divine things anew was certainly a manly quality; so was the ability with which he fulfilled every calling assigned to him, and especially the power, the courage, the boldness, the clearness of view, the circumspection and perseverance with which he served his country. In this respect he shares his honours with Stein, Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, and Wilhelm von Homboldt. This patriotic activity is not to be separated from what we now have to describe,—his influence upon the revival of religious life. He was not among those who turned to God in repentance and faith from the distress of the times; before Germany had succumbed to the chastisement sent her by God, his religious convictions in the most essential particulars had been formed; and it was because he was equipped for the great conflict with earnest devotion, with a clear view of what makes life worth having, with entire submission to the divine will, and a sanctified energy in carrying out his purposes, that he stood on a prophetic height among his people, that he could discern the signs of the times, and turn the prevailing dismay to advantage in promoting the revival of the divine life.

Schleiermacher belonged, like Arndt and Fichte, to those clear-sighted men who ascribe to Germany a special vocation among the family of nations, through the depth and intensity of her religious life. In the Reformation they recognized a return to the task assigned to her by God; and they regarded the conflict with France not only as a defence of territory, but a struggle for the preservation of intellectual, moral, and religious life. Arndt was indefatigable in endeavouring to awaken his countrymen to a consciousness of their nationality. Fichte addressed himself in his discourses immediately to Germans; and Schleiermacher's 'Discourses on Religion' were addressed exclusively to the "sons of Germany." It was his strong conviction that these were "the only people who were capable, and therefore worthy, of having their minds awakened to holy and divine things."

He reproaches the proud Islanders at that time with having

no other watchwords than enjoyment and gain; and even at a later period, when Christian zeal was extraordinarily active in England, he would not give it credit from being quite free from political and mercantile motives. It was, however, French influence, threatened by the invasion of Napoleon, which it was needful for Germans to oppose with all their might. He was firmly convinced that Napoleon had a special hatred for the idealism and profound mental life of Germany, for the spirit of Protestantism, and for that free and mighty faith which overcomes the world.

“Germany exists still,” he says in the ‘Discourses.’ “Her invisible strength is not diminished, and she will yet return to fulfil her calling with more power than she is suspected of possessing. She will prove herself worthy of her ancient heroes and of her boasted vigour of constitution; for it is her special calling to develop this principle of Protestantism, and she will yet rise up with a giant’s strength to do it.”

During the political storms of 1806, his devout patriotism was displayed both in his social intercourse and in his sermons. When, in the summer of 1806, a fear arose that Napoleon would attack Sweden, he wrote encouraging letters to his friends at Rügen, who were under Swedish rule. Thus, in June, 1806, he wrote to Charlotte von Kathen: “And now, dear friend, if your king resolves upon a determined resistance, you must be of good courage, and be willing to sacrifice everything in order that you may gain everything; and you must reckon all that is preserved to you as something gained. You must remember that no one stands alone, that no one can save himself; you must remember that our very life is rooted in German freedom and German views, and it is these that are at stake. Would you not undergo any dangers, any sufferings, to prevent our posterity from being sacrificed to ignominious slavery, from being subjected to every insult, and from falling into the debased condition of a subject people? Believe me, sooner or later a struggle will arise in which we shall have to defend our sentiments, our religion, our intellectual culture, no less than our property and our personal freedom. We cannot shun the

conflict. The victory cannot be won by kings and their hired soldiers; it must be won by rulers and their people combined. It will unite people and princes more closely than they have been united for ages; all must take part in it, as they value the common weal. The crisis for Germany, and Germany is the heart of Europe, is as clearly before my eyes as this more limited one is before yours. There is thunder in the air, and I wish that a storm would hasten the explosion, for it is useless to think that it will pass over."

When this was written, the Prussians had been already defeated at Jena, and Halle was in the power of the French. Together with Steffens, Schleiermacher had witnessed the taking and plundering of the town, but he was not to be intimidated when the French invaders endeavoured to prevent any information being given of it by the inhabitants. If Halle was given to a French prince he would not stay there, but take refuge in the last corner of territory that remained to Prussia. From his conviction of Napoleon's hatred to the national mind of the Germans, he was prepared for the worst; indeed, even wished to sacrifice his life for the common cause. "Unless the wheel of fortune turns," he wrote, "he (Napoleon) will soon attack the Protestantism he so much hates, and then it will be my special post to come forward. In these days no one can tell what may be before him; there may be martyrs again, martyrs of science and religion."

He expresses confidence in the king that he will not conclude an ignominious peace, because, though surrounded by so much fear and cowardice, both he and the queen have maintained more noble views. He showed his own willingness to make any sacrifices. He continued to live, in the most needy circumstances, at Halle after its capture, and declined an invitation to go to Bremen, as he preferred remaining at Halle as long as there was any hope of retaining his influence among the youth. If this hope were entirely extinguished, he would go somewhere else, and labour for Prussia's restoration to life. "Napoleon hates Protestantism, just as he hates speculation," he wrote to his friend Willich. "What I said in the 'Discourses' has not

turned out incorrect. When it comes, my friend, we will stand at our posts, and not flinch. I wish I had a wife and children, that I might not be behind any one in such a case." It was his opinion that death is the forerunner of life, in a patriotic sense as well as in other senses.

He did not grieve that the patched and untenable character of the Prussian monarchy should be destroyed. He saw clearly that the scourge must pass over the whole of Germany, if a better and brighter state of things was to be the result. "It will be well for those who live to see it," he exclaimed, "and those who die must die in faith." His faith was, "that Germany, the heart of Europe, will arise again under fairer auspices." At length he left Halle, for it was no longer Prussian. "It is my intention," he wrote to Charlotte von Kathen, "to follow the fortunes of my country, Prussia, so long as she exists and is not quite unworthy of this resolve. But should she be entirely overwhelmed by misfortune, I will seek a country, as long as I can, where Germans rule and where a Protestant can live."

From the moment when Jerome Bonaparte wielded the sceptre at Halle he would not stay there, not even when, as was afterwards the case, he restored the university. "After prayer was ordered for the King and Queen of Westphalia," he wrote to his friend, "I could not ascend the pulpit." He went to Berlin, in order to find some sphere of labour there.

Schleiermacher endeavoured to inspire the people from the pulpit with the exalted sentiments to which his correspondence bears testimony. His originality, the freshness and fulness of a religious life, not confined within any of the existing formulas, that could not be identified with any existing party, had exercised a great effect upon the people before the breaking out of the war; but just because he belonged to no existing party there were the most contradictory opinions concerning him. He was said, in turn, to be a rationalist, a follower of Spinoza, a Moravian, and a Roman Catholic in disguise. But that he proclaimed the fundamental truths of Christianity in a manner calculated to elevate his countrymen, no one could doubt who

knew what he was in the pulpit in the days of his country's distress. Not less courageous than Fichte, he was continually telling his hearers, under various forms of expression, during the period of French rule, that this subjection would not last, if Germany would only have faith in God, who had given her a great work to do. It was in accordance with the nature of the case that he made less mention of the second article of faith than the first, but the doctrines of the first—that there is a God who rules the world, that there is a kingdom of truth and justice, that everything must be sacrificed for the sake of this kingdom—he taught as they have been revealed to us by the Son who was in the bosom of the Father. His wonderful acuteness and mastery of logic enabled him to drive the subtleties of self-interest into the remotest corner, to tear off the dazzling mask from grovelling sentiments, and, inspired by the fulness of the divine life that burned within him, he draws a picture of the new state of things that must arise. There was indeed something novel in these sermons, and it bore fruit in many minds; in this doctrine of love to a generation whose selfishness was leading it to ruin; in this apprehension of life in all its manifold aspects, its origin and aim, at a time when State and home, knowledge and social life seemed to be all falling asunder; in this fine and manly language, which derived a charm from the enthusiasm of the speaker and the peculiarity of his subject. How surprised must those timid people have been who took refuge in the church from the troubles of the time, when Schleiermacher endeavoured to infuse courage and confidence into their hearts.

The principle of all his political sermons, though the term political is scarcely appropriate, may be found in the one preached in the summer of 1806 at Halle: "How greatly it adds to the dignity of man when he attaches himself with his whole heart to the community of citizens to which he belongs!" He argues in favour of patriotism instead of cosmopolitanism, against the principle of leaving all care for the welfare of the community to the ministers of State, for he thinks that all should take a lively interest in public affairs. He applies the

Apostle's words, "So then you are no more strangers and pilgrims, but fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God," to earthly citizenship; and shows that the cosmopolitan is not only a stranger and pilgrim in his own country, but everywhere, for he has no strong bond of union with any one,—he is wanting in love, devotion, and sympathy, and has no certain sphere of action.

He teaches that it is the will of God that peoples should be united by a common language and national peculiarities; that an ardent patriotism ennobles human life in all its aspects; that a man without it is not so likely to see what is worthy of admiration even in a foreign nation. He shows that the bonds of friendship are drawn closer by this common bond; brave sons are reared for their country in the sanctity of home; and learning, however widely its empire may extend, takes deepest root in the country where it has been acquired. He directs the cosmopolitan, who says that patriotism is too narrow a sentiment for him, to the example of Christ, who laboured among the Jews; and to the Apostle of the Gentiles, whose love was ever ardent for his "brethren according to the flesh."

When the worst came, and Halle was occupied by the French, it was Schleiermacher's earnest desire that no peace should be made; but it was natural that many weak-minded people should be of a different opinion, and say that, if peace were only restored, they should be able to live a godly life. To combat this opinion, Schleiermacher declared, with holy irony, that "wherever God rules, there is peace." But, because God rules, he declares relentless war against the enemies of God; lauds the heroism which sacrifices itself for such a cause; and for the conduct of life he draws, from the peace which exists in the kingdom of God, the double conclusion, that we must not be so misguided as to sacrifice our inward peace to outward repose, and that we must take heed to preserve it through every step in life.

It was in this way that he endeavoured to lead men from outward strife to the peace of God, and from this inward peace to an earnest combat with the principle of evil. He held in

one hand the oil with which to heal the wounds ; in the other, the wine to give the sufferer strength to stand. He preached a sermon "On the Use of National Misfortune," from the text, "All things work together for good to them that love God," and pointed out that these words are true only for them that love God, not for them whose love is set upon earthly possessions ; that the chief use of the sorrows of their country was to increase their knowledge of God and of themselves, to give them an insight into their national sins, in which all had a share of guilt, to increase their faith that godly sorrow would be followed by joy. But those have nothing to look to but fear and confusion who have no desire to be changed into the likeness of God, but who care only to enjoy the good things of this life.

The sermon preached on the last Sunday of the unhappy year 1806 gives evidence of the faith that death is the forerunner of life, for he gives it as his opinion that the latter times are not worse than the former, neither as respects domestic, civil, nor religious life ; and he had arrived at this conclusion from the fact that misfortune had deepened family affection, and had given rise to renewed activity in the service of the State, had awakened a greatly increased interest in religion ; and he hailed all this as a great improvement on the superficial views which had previously prevailed.

On New Year's Day, 1807, he preached upon the text "Fear not them that kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul ; but rather fear him who can destroy both soul and body in hell." And with his usual depth and earnestness he draws the distinction between the visible and invisible, between that which will pass away and that which will endure, between that which belongs to the flesh and that which belongs to the spirit ; and he exhorts to the sacrifice of everything that God calls for, in order that the soul may abide in his favour.

The same spirit pervades the sermon, probably preached in Halle, on 1 Cor. vii. 29, 30 : "But this I say, brethren, the time is short ; it remaineth that both they that have wives be as though they had none, and they that weep as though they wept not, and they that rejoice as though they rejoiced not, and they

that buy as though they possessed not." In this sermon he says that the best preservative against being enslaved by the world consists in setting the true and Christian value on the things of this life; and when all that renders life lovely is taken from us, he deprecates a stupid apathy no less than morbid regret for what is lost.

"Now, then," he concludes, "let us be strong and brave; let all who are zealously working for a common cause, all who are personally attached, encourage and uphold each other; let us join in opposing all seductive and effeminate weakness; let us enter into a bond of truth and love, to help us in striving after everything that is beautiful and good, in following Him who is the author and finisher of our faith, who has prepared no other way for us to enter into the kingdom of God than that which He trod himself, the path of much tribulation."

At another time, in the midst of general gloom, he preached on Romans xii. 21, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good," exhorting his hearers to perseverance in the conflict with threatening evil. Neither the courage nor the discretion of the Christian should ever forsake him, nor must he allow himself to be robbed of his cheerfulness and serenity.

These exhortations are adapted to all times; but he who pictures to himself as he reads them the circumstances which gave rise to them, cannot fail to admire the preacher who, amidst them all, maintained his courage, his self-possession and cheerfulness, nor to think the hearers happy who were thus strengthened and comforted. How valuable one such man may be in times of universal alarm!

In the summer of 1807 he gave lectures on Greek philosophy to a large and intellectual audience in Berlin. Varnhagen says that "they were delivered entirely without notes, or even any memoranda of the Greek quotations, and were yet remarkable for the eloquence of the language."

He also seized every opportunity of preaching. During the following summer, though engrossed with his marriage engagement, his political activity was as great as ever. Prussia was in the deepest humiliation, and the presence of the French

troops prevented any rising against the oppressor. Still the most influential men were looking forward to, and preparing for war with France. It was hoped that Austria and the North German provinces not subject to Prussia would join with her, that England would lend her aid, and that the war in Spain would hinder Napoleon's progress in Germany. No open preparation was possible: all that could be done was to arm in secret, and to enlighten the minds of the people, as was done by Stein and Scharnhorst.

Meanwhile all who were warmly attached to their country throughout the whole of North Germany formed a close but secret alliance for the purpose of obtaining and spreading exact intelligence concerning their own strength and that of the enemy.

Schleiermacher was just returned from his betrothal when he was deputed by some of the most zealous patriots of Berlin to undertake a political mission to Königsberg, then the seat of the Court and Government. He gave an account of this journey in a series of remarkable letters, in which public events are veiled in the narration of family affairs, and the chief personages are mentioned under fictitious names. He had the pleasure of staying in the house of his old friend Wedeke, and it increased his desire to establish a home of his own; but in looking forward to it he always kept in view with steadfast courage that it might be needful to sacrifice everything for the good of his country.

"I feel full of trust," he wrote to his betrothed, "and I cannot tell you how happy it makes me that our engagement occurs during the present situation of public affairs. The one gives dignity to the other, and each takes its right relative position. If I could not do what I am doing, and I now feel fully able to do it, I should not feel so sure of my right to lay claim to you, your whole existence, and your children. But, on the other hand, without you I should not know what my courage and patriotism were worth. But now I know that I am not behind any one, and that I am worthy of my country and to be a husband and father." And thus in his letters

affection for his betrothed and labour for his country are intermingled, until they were united in a happy marriage and shared together all the joys and sorrows which public events occasioned. On the last evening of the year 1808 he wrote to her: "I shall never despair of my country, I have so firm a belief, I feel so sure, that she is a chosen instrument and people of God. But, whatever happens, I hope that nothing will keep us much longer apart. With what pleasure I have pictured to myself an eventful time, with you ever at my side, or anxiously looking for my return when I have been engaged in some business calling all my powers into exercise. It is a glorious gift of God to live in a time like this, everything that is beautiful is more deeply felt, and therefore it can be more forcibly expressed. Yes, and even in looking at the simple enjoyment of love, I would rather introduce you into circumstances like the present than to a secluded and idyl-like existence. For how can love be better glorified than by drawing everything that is great and noble in life into its sphere; so, come what will, let us be prepared to meet it with energy and joy." In May, 1809, when hope was beginning to dawn for the country through the spirited commencement of the war in Austria, Schleiermacher brought home his bride, and founded a domestic happiness which remained fresh and green to the end.

In the same year he was appointed preacher at the Trinity Church. This leads us back to the sermons by means of which, according to the testimony of their contemporaries, he and Fichte changed the character of public opinion in the Prussian capital. In his former political sermons he endeavoured to awaken patriotic feeling in the midst of the destruction of the State, but in 1808 he begins to refer more definitely to its reform. His sermons prepared the way for what was undertaken by Stein and Scharnhorst. On the 24th of December, 1808, the birthday of Frederic the Great, he defined in a masterly manner the proper limits of reverence for former national greatness. Taking for a text Christ's words about the temple of Jerusalem, "Verily I say unto you there shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down,"

he shows how obsolete political forms must decay, but mind with its eternal youth must create new and more perfect ones. He censures the wish that it were possible for the great monarch to return; for if the people hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead. Even the most powerful ruler will effect nothing for a nation which puts all its trust in a great leader and has no self-reliance. The return of the kingly hero, even if it were possible, would avail nothing, and it is equally vain to wish to restore the worn-out constitution of the State, with all its imperfections, instead of striving to establish a better one.

But though in a Christian spirit he censures those who fix all their hopes on the restoration of old times, he has no wish to reject what was good in them, but urges the retention of all that was worthy of praise under the rule of Frederic the Great, —diligence and economy, uprightness and justice, the equality of all in the eye of the law, liberty of conscience, and efforts for the diffusion of knowledge.

He celebrated the introduction of the regulations for the government of towns, which were a testament of Stein's, who was then outlawed, by a sermon on Romans xiii. 1—5, in which he defined the relation of a Christian to his government, and points out that, though it is unworthy of a Christian to be subject merely from fear, yet he must be subject for conscience' sake. Religion is the enemy of all hypocrisy and fear, and consists of independence, courage, charity, and freedom. The sermon is a powerful testimony against patriotism, which thinks that it can dispense with religion, and religion which thinks that it can dispense with patriotism.

When, in the summer of 1810, the nation was stunned by the sudden death of the queen, Schleiermacher portrayed her character to the congregation with all the affection of a faithful subject, but at the same time quoted Isaiah lv. 8, 9,* in order

* "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord, for as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

to refine and elevate the prevailing grief, that a blessing might result from it to the country.

One thing was yet wanting to Schleiermacher after he had secured for himself a pulpit and a home—the professor's chair. Since he had had enthusiastic youth hanging on his words at Halle, the desire to teach was irresistible. Then political misfortune brought “the deep conviction that a new generation must be born of the spirit, if the country is to have a great future.”

As soon as he took up his residence at Berlin he began to deliver lectures. Those on Grecian philosophy have already been mentioned. He afterwards lectured on ethics and theology, and later on the doctrines of faith. In conjunction with Fichte, Wolf, and Schmalz, Schleiermacher to a certain extent anticipated the foundation of the University at Berlin, and when it was founded he gave his assistance. “That is right, that is excellent,” the King had said when he was consulted about it soon after the Peace of Tilsit; “the State must try to replace by mental strength what it has lost in physical power.”

Wolf, Fichte, and Schleiermacher were mainly relied on. He forwarded the cause of it essentially by his “Remarks upon Universities, according to the German Idea of them, with an Appendix on the Establishment of a New One.” There was a great desire that the new institution should be of a very superior kind; the old academic forms were like old bottles for new wine. Between philosophic innovations and plans based upon one-sided ideas, Schleiermacher preserved the ancient idea of a university in a renovated form, uniting creative genius with his usual discretion in retaining what was good in old plans. It was opened in the autumn of 1810. It arose during the period of the country's ignominy, and took part in its renovation, to which it may be said that it essentially contributed. In the struggle which took place in 1813, the professors and students took an active part both with the sword of the spirit and the sword of steel.

Schleiermacher had now found the sphere in which he could

gratify his earnest desire to labour for the renovation of the Church in Germany. During a quarter of a century he had awakened an interest in religion in the minds of thousands of young men; he had proclaimed Christ as the alpha and omega of the religious life, and spread abroad his pure enthusiasm for the kingdom of God.

He also had a share in the ministry of public instruction until 1814, when he resigned it in order to secure time for his office as secretary of the academy. God had given him all his heart's desires. At Christmas, 1808, he wrote to his betrothed, "If I were in the service of the State, even only as a temporary thing, I should have nothing more to wish for. Learning and the Church, the State and domestic life,—what more can a man want in this world? and I should belong to the happy few who had taken part in them all."

The general rising of the country in 1813 came at last. The King's summons to the volunteers was dated the 3rd of February. It excited an extraordinary commotion in Berlin. Schleiermacher devoted all his energy to equipping those who gave in their names to him as volunteers, and in March he received a letter of thanks from Breslau from Scharnhorst, on behalf of the State, for the services he had rendered in expediting the volunteers to the places assigned to them, and he alluded to a proposal which Schleiermacher had made for the establishment of a newspaper. This little, undignified-looking man was the soul of the preparations for war in Berlin. He published an address, "To my Countrymen," which was intended to be read in the churches, and Karl von Raumer describes the deep impression made by the sermon which Schleiermacher preached on the same occasion. Indeed the spirit of it is like the refreshing breath of spring, to which the patriotic feeling of the time may be compared. He begins by describing recent events, the memory of which was fresh in the minds of all; the pleasure with which the departure of their nominal friends, the French, was witnessed; the joyful reception of the Russians, their nominal foes; the arrival of their own troops, and the hopes that were excited that they were now

to be employed in fighting against the national enemy; and how these hopes were now fulfilled by the plain words of the King to his people. He then read the King's proclamation, and dwelt on the happiness of so entire an agreement between the wishes of the King and those of the people. He then read the following passages from Jeremiah :—

“ Thus saith the Lord ; Cursed be the man that trusted in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord. For he shall be like the heath in the desert, and shall not see when good cometh ; but shall inhabit the parched places in the wilderness, in a salt land and not inhabited. Blessed is the man who trusted in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green ; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit.” *

“ At what instant I shall speak concerning a nation, and concerning a kingdom, to pluck up, and to pull down, and to destroy it ; if that nation, against whom I have pronounced, turn from their evil, I will repent of the evil that I thought to do unto them. And at what instant I shall speak concerning a nation, and concerning a kingdom, to build and to plant it ; if it do evil in my sight, that it obey not my voice, then I will repent of the good, wherewith I said I would benefit them.” †

With wonderful clearness, and by his humble “ we,” always including himself in the national guilt, he points out how the nation had brought this chastisement upon itself. He describes the great progress of Prussia under Frederic the Great ; the carnal security produced by consciousness of power, the indolent administration of public affairs, the ignoble views which induced Prussia to endeavour to maintain peace ; then, after a spark of patriotic enthusiasm in 1806, came the fearful fall which was the consequence of the servile state of the national mind.

* Jeremiah xvii. 5—8.

† Jeremiah xviii. 7—10.

Now, however, after the fearful pitch to which hypocrisy had reached, there was a return to sincerity and liberty, as was shown by the free gifts which were pouring in, and the voluntary preparations for war. He then read the King's proclamation to the militia, and afterwards pointed out the duties of all in the coming struggle. He warns the soldier not to let courage run into arrogance or indiscretion; he exhorts the people to be ready cheerfully to give up their beloved ones; he admonishes those who guide the State to faithfulness in making use of the powers now with so much devotion and self-sacrifice placed at their disposal. He then exhorts all to maintain the conflict with ignoble views in their own minds. "Let every one stand firm at his post. Let every one keep himself fresh and green in the consciousness of the great and holy powers which animate him. Let every one trust in God, and call upon His name."

When, in May, 1813, danger seemed to threaten Berlin, Schleiermacher sent his wife and children into Silesia, a measure which he afterwards bitterly regretted, for, after the first great battles, Silesia became the seat of war; but he remained firmly at his post. By means of the newspaper which he edited in spite of the vexatious interference of the censorship, he exhorted to vigorous measures, especially during the depressing period of the armistice.

The victorious days of the summer and autumn of 1813 at length arrived, and he was able to enjoy them in the midst of restored domestic happiness.

With the course of events in France in the following year he was kept thoroughly acquainted by means of correspondence with his friends, Steffens and Blanc; the former of whom was in the campaign as an army chaplain, the latter as a volunteer.

After the second taking of Paris, he addressed himself to Gneisenau about the rescue of the literary treasures which Napoleon had taken to Paris.

Well might he exclaim, as one who had always acted uprightly, at the declaration of peace in 1815, "The Lord has chastened us in mercy because He loved us; He has awakened

our dormant powers by sending us troublous times ; He has granted us joyful though dearly bought deliverance from the evils that oppressed us ; He has crowned the country, and our King especially, with imperishable, though dearly bought fame ; He has permitted us to begin the fifth century of our national existence with our youth renewed and brighter hopes than ever : crowned with so much mercy, may all hearts be turned to Him, and, shunning every evil way, may all the nation walk in His paths."

For the space of twenty years after the restoration of peace, Schleiermacher's sphere of usefulness was very widely extended. He maintained his fearless and inviolable love of truth during those years of startling changes and violent party spirit. When his brother-in-law, Arndt, was deprived of his office, when people began to raise accusations against the men who had done the most for their country's deliverance, on account of private opinions or expressions used long ago, when what was spoken in the closet and written in confidential letters was not safe from listeners and spies, Schleiermacher was marked as a suspicious character. But he pursued his own path, and maintained his faithful but long unacknowledged attachment to his King, and he lived to enjoy the satisfaction of entirely regaining his confidence. If it is to be regretted that he was not more closely united to the orthodox party, with whom he entirely agreed in regarding Christ as the sole foundation of the religious life, he had nothing in common with those who preached religion as a mere matter of superficial opinion with but scanty influence upon the life. He maintained a deep and fervent personal piety. He was already under its influence when he wrote the 'Discourses' and 'Monologues,' and it was more and more practically unfolded in his life.

He who judges a theologian simply by his agreement or disagreement with the traditional doctrines of the Church, will perhaps scarcely acknowledge the benefit of Schleiermacher's labours.

The value of his influence consisted in the sincerity and earnestness with which he laboured to restore respect for

religion in general, and for Christianity as consisting in a religious life having its foundation in Christ.

He is not to be judged by the number of his orthodox opinions, but by the powerful conviction with which he grasped those which he held.

His influence is acknowledged by men of the most various theological tendencies. Those are his true disciples who seek in religion for a mystical union of the soul with God, who look to Christ as the sole way to such a union, who sanctify their daily life by the word of God and prayer, who endeavour to make the family a community of saints, who strive to guard the church from all unseemly narrowness, whether proceeding from the authority of the State or from the opinions of the majority of the people. In all these points Schleiermacher was a conspicuous example.

He was in the habit of taking journeys for recreation, generally accompanied by attached friends, and among other countries he visited England, Sweden, and the Tyrol. Even in advanced years he used to shun no exertion on these excursions, and was always an active pedestrian. These absences from home gave occasion for the correspondence from which we have the most pleasing insight into his beautiful domestic life. His marriage entirely fulfilled all his hopes and expectations. It was truly a model union, and the volume of family letters in his life may be recommended as a book for family reading. He loved his own children and those of his wife by her former marriage with equal affection. His letters offer many valuable hints on the subject of education, especially that of boys.

Youth is apt to confound feeling with action, and sentimental admiration of all that is great and noble with carrying it steadily out in practice, but Schleiermacher understood the art of instilling into the minds of young people the fact that it is their special duty to learn and to improve; but his grave admonitions were tempered with so much affection, and he took so much pleasure in the freshness of youthful life, that he always won their confidence.

He lost the only son whom God had given him at twelve

years old. It was characteristic of his greatness of mind and of his noble character that he himself preached the funeral sermon; "amidst tears," indeed, but yet with wonderful composure, discarding every consolation from which men of less acute minds might have derived support, but finding more intense comfort in the words, "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am." After his son's death he wrote to his friend Gass: "Since the boy began to go to the gymnasium, I made it my business to take him more especially under my care. I had arranged that he should work at his lessons in my room, so that I may truly say that not an hour passed in which he was not in my thoughts, and in which I was not caring for him, so that there is not an hour now in which I do not miss him. There is nothing for it but to submit, and to work off my grief. I neither can nor wish to struggle against it, and I dare not give way to it. On the day of the funeral I began to arrange everything, and now all goes on as usual, only rather more slowly and heavily."

Under a well-known portrait of Schleiermacher stand the words, "There is one thing I have always wished for, that I might die in full consciousness, and see death approach with certainty without surprise and without illusion."

This wish was granted on the 12th of February, 1834. During the night of the 6th, after suffering from cough and feverishness, he was seized with fearful pain, and said that he could not tell where it was, but that every fibre in his body was in agony. During the severe suffering which lasted during the few remaining days of his life, he was in a calm state of mind, perfectly obedient, no murmur escaped him, always gentle and patient, but serious and thoughtful. From the opium that was given him, he was often in a state of half-unconscious slumber, but his mind was clear enough to be aware of his condition, and he very characteristically said, "But I have times of most divine happiness. I have the deepest speculative thoughts, and with me they are all one with the most devout religious emotions."

Once he lifted up his hand and said, with great solemnity, "Now kindle a fire for sacrifice!" At another time, "My

legacy to the children is the saying of John, 'Love one another.'" His heart was full of love, and his mouth spoke out of its abundance.

On the last morning, when the death struggle was approaching, he uttered his first and last complaint: "O Lord! I am in great suffering." Then, with the signs of approaching death in his countenance, he laid his forefinger on his left eye, as he was in the habit of doing when in deep thought, and said, "I have never attached importance to the dead letter; we have the atonement of Jesus Christ, His body and blood; but I have always believed, and believe now, that the Lord Jesus instituted the last supper in water and wine." Wine had been offered to him, and he thus expressed his agreement with the Eastern custom of mixing water with it, to excuse himself for taking water only. He raised himself up, and with great animation, in a clear, strong voice, he asked those present if they were of his opinion, that Jesus blessed the water as well as the wine. On their saying that they were, he said, "Then let us take the communion; you the wine, and I the water." When the necessary things were brought, with a countenance illumined with a wonderful light of fervour and devotion, he uttered a few words of prayer introductory to the ceremony. He then distributed the bread and wine, saying the appointed words with a clear voice to each one separately. When it was over he said, "On these words of Scripture I rest; they are the foundation of my faith." He then pronounced the benediction, and, turning to his wife with a look of intense affection, said, "In this love and communion we are and shall ever be one." Then, lying back on the pillow, and with the help of loving hands trying for a few moments to find a comfortable position, his eyes gradually closed, and he breathed his last.

In the midst of life he had said in the 'Monologues'—"Yes, my mind shall preserve its vigour in advancing years; never shall spirit and courage forsake me; what I rejoice in now I will rejoice in evermore; firm shall my will remain and strong my imagination. Nothing shall deprive me of the magic key which unlocks for me the mysterious portals of the world

above; never shall the fervour of my love be extinguished. I will not behold the dreaded weakness of age; I vow to despise every calamity which does not affect the objects of my existence; and I swear to preserve myself in eternal youth."

What he vowed to himself, in the spirit, as it were, of the archetypal man, in the faith that would anticipate eternity and infuse into the life of man the power of God, was granted him by the grace of God through the glorifying power of Christianity.

CHAPTER XI.

HEINRICH STEFFENS.

HEINRICH STEFFENS is worthy to take his place next to the three great renovators of German life—Fichte, Arndt, and Schleiermacher, although his influence was not so great as theirs. In the spring of 1813 his academical lectures were turned, like those of Fichte, into appeals to his hearers to join the holy war. Like Arndt, he took part in the great conflict with France, but as a soldier, and he was with the army when it entered Paris. He was united in the closest bonds of friendship with Schleiermacher by the similarity of their views of life and religion; but their great powers of mind, called forth as they had been by the stirring events of the times, afterwards led them in different directions. Schleiermacher, who belonged to the Reformed Church, advocated the cause of union with all the strength of his convictions; while Steffens, who was always a Lutheran, became a still more decided one in his later years.

Heinrich Steffens came from the northern regions, in which, until quite recently, the Lutheran confession exclusively prevailed. His mother was Danish, and he was born in Norway, but his paternal ancestors were natives of Holstein, and it was in Germany that Steffens afterwards took root. He was born at Stavanger in May, 1773, where his father was Danish surgeon. In his third year his parents removed to Drontheim, in his seventh to Helsingfors, and in 1785 to the old Danish royal residence, Roeskilde, where his father had received the appointment of army surgeon. His excitable and violent character often brought him into trouble. Rousseau had had great influence upon his principles of education, but they were not

incompatible with leaving the children very much to themselves. His profession, however, led him to pay great attention to their physical training. They were early accustomed to cold bathing, and were almost as much at home in the sea as on the land. Steffens was a forward child; he could read in his fourth year, and soon after began making rhymes. The uninteresting manner in which he was instructed in the ancient languages gave him a dislike to them, but history, nature, and religion made a deep impression upon his mind.

Nowhere is the present so intimately connected with the history of the remote past, fading away into ancient sagas, as in Denmark. Nowhere is the remembrance of it so fostered by education in the national mind. Steffens experienced in his youth the powerful influence of sagas and legends of gods and queens, sea-kings, and warlike exploits; and the influence of them was confirmed by the still existing monuments of ancient times, and by the stern and imperishable features of surrounding nature. But nature had a still more powerful influence on his mind than these national legends. The varying scenes which were presented to him by the frequent change of residence of the family, and the books which he found in his father's library, contributed to encourage his taste for the study of nature; and after it was once awakened, his ideas were not limited to what was before his eyes, but he soared on the wings of fancy to the most distant lands. He often imagined himself in the midst of shady forests and in the glow of tropical climates, far from the bare and lofty mountains and tumultuous seas among which he was born. He says of himself, "I liked well enough, like other children, to enjoy myself in the open air, and to revel with my companions in the sunshine, amid the treasures which nature spread before us; but this was not my highest pleasure; another and a deeper joy possessed me; when alone, I kept up a mysterious intercourse with nature, for I can call by no other name the happiness which thrilled me. All her treasures seemed to be laid at my feet, and my delight was connected with a deep and still emotion which I must call devotion. I rejoiced that I lived in

her midst, and that I was the child of the eternal, blessed, and vivifying creation."

This feeling of being a part of the universe, of receiving life from it, and contributing life to it, has often led excitable and poetical natures like that of Steffens to pantheistic views, but in his case speculation was kept within bounds by the faith of the Lutheran Church. In his mature years Steffens found in the Lutheran doctrines, and especially in that of the Lord's Supper, a peculiar reconciliation between things natural and things spiritual,—a view according to which God cherishes nature in Himself and Himself in nature. But in his childish years Steffens received in simplicity what was taught him at church and at home. Until his seventh year Hübner's Biblical Histories were his delight, and at the school which he attended pretty complete instruction was given in natural and revealed religion. Steffens was deeply interested in it, but he was totally unable to learn portions of Scripture by heart. While his schoolfellows learnt just the passage that was selected for them, he was engrossed with the subject and its connection with the context. It stimulated his thoughts, and he wrote essays upon religious subjects, which he read, not without vanity, in the school, but which no doubt resulted in giving form to and deepening his own thoughts and feelings. But it was his mother who had the greatest influence in awakening his love for his God and Saviour.

"For every feeling of devotion," he says, "every religious emotion, I am indebted to my mother; most truly may I call her the guardian angel of my life. She was so in the deepest sense of the words, and when in after-life an accusing conscience made itself heard amidst the distractions and errors of life, it always conjured up an image of her anxious and pensive countenance as she warned me of my danger." His father was prevented by his profession, his cares, and his opinions from exercising much influence on his son's religious life; his mother fell sick, and the children ran about uncared for. But the more Steffens felt himself released from any outward control, the more he was influenced by his gentle, suffering mother. He

lived a sort of double existence ; out of doors he revelled in the sports of youth, in his mother's room he was engrossed with the most solemn aspect of life. If he had been giving himself up to the enthusiastic enjoyment of nature, a word from his mother would cause him to fall upon his knees in prayer. Even when taken up with the amusements natural to his age, he never gave up the idea, in which he was strengthened by his mother, that he should one day be a clergyman.

Once, many years before her death occurred, she was thought to be dying, and the children were summoned to the sick-room, which for weeks they had not been allowed to enter. They stood around the bed, Heinrich read a prayer aloud, the mother raised herself up, and speaking joyfully of her speedy departure, commended her children to God ; then, turning to Heinrich, she dedicated him to the service of the Lord, and gave him a special blessing. He threw himself sobbing on his knees, longed that he might die with her, and yet he felt a thrill of joy in the idea of being consecrated to God. But his mother was once more spared, and Heinrich was allowed henceforth to spend much of his time by her bedside, as if he had also been set apart for this intimate and confidential intercourse. Her loving confidence in him opened his mouth, and he told her of all that he had learnt, and of some doubts by which he was tormented. Devotional books were read, Stilling's 'Youth' had a great effect upon him, and he found in Fénelon a congenial spirit, without perhaps altogether understanding him. The religious impressions received in his mother's room were not effaced when he left it ; his brothers thought him singular, but he was thoroughly happy in himself. He read the Bible through, and endeavoured to bring the doctrines of Christianity more clearly before his mind by writing about them ; he also began to write a history of the Church, which, like that of Stolberg, began with Adam, but only got as far as Samuel. In the Church, too, at this happy time he found just what he wanted. It was the custom for all the scholars to attend regularly in the cathedral to assist in the singing, but they used quietly to make their escape when the sermon began. But Steffens heard of a

minister at a little distance whose hearers were mostly country people. He went to hear him, and the open and pleasing countenance of the preacher, his clear voice, and short and feeling prayers made such an impression on him that he returned home full of his newly found happiness. But the deep impression which the service had made upon him as a whole prevented his remembering any parts of it in particular, and he was unable to tell his mother anything about the sermon. "You need only remember, Heinrich," said she kindly, "that you are listening to the sermon, not only for yourself, but also for your poor invalid mother, who cannot go to church at all, and then you will succeed."

From that time forth he went every Sunday to hear his favourite preacher, recalled what he had heard during his solitary walk home through the fields, and then repeated it fluently to his mother and brothers and sisters. Incited by his mother, who delighted to see the future minister in her son, he also wrote and read a few sermons about this time.

Although the sermons preached in the cathedral did not interest him, still it doubtless had some effect upon his mind. The monuments of the kings, the reminiscences of the judgments of God as revealed in history, combined with the solemnities of the service, must have produced a powerful effect. On certain days of the week it was the custom for one of the scholars in turn to go inside the iron gratings of the great gate, which were always open at six o'clock in the morning, and read a prayer aloud. Steffens was always glad when his turn came, and willingly took the office for others. He was accompanied by a sacristan, who opened the choir and lighted the candles. The wide expanse was still enveloped in darkness, only here and there a worshipper with a light before him. It seemed to him as if he was looking down into the tomb of the past. The simple words of the prayer, which he read in a clear, loud voice, when he heard them resounding in the dim space, affected him deeply; his own words appeared to him like the warning voice of another. Tears of repentance,

aspiration, and hope flowed down his cheeks, and he was grave and thoughtful during the next few days.

It was also in the cathedral, on an Easter morning, after he had been rejoicing in the opening spring, that he was powerfully affected by the singing of the hymn, in the same manner so inimitably described by Goethe in *Faust*,—

“Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern!”

“O morning star, how fair and bright!”

He often also witnessed, with trembling aspiration, the celebration of the Lord's Supper. When sometimes in warm summer weather his invalid mother could venture to come, and, supported by friendly ladies, approached the altar with trembling steps, when she knelt down, and heavenly joy beamed from her beautiful eyes, her son felt as if his being was truly one with hers. “I trembled,” he relates, “as if I were about to meet a saint, whose presence I could hardly bear; and when the minister approached her, and she partook of the consecrated bread and wine, the tears started into my eyes, I felt as if I had partaken of them myself, and had no rest till I had thrown myself into her arms, that having been blessed herself, she might give me her blessing.” When she partook of the holy communion for the last time in the cathedral, Steffens feared, from the dimmed lustre of her eye, that her departure was at hand. He was overwhelmed at the thought of the approaching separation, and it increased his grief that his father and brothers did not share his feelings. How gladly would he have opened his heart to a friend! He threw himself sobbing on the ground, earnestly praying, “Keep my faith pure.” Then he lived over again in thought the solemn ceremony at the altar, and seemed to enter into entire communion of spirit with his mother.

He was penetrated with a deep impression of the unity of all things. The varied manifestations of nature were like revealed words to him, of which he penetrated into the inmost meaning, and every word of truth seemed to him to have the vivid reality of a created being.

The Saviour whom he adored, the centre of life and love, seemed to him to pervade all the forms of nature, to be a part of all his thoughts; and, to his childlike spirit, the object of his devout love seemed to be everywhere. But he did not always continue to see his Saviour so clearly in nature as his all-in-all. He became engrossed in the study of nature for its own sake, after it had been presented to him under a different aspect, by reading Buffon's 'Natural History.' A change came over him, which was also observable in his intercourse with his mother. She asked him to tell her what it was that so entirely engrossed him, and he did so with the greatest animation. He spoke of the power which nature seemed to possess of following eternal laws, in the midst of apparent destruction and disorder, and of the never-failing delight which the investigation of these laws promised him. "Heinrich," said his mother in a faint voice, "how can you investigate these wonderful things, and be so entirely taken up with them, without thinking of the Lord who moves heaven and earth, who foldeth the heavens together as a garment, but who reveals Himself most clearly to us in the inmost emotions of the soul, in the repentance of the erring sinner?" She told him that what was occupying him now, was the sphere of the natural philosopher; "But it is to be your calling," she continued, "to proclaim God's word immediately to men."

But even the voice of his mother, then sick unto death, could not recall him from the path which, by means of his natural inclination, had been marked out for him by God. When near her end, after receiving the communion, she once more said to him, "Heinrich, you must proclaim the word of the Lord; He has called you and fitted you for the office. Be true to Him and to your calling, and then He will bless you."

As he knelt and wept beside her coffin, in the excitement of the moment, he once more vowed to fulfil his mother's dying wish; but the promise was not kept in the sense in which she meant it.

Not long after her death he was confirmed, but the preparation for it only affected his understanding and imagination.

When he partook of the communion his mother's warning voice seemed once more to sound in his ears, but the impression was soon effaced, and for many years he neglected the table of the Lord. But the germ of the religious impressions received from his mother remained in his mind; in riper years he returned to the faith of his youth, and became, though not from the pulpit, a preacher of the truth in Christ.

We have dwelt more particularly on the history of his childhood, because our task is the delineation of the religious life. We shall hasten through the next few years until we come to the time of Steffens's patriotic labours.

In 1790 he became a student in the University at Copenhagen, but his father did not like residing there, and procured an appointment at Rendsburg, in his native country, Holstein, instead; and means were wanting to allow the son to remain at Copenhagen. He was obliged for a time to take a situation as tutor in the family of a relation at Odsherred. At this time he was not openly opposed to theology. While a student he had even preached a few times—"sentimental moralities," as he calls his doctrines. But his taste for the study of natural history was so strong, the rationalistic but dogmatic manner in which orthodox tenets were then held was so repulsive to him, and his manners and tastes were so opposed to the dignified behaviour that was expected of a clergyman, that he ventured at length to open his mind to his maternal uncle, Professor Bang, at Copenhagen. He saw that it was a case in which nothing could be done by compulsion, and invited his nephew to live in his house, while he supported himself by giving lessons. He soon became acquainted with many superior men, and youths of similar tastes to his own. They made attempts at theatrical representations, studied poetical literature, and revelled in the pleasures of social intercourse. Thorwaldsen introduced him to the world of art, and religion came sometimes gently tapping at the door as a friend of former years. When Lavater visited Holstein, he also went to Copenhagen and preached in the Reformed Church. Steffens was powerfully impressed by the firmness of his faith and the fervour of his

devotion. The subject of his discourse was prayer; it aroused his slumbering soul with a voice of thunder, and brought to his mind the life he used to lead with his mother. With the fervour of one who is speaking from personal experience, Lavater described those outward and inward conflicts which can only be passed through victoriously by prayer. After each description of a hopeless condition of mind, he made a short pause, and then exclaimed in a loud voice, "Pray!" His voice pierced his hearer to the heart, but the time was not yet come for a permanent effect.

After several years' study he was offered by a society the means for a journey for the purpose of making researches in natural history in Norway. The sum, which was not large, was considerably lessened by the payment of some debts before he set out, and in very depressed spirits he went on board the vessel. Besides these painful outward circumstances, his mind was in a ferment. When the time was at an end in which he was to have fulfilled his commission, the results of his researches appeared to him very insignificant, and the necessary books were wanting to enable him to reduce his collections to order, as well as the serenity of mind which is requisite for such studies. His distraction of mind at length led him to doubt whether his own existence was not a delusion, than which nothing can be a greater hindrance to active exertion. The idea was dreadful to him of returning to Copenhagen with the scanty results of his researches, so he suddenly made up his mind to go to Germany and send a written report to Copenhagen.

"All that the Germans are striving after," he said to himself, "all that the greatest spirits there are seeking, is also the object of my earnest endeavours; an intellectual struggle is going on there, in which I must take part; I exist here, but I am even now living there in spirit. When I have succeeded in distinguishing myself, I shall return to Copenhagen." He reasoned with himself, that owing to his poverty, he should have to endure many hardships, and, in order to put his fortitude to the test, he held a finger in the flame of a candle until it was severely burnt. A friend at Bergen lent him a sum of

money, and he commissioned his friends at Copenhagen to sell his library and his collections of objects of natural history. Thinking that he had thus made provision for his immediate wants, he took ship. After a most perilous voyage, having lost all his possessions and collections, and with difficulty escaped with his life, he arrived at Blankenese. He went to Hamburg, and spent several weeks there in the greatest destitution, and was at last seized with a dangerous illness. Fortunately some kind friends came to his rescue, or he would probably have perished miserably in his attic. In these painful circumstances, he brought his mind at length to take refuge at Rendsburg with his father, then heavily laden with debt, but he was received with open arms. Unfounded accusations were added to his other misfortunes. Then, instead of the expected money from Copenhagen, came the news that the remnant of his property which had escaped the sea had been consumed by fire.

But this weight of misfortune seemed to awaken all his powers; he was never more industrious than during this period at Rendsburg, and his unsettled opinions acquired unity through the effort to summon up all his strength. He felt unspeakably happy. It was in the spring of 1796 that he went to the University of Kiel, in order to learn as well as to teach, and he soon found means of earning something by giving lessons in natural history. After passing an examination, he received permission to give lectures on the same subject, which were remarkably successful. In the course of the year he wrote his first German work, 'On the Study of Mineralogy.' In the spring of 1797 he received a doctor's degree. He then ventured to pay a visit to Copenhagen, and spent some happy weeks with his old friends, all slanders against him having died away. When he had returned to Kiel, and had again settled down to the peaceful study for which this little university offers so congenial a home, he felt that a mental revolution had taken place within him.

For a time he had attempted to keep a keen watch upon his mental state by means of a diary, but this plan of keeping a debit and credit account of his inner man was repulsive to his

natural tendency to regard life in its unity and completeness. Kant's one-sided morality did not satisfy him. Goethe and Shakspeare had already deeply engrossed him, and his attention was now directed to Spinoza through Jacobi's work 'On the Doctrines of Spinoza in Letters to Mendelssohn.' He was convinced, on reading the preface to the ethics, that the philosophy of Spinoza was the result of the hunger of the soul for a consistent certainty in all the vicissitudes of life, of a practical, and not of a mere theoretical need. Steffens also longed to find some basis of truth, firm and unchangeable, a mental harmony not with others, but with himself, "to find the centre from which the passions, the thoughts and feelings, the will and the very existence should radiate, and to which they should again converge."

He found, therefore, in Spinoza a certain repose and security, but it was bound up with a renunciation of all individual wishes and hopes, a tranquillity and self-abnegation which appeared to him to rob nature and life itself of all their interest and zest. Nevertheless this tranquillity had an elevating, instead of a depressing effect upon him. And when, after he returned from attending the death-bed of his father, he found Schelling's 'Ideas for a Philosophy of Nature,' the Jew Spinoza seemed to him to have only an Old Testament significance, for he had only directed him to the God who was revealed within him; but on reading Schelling, he felt as if he was listening to tones of harmony, as if he heard the first words of promise of future initiation into the divine life.

Soon afterwards he received from Count Schimmelmänn, who was very friendly to him, a travelling stipend. Germany was open to him; he had first crossed the threshold of the country at Kiel, and he felt strongly attracted to it by Jacobi and Schelling, Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller, not to mention other less important names.

It would be necessary to describe the rich intellectual life which at that time existed in Germany, to accompany Steffens to Jena, Weimar, Freiberg, Dresden, and Berlin, to ramble through the Hartz Mountains and the forests of Thuringia, to

visit the Rhine country and Franconia, and to recall the memory of a large number of eminent men, if we attempted to describe the influence upon Steffens of his travels in Germany. Werner at Freiberg took the warmest interest in his researches in natural history; but his devotion to this particular line of study did not prevent his taking a comprehensive view of the wide range of science, and he was not a stranger to any sphere of intellectual life. He made acquaintance with the philosophers Fichte and Schelling, the poets Schiller and Goethe, Schlegel and Tieck. Novalis, the poet and philosopher, made a deep impression on him; and he considered that it was through intercourse with him that the faith of his childhood was renewed. It is remarkable that the spirit of the days of Roeskilde seems to have returned during the time of his residence in Germany, when every faculty was subjected to healthful stimulus, when he was earnestly endeavouring to work out for himself the problem of the origin and aim of life. We see in this fact a proof that his philosophical researches were founded on a religious basis, that his youthful faith and more mature studies had the same end and aim—to behold and to possess God in everything, and everything in God.

“It was remarkable,” he says, “how everything that I saw and heard around me appeared to have a sort of connection with religion, even when apparently in opposition to it. I felt rather as if my earliest youth, childhood even, had returned, as if what I was seeking must lie concealed in the serene and cheerful nature which was the delight of my childhood; as if old times must be renewed. A deep sense of the principle of self-renunciation in religion pervaded my earnest strivings; and when I penetrated into the essence of it, it seemed to me that I caught a glimpse of something above, and unattainable by reason, as if there were something fairer than all the enchantments of poesy; as if there were a mighty spirit ruling the fate of nations in their destruction and renovation. When I recall this time, it seems to me to have a curious connection with the peaceful life at Roeskilde; I was now hoping to make my own what then exerted so much influence over me.”

In the spring of 1801, Steffens returned to Denmark. He went to Germany as a student, he returned as a learned man, having acquired repute by his 'Contributions to the History of the Interior of the Earth.' He took rank next to Schelling in the department of natural philosophy. Germany had done a great deal for him. He had also found a wife there, a daughter of the Chapel Master Reichardt, in Giebichenstein.

But the "German Doctor" was not altogether well received by the Danes, always sensitive on the point of their nationality. His new acquirements, which he regarded as the pleasantest task of his life to communicate in public lectures, were, according to the general view, entirely superfluous. And these new doctrines were to be brought from Germany forsooth. It was naturally regarded as a suspicious circumstance that the ministers Bernstorff and Schimmelmann did not speak Danish, the latter of whom was very favourable to Steffens; and now a report was spread that Steffens had lost the power of thinking in Danish, and very contemptible it must of course have appeared, that after an absence of only two years, a man should have lost the power of thinking in his native tongue.

The course of lectures was begun in October, 1803, just after he had brought home his bride.

Steffens was perfectly aware that his position, and the estimation in which he was held, would depend upon the success of these lectures, and was seized with the greatest anxiety as the time drew near. He felt that it was not only the defence of a theory that was at stake, but that he was endeavouring to secure an intelligent reception for the doctrines of eternal life. "The last moments that I was alone," he relates, "before I entered the lecture-room, were spent in silent prayer; perhaps it was the first real prayer since my childhood. I had talked a great deal about Christianity, and I had in me the germ of Christian feeling which then filled my mind. These solemn moments were not without influence upon my lecture; from this time faith was the background of all my knowledge, and it never forsook me."

Thus strengthened by prayer, and accompanied by the poet

Oelenschläger, and some other friends whose hearts were beating like his own, he made his way with difficulty through the crowd, too great for the room to hold, which had come to hear him. As soon as he ascended the tribune his serenity returned, The effect of his discourse was like that of a stream which flowed from the inner life, which could with difficulty be kept within the bounds of circumspection.

Lectures which did not consist of mere teaching, but revealed the mind and sentiments of the lecturer, were new in Copenhagen, but most attractive for all who had strength and inclination to discard the obsolete forms of learning, and to enter on new paths. His hearers were not merely students, but, like those of Fichte and Schlegel, professors, high officials, and merchants, and side by side with the youths were many old men, to whom the problem of life was not yet solved.

But it was not Steffens's wish to be merely a philosopher; he hoped to give lectures on geognosy, and to undertake scientific journeys in Norway. But for the latter, Count Reventlow would have had to provide the funds, and he was an enemy to all speculation, and held that a philosopher was unfit for any practical occupation. Steffens had been engaged for a short time in such an undertaking by Count Schimmelmann, who had commissioned him to explore the salt-springs of Oldesloe, and the Gipsberg, near Segeberg.

But he gradually arrived at the conclusion that he was not likely to find in Denmark the vocation which he was seeking, and he was constantly in pecuniary difficulties. It was, therefore, with great satisfaction that he received from Halle a letter from Reil, professor and physician, informing him that there was a probability of his receiving an invitation to that university, and the invitation itself soon followed. It was also a great pleasure to his wife to look forward to living near her former home, for she had had much to bear in a strange land, and, among other troubles, had lost her first-born. Steffens spent two years in the pleasantest social circumstances, and the most congenial occupation, at Halle. His friendship with Schleiermacher was most beneficial to his public career; the

character of each was the complement of the other—while the attention of one was more directed to the science of mind, the other to the study of nature. Both were full of aspiration. This is indicated by their accounts of their well-known walk together to the Petersberg. The following morning, Schleiermacher had to preach a sermon in memory of the Queen Dowager; but after spending a delightful spring day in the country, they remained out the whole night. “That night always seems to me,” Steffens says, “like a consecrated time, one of the most remarkable nights of my life. We had spent the day so happily, and the open and fruitful country, dotted with villages, lay spread before us, rejoicing in the first breath of spring. Nature seemed to us like a holy temple, every thought was, as it were, borne aloft on wings, and our minds, as well as everything else, were inspired by the spirit of spring. I never was more convinced of the depth of the religion which was the foundation of Schleiermacher’s morality. The Saviour was in the midst of us, as He has promised to be where two or three are gathered together in his name. It was clear to me that his mind had been penetrated from his earliest childhood, when he was in the community of the Moravian Brethren, by something positive in Christianity, and that what he called scientific theological feeling had increased to Christian consciousness, to love eternal and divine.” It is interesting to compare with this, which was written long afterwards, what Schleiermacher wrote soon after the occurrence to his friend Henrietta Herz.

“It is a long time since I wrote to you anything about Steffens, and now I understand him so much better that I can write quite differently of him. You know, my dear friend, that I am neither given to be particularly modest nor conceited, but I have never felt any man so entirely and in every respect above me. I should feel inclined to worship him, if it became one man to worship another.

“In the first place, his marriage is a true marriage, in the highest sense of the word. It is not that one sees so very much of it, but I know that it is so in reality. He speaks most en-

thusiastically of their relation to each other ; and with childlike simplicity, and tears of affection in his eyes, he tells his friends little traits of the depths of his wife's character, of her piety and her peculiarities, and then he is so altogether beyond description delightful, so deep, so free, so witty, more like Frederic Schlegel than any one else, and with a glowing eloquence even in our to him foreign tongue ; he is not only entirely upright and free from party spirit, but thoroughly holy, and in the sense in which I love and honour him for it, mild and gentle.

“ Can you fancy our first natural philosopher moved to tears at the sight of the splendid sunset which we saw from the hill ? But he is truly a priest of nature. It was the first time since his marriage, nearly two years, that he had ever been separated from his wife for twenty-four hours. You can imagine how full he was of her, and how we were inspirited by the fresh air and freedom, as we spent the night under the rocks, with the beautiful prospect before us. Holy earnestness and joyfulness of heart were seldom so combined. There is also a wonderful harmony between Steffens and me, which gives me a sort of confidence in myself. His ideas on moral subjects always agree with mine ; and my views of nature, as far as I know anything about it, always fall in with his system. Our hearers, too, remark that, although starting from opposite points, we always meet in the centre and work into one another's hands, and this cannot be from anything but true congeniality.”

We certainly should not recommend any one to follow Schleiermacher's example, in not returning to Halle till the bells were ringing for service on Sunday morning, for few could do as he did, go straight into the pulpit, and deliver with the utmost composure one of those clear, logical discourses which riveted the attention of his hearers. What youthful freshness there was in both these men, and Schleiermacher had passed the meridian of life, the thirty-fifth year ! What a sphere of active usefulness seemed to be before them ! and they communicated the ripe fruits of their researches with so much hearty enthusiasm ! But it did not last long ; the iron tread of French dominion crushed the good seed into the earth,

but only that it might again spring up, more vigorously than before.

Not long before the breaking out of the war with France, Steffens had an opportunity, during a visit to Berlin, of forming an opinion on the available powers of Prussia. He was staying with George Reimer, associated with Alexander von Humboldt, and was introduced to the circle which was the centre of national enthusiasm. In the autumn of the same year, 1806, he made closer acquaintance with the forces which were encamped in Thuringia. The superciliousness of the officers inspired him with suspicion. Not long after, occurred the defeat at Jena, and Halle was taken possession of by the French. We cannot here enter into the particulars, as related by Steffens, of what he and Schleiermacher and Gass went through on the occasion. When Napoleon arrived, he saw at once that the German "Idealists," Schleiermacher, Steffens, and Wolf, would not be favourable to him; and therefore he abolished the university. But the "Idealists" did not lose courage. Steffens says, "The further off any prospect of help appeared, the more threatening the position of affairs, the firmer and more settled became our conviction, in spite of all apparent improbability, that the good and holy things which were beginning to appear in Germany, the divine power which rules in history, must be so glorious a good, that the rough tread of the victors would never be able to annihilate it. It was under this conviction that I ventured to express what was the leading principle of my views as long as the dominion of the French lasted, that the battle of Jena, even in those hopeless days, was the first victory over Napoleon, for it annihilated the weakness which had allied itself with him, and excited that magnanimous patriotic feeling in the hearts of all Prussians which was sure at last to cause them to rise against him and to conquer. The confidence that I should survive this degradation never left me."

The professors suffered the most painful deprivations, but they consoled themselves with their social life. The evenings which Schleiermacher, Steffens, Blanc, Marwitz, and Varnhagen spent together were animated by the warmest patriotic feeling.

Steffens, however, was soon recalled to his native country ; he still considered himself as a professor of the University of Halle, and explained this view to the minister. He asked permission to go, in order to provide for his family.

In the beginning of 1807 he arrived at Hamburg, where his wife's grandmother lived. In March he went to Kiel to present himself to the prince regent, who had invited him to return to his native country. "I am glad," said the prince, "that you are come to us again ; you are a good fellow ; we shall be able to give you something to do, but you must not give lectures." — "I am sorry, then," answered Steffens, "that I must consider that your royal highness dismisses me from his service." Steffens was so much dismayed at the idea of not being allowed to fulfil what he considered his vocation in life that he was inclined to withdraw in silence. "Are you so easily offended, then ?" continued the prince ; "we will have a little talk together, but I cannot allow you to lecture ; you will turn my subjects' heads."

This was an allusion to a story that had been widely circulated, that a young man who had been in the habit of attending Steffens's lectures, and had afterwards become insane from other causes, had during the ravings of madness often pronounced the names Steffens and Oelenschläger. A long conversation took place between the prince and the professor, which left a painful impression on the minds of both. Steffens proceeded to Copenhagen, in order to see his former patron, Count Schimmelmann. But the report of his unfavourable reception by the prince had preceded him. It was clear that he would not be able to gain any position or any means of living in the Danish States, and he was in a most painful situation. But a circumstance which occurred just at this time, not only afforded him outward assistance, but helped to strengthen his faith. On the very day of his arrival at Copenhagen, the widow of an uncle on his mother's side died, and he succeeded to the only inheritance which he had any reason to expect, and of which his unphilosophical uncle had threatened to deprive him.

"For many years," says Steffens on this occasion, "I held

the opinion that there was an eternal necessity for everything that occurred,—a necessity which was founded, indeed, on the will of an intelligent Being, but that this will when once expressed was irrevocable. But there are circumstances in life which seem to have an immediate relation to our personality. They seem to have the significance of a revelation to us, and whenever they recur to the memory they serve to remind us that our existence is dependent on free Divine love.'

Thus did the inheritance which came to him as it were from the hand of God serve to confirm his sonship. Poorer in hopes of worldly success, but richer in experience of an overruling love, he returned to Hamburg. His residence there, and his intercourse with the Sievekings, with Perthes, Runge, with the Spanish general, Romana, and a visit to Rumohr at Lübeck, were animating enough, but, nevertheless, the circumstances in which he and his wife and child were placed were very depressing. In the meantime, the kingdom of Westphalia, including Halle, was established, and the university was reopened. There was little to attract Steffens to a residence there under French dominion, but he went in order to put an end to the painful situation in which he was placed. Of the men with whom he had been associated by similarity of views, and in efforts for the advancement of learning, he found only Reil, the physician, and Blanc, the preacher.

Niemeyer, the chancellor of the university, without compromising his loyalty or patriotism, was prudently making every effort to restore it.

The president of the university was Johannes von Müller, councillor of State at Cassel, already mentioned, a man broken down by regret for the change of opinion which the weight of circumstances had made him think it necessary to proclaim. But the vigorous intellectual life, the joyous spirit of progress in all departments of knowledge and life which was springing up under Prussian rule, did not thrive under the dominion of the French. Of the twelve hundred students who had been at Halle before, only three hundred returned. Steffens felt his present audience to be a depressing one ; there was none of the

animating reciprocal influence between himself and his hearers that he had formerly experienced. King Jerome came to Halle. Steffens was induced by curiosity to take part in the reception. Flowers were strewn in his path. "To-day," said Professor Rüdiger to his fellow-professors, "the emblem of the town of Halle is going to be represented: an ass treading on roses." The professors were introduced. The king cut a truly pitiful figure; his countenance was vacant, his youthful features were disfigured by excesses, his eyes were dull, his gait unsteady. He assured the professors that he had a special fondness for learning, and that he would protect the university. Immediately afterwards Steffens had a long conversation with Johannes von Müller. He warned Steffens to be careful what he said (by no means a needless precaution), for that he had no power to protect any one. At the close of half an hour, the historian, with whom the natural philosopher had formerly associated at Berlin on the common ground of similarity of opinion, shook hands with the latter, saying, with tears in his eyes, "You had better go; if we hold too long a conversation we shall be suspected;" and filled with pity, Steffens took his departure. It seemed to him impossible to attain to any satisfaction in his life or work at Halle. Pecuniary difficulties had accompanied him thither, and the professors were obliged to submit to several reductions of their salaries. His domestic happiness was blighted by the death of two children, and he felt straitened in all his efforts for the advancement of learning; the political state of things was in the highest degree repulsive to him. When the university was founded at Berlin, Reil went there, and Steffens would most gladly have followed him. Reil and Schleiermacher made every effort to procure an invitation for their friend, and even declared themselves willing to give up a portion of their salary for his sake. Schleiermacher urged that the lectures of the natural philosopher would be an advantageous addition to his own, on account of the similarity of their views; sometimes it appeared as if they had almost gained their point, but at length Steffens was not included among the men who were selected by the rising university

to establish its fame, and to develop the moral and intellectual powers of the people. At last, when the university of Frankfurt-on-the-Oder was removed to Breslau, Steffens received an invitation to go there in the autumn of 1811. Before he went he visited Jena once more, and met Goethe there. He revelled in that scientific and poetic life which he had always in some degree enjoyed, even in the days of depression at Halle, in association with the most eminent men of the time, particularly with Achim von Arnim, Clemens Brentano, and the brothers Grimm. In the summer he paid a visit to Berlin. The comet of 1811 was then visible. About this time a company of comedians who had been playing in Schleiermacher's church at Halle went away. "The comedians are gone," said a woman belonging to the lower orders, "how is it that the comedy star is still to be seen?" This, however, was an isolated opinion as to its significance. Most of the people gazed at it in the clear summer nights with secret terror, and thought that it portended tragic commotions. Steffens also clearly foresaw them from the ferment in men's minds which he had observed at Berlin, and from what he had himself experienced and taken part in. He never denied his German views during the time that he was a subject of King Jerome. His address on the 'Idea of Universities' was an open appeal to the people to unite all the mental forces of which they were possessed, and to oppose and conquer the foreign power which was seeking to annihilate them. But this was only an "idea,"—it was "ideology," and therefore it did not appear dangerous in the eyes of the French. The French emigrant, Villers, who was favourable to the Germans, wrote to Steffens, "You would be ruined were it not that you have written in a language which is as unintelligible to the French as Sanskrit."

But much more dangerous to Steffens than this address, which, nevertheless, contributed not a little to stir up the minds of youth against French dominion, was the part he took in those secret patriotic combinations which prepared the way for the fall of Napoleon. He was in constant fear that he might be arrested, banished, or even executed; indeed, his most

intimate friends were arrested directly after his departure. At the right moment, in September, 1811, he left Halle and went to Breslau.

It was not easy for Steffens to feel himself at home there, although he found there Gass, the theologian, and friend of Schleiermacher, and Karl von Raumer, who about this time married a daughter of Reichardt, and so became his brother-in-law. But domestic and intellectual considerations soon gave place to patriotic affairs. Steffens breathed more freely under Prussian rule, only that just at the time when he returned to Prussia, she seemed to be submitting to fresh degradation, by entering into alliance with Napoleon against Russia. He asked, "What are those bold men doing now, who, when I was at Halle, incited me to such perilous activity? Have Gneisenau, Chazot, Eichhorn, and Schleiermacher entirely given up hope, or are they as zealous as ever?" He felt himself almost alone at Breslau in his faith in the ultimate victory of Germany over France, of mind over might, of morality over reckless unscrupulousness. But this faith had already become a religious belief with him, and he persevered in it in spite of all apparent improbabilities. The spring of 1812 arrived, and it brought with it some very unexpected guests to Breslau, both to the authorities and the people,—Gneisenau, Chazot, Justus Gruner, Ernst Moritz Arndt, and, at last, Blücher.

They and Steffens were immediately in communication on patriotic affairs. This "powerful choir of German men" often met in Steffens's house, or in some other retired place, and discoursed upon the liberation of their country, of which they did not for a moment doubt, in spite of the renewed bondage. The summer passed over, and Prussia was obliged to accompany Napoleon to Russia; but winter followed, and with it God's judgments upon him. Steffens was in great excitement; he felt that the moment for which for six years the minds of the bravest men had been preparing, was arrived. One thing appeared to him a painful hindrance to giving vent to his patriotic enthusiasm and self-sacrifice,—that Breslau was far from the scene of action. But just then the king and the royal

children came to Breslau, and, by the end of January, it was evident that it was from there that the revolt, which had begun at Königsberg, would spread towards the west. The King proclaimed war, and though the enemy was not directly named, he was perfectly well known to every German. Steffens had long had him in his eye. One evening he learnt that the appeal to the volunteers would appear the following morning in the papers. A copy of it was read aloud to the company, of which he was one; the enemy was not mentioned even in this. In a state of anxious suspense, and yet pleurably excited, Steffens did not leave the company till after midnight. He passed the night in restless dreams. At eight o'clock next morning he was to have given a lecture on natural philosophy; but, while preparing for it, he could not get the appeal out of his head. He said to himself, "It is my place to declare war, my position permits it, and when it is done, I do not care what the court may say about it."

He said nothing to his wife about it; and represented to himself the consequences which might arise to him, from his thus declaring war against Napoleon, urged to it as he was merely by the dictates of his conscience. He kept to his determination, and said at the close of his lecture,— "Gentlemen, at eleven o'clock I was to have given a second lecture, but I will employ the time in speaking to you of a subject that is of much more importance. The appeal of his Majesty to the young men to volunteer to arm themselves has appeared, or will appear to-day. It is on this subject that I shall address you, and I shall be glad if you will make my intention known. It is quite a matter of indifference at the present moment, whether the other lecture is postponed or not. I hope to see as many as the room will hold."

The commotion that day was very great. The streets were crowded with troops, ammunition waggons, and guns; thousands came in from the country to hear what was going on; wherever a word was spoken about the affairs of the country it was eagerly listened to, and at once spread abroad. The students flocked to Steffens' lecture-room at ten o'clock; it

was soon as full as it could hold,—door, windows, stairs, and the space in the street, immediately outside, were crowded.

Steffens sent word to his astonished wife that she must have patience, and that she would soon know all about it.

“I had spent those two hours,” he relates, “in a singular state of mind; what I wanted to say excited my inmost being. The time and circumstances were now come for me to express what had been weighing heavily on my mind for five years past,—I was going to be the first to proclaim openly that the day of salvation for Germany and for the whole of Europe had arrived. My mental excitement was uncontrollable. In vain I tried to arrange my thoughts, but spirits seemed to whisper in my ear, and promise to help me; I longed for the painful solitude to come to an end. One thought was uppermost in my mind—how often have I complained that I was thrust aside in this corner of Germany! and now it has become the all important centre of enthusiasm; a new epoch in history is beginning here, and it is permitted to me to express what is agitating the minds of these multitudes.

“Tears started into my eyes, I fell on my knees, and a prayer calmed me. I made my way through the crowd, and ascended the tribune. What I said I do not know, and even if I had been asked immediately afterwards, I should not have been able to give any account of it. It was the depressing experience of many unhappy years which now found expression, and the sentiments of the multitudes before me found utterance through me. It was nothing new that I had to say, it was familiar to the minds of all, and just for that reason, and because it was the echo of the sentiments of every one present, it made such a deep impression. Of course, after calling upon the youth to arm, I made known my determination to take part in the conflict myself.”

The address was scarcely over, and Steffens had hardly had time to say a few reassuring words to his wife, when the students came into his house and entreated him to repeat it in the great fencing-room. And not the students alone, for they were accompanied by the rector of the univer-

sity, who was sent by the chancellor of State, Prince Hardenberg.

The French ambassador, St. Marsan, had already laid a complaint before him. "What does all this mean?" exclaimed the astonished diplomatist. "We are living in peace with you, and even consider you as our allies, and now a professor of the university dares to declare war against us under the very eyes of the King."

Hardenberg prudently answered, that the ambassador could not be unacquainted with the sentiments of the youth and the people, and that the address had been given so suddenly that there had been no time to prevent it. "Demand satisfaction," he continued, "and you shall have it. But I cannot conceal from you that any step that is taken against this premature speaker will turn him into a martyr, and will make such a disturbance as will greatly embarrass us, and which it will be very difficult to put a stop to." The chancellor sent the rector to Steffens to say that he would not prevent him from repeating his address in the fencing-room, only he requested that he would not mention Napoleon's name. This was not difficult, for by a kind of instinct he had avoided mentioning it before. As soon as the rector was gone, Steffens hastened to Scharnhorst; the general rushed into the professor's arms, exclaiming, "Steffens, I congratulate you! you do not know what you have done."

The die was thrown. By the advice of Scharnhorst, who thought it desirable that, at any rate at first, Steffens should remain among the youth with whom he had so much influence, he petitioned the King for leave of absence, and for permission to take part in the campaign. The King commended his resolution, and gave him permission to wear the uniform of an officer of volunteers until he was made a lieutenant. He entered the battalion of the Jäger guard. He had now to learn to exercise, and an immense amount of work accrued to him through the volunteers who gave in their names to him, and afterwards equipping them. He had the honour of presenting the first fifty who were equipped to the King.

The campaign soon began, and Steffens was engaged in it from Breslau to Paris, at first as second lieutenant, afterwards as an officer attached to head-quarters, and he was employed on all sorts of commissions. At Dresden he became acquainted with Stein, who had already sent for him at Breslau on his sick-bed, and commended him for the step he had taken. Stein was no friend to speculation, and attacked the philosophers with some severity when Steffens and Arndt were guests at his table. "Your constructions *à priori*," said he, "are empty words, contemptible scholastic jargon, and invented on purpose to hinder progress."

Steffens answered that the very fact that he, the man of learning, was sitting in an officer's uniform beside the man of action, was a proof of the practical turn that his philosophy had taken; and that the endeavour to look at everything around us, and at all that we experience, not only as it appears but also as it is, was a truly German characteristic.

"Yes, I am well aware," answered Stein, "that the German youth are infected with this empty speculative malady. The German has an unfortunate tendency to speculation; so he never understands the present, and has always been a prey to his more cunning and dexterous enemies."

"Your excellency," answered Steffens, "the youth have risen up in large numbers and in a most gratifying manner; nevertheless, a considerable number have remained at home. I would lay a wager that not one of those affected with the disease is among them. Who has stood up more boldly, who has had a greater influence upon the people, when it was needful to fight the enemy with mental weapons, than those two speculative Germans, Fichte and Schleiermacher? These constructions *à priori* are often used even when they are most protested against. Your excellency has been engaged in affairs far too important and has led a far too active life to have time to concern yourself with our philosophy; but it seems to me unpractical to ignore a tendency which, as you yourself admit and deplore, is an essential characteristic of the nation."

Stein stormed and pretended to be angry, but laughed

heartily. "So, then," he exclaimed, "I am convicted at last of being an unpractical speculator, who wastes his time in speculating about speculation."

But the philosopher and the practical statesman were entirely agreed in the patriotic spirit which would not sacrifice the honour of their country for any consideration.

Steffens often employed his impassioned eloquence to incite the people to action. At Giessen he was commissioned by Blücher to address the youth in the hall of the university. At Marburg he was greeted as the herald of German liberty, and gave eloquent expression to the feelings of the faithful Hessians, with whom he had suffered and struggled under the government of King Jerome. He was commissioned to call the people to arms in Westphalia, but they required but little persuasion. In this service he rode through Hesse and Westphalia, and remained some time in Dusseldorf, till, in the beginning of the following year, he rejoined the army by way of Cologne, Coblenz, and Treves. After the entry into Paris, he cast off the garb of a soldier, and devoted himself to the interests of science in association with Cuvier. Then, honourably dismissed from the service by the King, he returned to his family and his duties at Breslau.

Soon after the restoration of peace, Steffens wrote his comprehensive work, 'The Present Time, and how it became what it is, with especial reference to Germany.' During the war time, interest in public affairs had become very general, even among those who had no official position in the management of them; and those who had taken part in the war with France thought themselves especially justified in expressing their sentiments. It was for the sake of Germany that they had joined in the conflict; not, however, for the Germany which had become an easy prey to the enemy, but for a new one which should arise. As to what it ought to be, every one whose mind was occupied with the subject had some opinion to give. It was in a truly national spirit that the future of Germany was discussed, in connection with the highest questions, and with a view to the historical relation of nations to each other.

Those who expressed their opinions on the subject of the German empire, had also opinions to give on the Kingdom of God, on Christianity, education, domestic life and their views of history in general.

Arndt had first led the way in this path, and in the midst of the tumult of war had expressed his views, in his 'Spirit of the Age,' with all the ardour of his anger and his love. Steffens looked at things after the peace in calmer mood. We regard with deep interest the way in which the natural philosopher withdrew from the tumult of war into the quiet life of an instructor of youth. "Faith," he writes in the early part of his work, "is confidence eternal and unchangeable. It has been maintained by one of the most intellectual writers of our times, that faith itself is not affected by the object of it. This is a great error. I should rather say that there is but one thing that must be believed, and that nothing else is an object of faith; and that this is faith in the mystery of redemption. We must all be aware that all our frailty, all our repugnance to what is good, has its root in our own sinfulness; we must all feel that we are unable to overcome this sinfulness in our own strength, or to go to the root of the evil. And yet if we doubt that it can be cured, life seems a hollow and empty thing, and all that we see around us a hideous phantasm of dark deceiving spirits. We cannot exercise faith that everything is ruled by a personal and living God who rules everything for the best, until we can look to Him as a reconciled God, for our guilt has changed Him into an avenging God. We know well that we ought to consecrate ourselves entirely to God, to break through every barrier that separates us from Him, but human nature is incapable of doing this.

"Is not the whole interest of nature concentrated in man? Does he not find in himself an unlimited power of action and endeavour, a desire to attain to the highest things, to the divine itself? But like a dethroned prince he wanders helpless and distracted among the ruins of his former greatness, and we feel that we have forfeited our right to participation in the highest good. It is in our powers apart from God, in the

pride in which the separation originated, that our weakness and ruin lies.

“When man was created, a glorious existence sprang out of chaos, and as that moment of promise amidst the ruins of the powers of desolation gave hopes of future redemption, so Christianity shows us the Son of God, the sinless man, all power and glory and divinity given to man through Him, and sanctified by a sacrifice once for all.

“The old world and its history all has reference to Him ; it is only through Him that the gift of life has become the expression of Divine love, and as stone was turned into flesh, and the turbulent waters were changed into the blood that flows in our veins, after the earth had conquered the powers of destruction, and had submitted to the influence of the sun, so has the race of man found a centre of the highest existence in which the destinies of nations and the secret aspirations of the soul can alike find satisfaction.

‘For a deep sinfulness, unintelligible in its origin, has taken possession of our race ; but, however it may have arisen, we must ascribe the guilt to ourselves. Only from amongst the race, but not by means of any earthly power, could we obtain deliverance, and we need a personal Redeemer as well as a personal God. Yes, it is through Him that God first becomes a personal God to us,—and where there is no faith in him, the idea of God becomes confused in a hopeless entanglement of ideas, in dead and empty formulas ; and the soul, which can only be redeemed by sacrifice, is not raised from the depths of its own nothingness. It is the greatest miracle of Christianity that it has equal power to heal with its divine salvation the secret misery of every individual man in his most melancholy mood, when he most deeply feels his lost and ruined state, and the whole human race in its almost hopeless distraction.’”

How gratifying it is to hear from the lips of the philosopher this beautiful Christian confession, in which he looks at eternal truth as satisfying the cravings of the heart and mind of man.

The return to Christian principles caused many Protestants of that time to pass a more favourable judgment than they had

hitherto done on the Roman Catholicism of the Middle Ages, and opened their eyes to the real truths which lay concealed under the forms of the Church.

Steffens had given in his work the most favourable, because the deepest view of the Roman Catholic worship that a Protestant could give. It was under the impression of a visit to the Cathedral of Cologne during the campaign that he wrote the pages in which the cathedral, the altar and images, the vestments of the priests, the holy water and incense, are represented as profound symbols of the religious life. It excited great interest in the family of Count Frederic Leopold Stolberg, who had joined the Romish Church. The Countess wrote to him that he was on the way to the true Church, that she daily prayed for his conversion, and hoped that he would be a valuable instrument in the hands of the Church. Steffens was deeply affected by the letter, but he did not answer it; and the conclusion that the Stolberg family had come to was the result of a complete misunderstanding. The tendency of the natural philosopher to regard nature and the elements as symbols and instruments of the spirit, was satisfied in the Lutheran church; it was within her pale that his happy childhood was spent, and he remained within it, and gave all his affection to it to the last. Religion was, as he says himself, everything to him. It was the groundwork of all his lectures, whatever the special subject of them might be. During the next few years, however, political conflicts prevented him from giving himself up to the peaceful contemplation of the depths of Christianity. He was not pleased with the praise accorded to the volunteers at the expense of the standing army, for he was convinced that it was only by means of the firm support of the latter, who were also fired with the desire to liberate their country, that the former had been able to accomplish anything.

The political discussions of these youths were repulsive to him, because, however bravely they might have fought, they had no political experience, and he considered that it was their place to be learners. When he heard the claptrap by which the multitude were taken captive, and the universal talk about the

formation of constitutions, it seemed to him that Germany was not altogether delivered from French bondage.

All his views on the subject of organization were opposed to the mechanical element which he thought he here and there detected. He considered that every nation, every condition of life, every family and every individual, had its peculiar characteristics, and he thought that the modern tendency was not to organization, but to a mechanical way of looking at things. The German mannerism of the Gymnastic Societies, as it had been fostered by Jahn, was especially repulsive to him. He had already strongly expressed his disapproval of these institutions in the 'Caricatures of the Most Holy Things,' in his work on the 'Present Time.' He continued his opposition, and a breach took place between the professors and students. It brought him into collision with men to whom he was much attached, with his brother-in-law, Von Raumer, and his friend Schleiermacher. The men who were endeavouring to keep up the spirit of the war of independence looked upon him as a renegade, those who were trying to quench it, as their abettor; but he did not consider himself to be either the one or the other.

These painful experiences had the effect of attracting him more strongly to the treasures, the consolations, and the edification of the Church. As in politics, so now in ecclesiastical matters, he dissented from what had been the prevailing principles of the time of the war. In religious matters the tendency had been to union. Steffens made the acquaintance of Scheibel, a strict Lutheran; he found the greatest edification from his sermons, and intrusted him with the religious instruction of his only daughter. Since the introduction of the Minute of King Frederic William III., in 1830, a separation had taken place in the Prussian Established Church, and a Lutheran community was formed, with Scheibel at its head. Steffens identified himself with this movement, and lent it all the assistance which his learning, his position, and his strong convictions enabled him to do. He was not deterred by the fact that the community consisted principally of simple burghers,

that many people considered his joining them as foolish and vexatious, or even that his opposition to "administrative union," and his endeavours to maintain the right of using the Lutheran Confession at a time when the Government seemed to have identified itself entirely with the cause of Union, was considered to be seditious.

The religion which had been awakened in his mind by the influence of Schleiermacher, which had given him so much joyfulness of heart, had given zest to his scientific researches, and which inspired him with so much courage in periods of danger, was no longer enough for him. It was too dependent on frames of mind, and on the personal influence of his friend.

"The change from a religion which is the result of personal inclination to, and confidence in any one, to real and true religion, is the really decisive step; and a man can scarcely consider himself in the full sense of the word a Christian, until he has entirely united himself with a Church, not merely acknowledging or as it were reflecting her doctrines, but absolutely deriving his spiritual life from her, as the senses are derived from the body. Only when, after many conflicts, a man has discovered his need of a Church, can he say that he has attained the highest end to which true religion aspires, and it is the Church alone which can give us true peace."

In these words of Steffens, we see Schleiermacher's idea of a Church as a mere community, exchanged for the idea of it as an institution, and we detect those differences of opinion which continue to separate Christians. A Church was a necessity to Steffens. The tie which had previously united him to it was his friendship with Schleiermacher, and as he belonged to the Reformed Church at Halle, Steffens sided with it also, like a Unionist before the union. Now he was attracted back to the Lutheran Church by Scheibel, who, less remarkable for brilliant personal qualities, directed him simply to the Church and to the treasures of life which were in her gift. The days of his youth were recalled; the greater richness of the Lutheran worship, especially the singing, attracted his poetical nature, and the Lutheran doctrines appeared to offer a reconciliation of his views of

natural philosophy with Christianity. It was a necessity to him to perceive in man the culminating point of creation, the unity of matter and spirit, and he could only view the glorification of nature in connection with the restoration of sinful man. In the doctrines of the Lutheran Church, and especially in that of the Lord's Supper, he saw the right value placed on the material element in religion, the penetration of the whole life with Christ. When the Saviour uttered the words about His flesh and blood in the sixth chapter of John, he considered Him in effect to say, "I am not only speaking words for the reflecting mind, I am here for you myself, as I have offered myself for you; I penetrate your whole being; I am your food, so that it is through me that you have life." The Lord's Supper was to him the highest process of Christianity. By its means he considered that the communicant participated in the mystery of Redemption in all its fulness; and from partaking of it aright, he looked for the sanctification and glorification of our earthly life. "Suppose," he says, "that the blessed doctrine which regards the Saviour as the ever-present Creator of a world destined for salvation, and which, concealed beneath all that we see around us, contains within itself the germ of a new world, which considers that all His creative power is spiritually embodied in His Church, which reflects how this embodiment of His spirit is near to every one of us, which considers that in our holier moments He gives Himself to us as divine nourishment,—suppose, I say, that these doctrines as they are really held by some faithful souls, were the foundation of our life as citizens, and of our moral and intellectual existence, how different would be the sentiments which would prevail! The fountain of divine love seems to be sealed, we wallow in ourselves and in our own emptiness, we seem to have lost sight of the object for which we should renounce ourselves; it seems as if it was impossible for us to attach ourselves truly to anything. The sacred duty which we owe to our king and country is neglected; mere opinions have taken its place. We never read a book, we never see a picture, we never hear the tones of music, with that forgetfulness of self which gives itself up to

any subject in order that it may derive inspiration from it ; we only read and hear and see ourselves ; amidst the riches which the science and art and poetry of all ages lay at our feet, we live in a fearful solitude. We contemn our own childhood, have lost our interest in the childhood of history ; yes, even blooming nature herself lies buried in hypotheses and fiction."

Thus Steffens wrote in 1831 in his work called 'How I became a Lutheran, and what Lutheranism is to Me.'

It must be confessed that this view of self-sacrificing devotion to the highest object, and the attachment deduced therefrom to the human representatives of divine power, was likely to come into collision with the selfish, defiant spirit towards the government which was developed during the war (not, it may be, without fault on the side of rulers), but it was not the less a genuine fruit of the period in which God revealed Himself to his helpless people.

After a time Steffens's position at Breslau began to be uncomfortable, for many of his old friends became estranged from him on account of his open profession of Christianity, and Scheibel pursued his own course in a way which Steffens could not always approve. The Crown Prince was induced under these circumstances to invite him to Berlin, where a new life once more opened to him. A faithful band of disciples flocked to the teacher, who in old age preserved the freshness of youth. Religion was still the animating theme of all his lectures, and the indwelling of God in every created thing, the corner stone of his doctrine.

He considered nature to be an organism animated by the spirit of God, and at the head of all the developments of nature he placed man as the middle point between two worlds ; on one side as the perfection of the organic development of the visible universe, on the other hand as the commencement of the to us veiled perfection of the invisible world.

In accordance with these views, his idea of the State was that it was the indwelling of God in history ; and he considered that the mission of the State was to represent a living organization under the form of a family of God, in which there was

an intimate connection between the rulers ordained by the grace of God, and the people who were called to a holy life.

If in all these views great importance is attached to the idea of personality, he knew well how to distinguish between personality still in the bondage of sin, and that which has been made free through grace; and he was always turning anew to the personal Saviour, who alone can make us free. One of his pupils has borne witness to the fact that his lectures helped to build up the invisible Church, that many youthful spirits were warned of the dangers of rationalism, and many rescued from them.

What he said did not merely spring from the understanding, but from the innermost depths of the heart, and therefore it reached the hearts of others. It has been said by one of his pupils that, like a monarch in the realms of thought, he sat at ease in his chair untrammelled by any notes, and playing with a silver pencil-case, he threw off the most valuable ideas; intelligence beamed from his penetrating and sparkling eye, while tenderness played about his mouth.

His grey hairs commanded respect, while the freshness of youth was still in his cheeks, which were often suffused with deeper colour as he warmed with his subject; and often did his eyes glisten with emotion, when, carried away almost unawares on the wings of the Spirit, he discoursed of the blessed mysteries of God. In moments like this his eloquence bore him irresistibly along. "We do not believe in the Saviour for the sake of the miracles," he once exclaimed, "but in the miracles for the sake of the Saviour."

"Do you not see," he said at another time when speaking of the Lord's Prayer, "what a waft from eternity breathes throughout the prayer? Christ would have proclaimed himself to us as divine if He had spoken nothing but this." A quiet solemnity was evident amongst his hearers, and with visible emotion, they silently left the lecture-room.

Steffens was only ill for a few days. On the 22nd of January, 1845, he gave a toast for Schelling, who had worked with him for the last few years in Berlin. On the 8th of February he

heard with great interest a lecture on Dante's 'Paradise,' in the house of a friend. On returning home he was seized with a violent hæmorrhage, from which he did not recover, and he died quietly and unconsciously on the 13th.

The hymn which he used to say he could never hear without deep emotion was sung at his grave.

“O HAUPT VOLL BLUT UND WUNDEN.”*

“Oh, wounded head, must thou
Endure such shame and scorn?
The blood is trickling from thy brow
Pierced by the crown of thorn.
Thou who wast crowned on high
With light and majesty,
In deep dishonour here must die,
Yet here I welcome Thee!”

Without previous arrangement, but as the result of a pervading sentiment, many went from the grave of Steffens to the tomb of Schleiermacher. They thereby gave their testimony to the blessing which God had given to Germany in both these men, who, during the most exciting period of modern history, with manly courage and youthful ardour directed us anew to Christ, as the only source of everlasting life.†

* This stanza is reprinted by permission of Messrs. Longman and Co. from 'Lyra Germanica,' for which see the whole hymn, by Paul Gerhardt.

† Steffens, 'Was ich erlebte,' 10 Bände: Breslau, 1840-44. 'Neuer Nekrolog der Deutschen:' Weimar, 1847.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SIN OF NAPOLEON.

THE religious aspect of the revolt against Napoleon, which we have presented to our readers in the foregoing sketches, will become more intelligible when we consider the ground offered by the character of Napoleon for a religious movement, an appeal to Heaven against him. He was an extraordinary element in the world's history,—one of those mighty spirits upon whom God has specially reckoned in carrying out His plans for the human race ; but he was certainly not among the good spirits. He appeared to devout people as an embodiment of self-sufficiency, daring to set itself up against God ; as a type of wickedness, a demon whom God permitted to plague the German nation, as Job was once for a time given over to the devil ; and many who were looking for the fulfilment of the prophecies of the Revelation in the events of the time, saw in him the Apollyon of that sacred book. The people were surely justified in praying against him, and in asking for aid from the avenging arm of God, for the contest with him was a contest between truth and falsehood, between justice and injustice, and those who were engaged in it seemed to be taking the side of God against the devil.

To portray the mighty conqueror is a task for which we do not feel equal, nor is this the place for it. It is only our intention to delineate a few features of his character, in order to explain why the national mind recognised in him the Apollyon of the Apocalypse, and why the poet could exclaim with truth—

“ 'Tis not a war in which crowns are at stake ;
It is a crusade, 'tis a holy war.”

The certificate which he received on leaving the military school at Brienne at the age of fourteen in some respects indicates his subsequent career:—"Good constitution, excellent health; submissive, honourable, and grateful character; distinguished by his taste for mathematics. He has a competent knowledge of history and geography, but does not excel in recreative exercises, nor in Latin, in which he has only reached the fourth class. He will be a distinguished sailor."

It is also said of him, in his school days, that he was obstinately punctual, eager in the acquisition of knowledge, reserved from pride, and yet there was a shyness in his demeanour which perhaps gave the idea that he was submissive. He was grateful for what pleased him, but without any of the affection which generally binds heart to heart at that period of life. So, also, when he was emperor, he loaded with honours those who were devoted to his personal interests, but no noble or disinterested affection for his fellow-men was ever traceable in his character.

He was not insensible to the charms of poetry, and took poetical works with him on his voyage to Egypt.

He was attracted to Rousseau by the peculiar combination in his mind of solidity and imagination, of the poetical and philosophical elements. The French dramatists not only gave him the taste for a heroic career, but afforded him examples, of which he gladly availed himself, for theatrical conduct and pompous speeches in important periods of his life. He is said to have read Goethe's 'Werther' seven times; and his letters to Josephine show that he was not a stranger to the style of enthusiastic love. But, like his affection for Josephine, all poetical taste was made to give way to the great object of his life, to stamp the impress of himself upon the world. Among all his gifts and tastes, it was his genius for mathematics which most fully served the purposes of his life; indeed, the essence of all that he was and did may perhaps be described as the result of a mathematical genius in the service of immeasurable egotism. His pride, his scorn, and ambition caused him to

ignore all considerations of convenience, humanity, or historical associations.

Human beings, with their rich individual life, were but ciphers to him, and kingdoms were nought,—he set himself up above them as a mighty unit; the riches of national life were but mathematical formulas for his Titanic projects; countries were but *tabulæ rasæ* through which he drew straight lines according to his pleasure, in order to create new empires, without any regard for ancient boundaries or the sanctities of national life.

When egotism like this is coupled with genius such as his, great things are sure to be accomplished; but the national mind revolted against him as against a calculating demon, against a mighty spirit who had no concord with God or with love; and by this national spirit all the calculations of the great mathematician were confounded in the end.

The Revolution and Napoleon were each ready for the other. The first outbreak of the democratic spirit greeted the young lieutenant at twenty years of age. When the monarchy was overthrown, he was a Jacobin, and called himself Brutus Bonaparte. As early as 1793, when he joined the campaign against the royalists and Girondins, in a letter to two deputies of the Convention, he betrayed the cold mathematical spirit of which we have spoken:—"Citizen representatives, From the field of honour, marching through the blood of the traitors, I rejoice to send you the news that your commands have been carried out, and that France is avenged. Neither age nor sex has been spared. Those who were only wounded by republican cannon have perished by the sword of liberty and the bayonet of equality.—BRUTUS BUONAPARTE, Citizen Sans-culotte."*

No man was so worthy as he to be the heir of the Revolution. He was the Revolution personified. Thiers gives a striking description of his entrance into its paths:—"A miracle of genius and passion, suddenly appearing in the chaos of a revolution, he spread his branches in it, took root in it, he ruled it,

* Leo, 'Universal History.'

substituted himself for it, adopted its energy, its rashness, its intemperance. The successor of people who set no bounds for themselves, either in virtue or in crime, in heroism or in cruelty, surrounded by men who denied nothing to their passions, he denied nothing to his own. They wanted to turn the world into a universal republic, he into a universal monarchy; they made a chaos of it, he an almost tyrannical unity; they threw everything into disorder, he reduced it to order again; they treated sovereigns with contempt, he dethroned them; they put people to death upon the scaffold, he upon the battle-field, but veiled the bloodshed behind the fame. He sacrificed more lives than did the Asiatic conquerors; and upon the narrow space of Europe, peopled by resisting nations, he traversed more space than did Tamerlane and Gengis Khan over the uninhabited countries of Asia."

Further on, he says, "Utter want of moderation is therefore the distinguishing feature of his career. It is on this ground that, if it were not for Alexander, we must call this profound general, this wise lawgiver, this consummate administrator, the most foolhardy statesman that ever lived. If statesmanship depended only on intellect, he certainly would have outwitted the most crafty politicians; but it depends more upon character than intellect, and it was in this that Napoleon was wanting."*

We are quite content to adopt this verdict of the French historian. Napoleon was a great genius, but his failing was want of character. He was a fool, in the Old Testament sense of the word, as one who sets himself up against the living God, and who is therefore sure to be ruined in the end.

It is easy to imagine what must have been the religion of the man who made self his god. Not but that hundreds of nominally Christian rulers may have had the same superficial and political ideas of religion that he had, but few have made so revolting a use of them. It must be granted that, in a certain sense, he restored the Church and advanced its interests, in opposition to the sacrilege of the Revolution; but it was a

* Thiers, "Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire."

thoroughly heathenish spirit in which he handled the subject, and the more closely we examine it the more revolting it appears. We have before remarked that it was an element of heathenism to regard religion as an aspect of nationality, so that if a man belonged to a nation he acknowledged and practised its religion as a matter of course. Thus, because Napoleon was born a Roman Catholic, he took part in the worship of that Church, without adopting the positive doctrines of the system. In the beginning of his career he said to Monge, "My religion is very simple. I behold this great, this manifold, this glorious creation, and I say to myself that it cannot be the result of mere accident, but the work of an unknown almighty Being, as far above all human beings as creation is superior to our most perfect machines." He said further, "Let it be allowed, then, that religion tells man all that he wants to know, and let us honour what she tells us. It is true that what is taught by one religion is contradicted by another. But from this, I form a different opinion from that of Volney. Because there are various religions which contradict each other, he decides against them all; he pronounces them all bad. I am more inclined to think them all good, for the groundwork of all is the same. They are only in the wrong when they persecute one another, but this must be prevented by good laws. The Roman Catholic religion is the religion of our country, that in which we were born."*

In the same spirit he expressed himself at St. Helena. After acknowledging his faith in a God as merciful as He is powerful, whom, in spite of his errors, he approached with calmness, he continues, "But as soon as I enter the region of positive religions, I feel less secure. There at every step I meet the hand of man, and it often confuses me, and is repulsive to me. . . . But one must not give way to this feeling, with which much human pride is mingled. When we set aside the national traditions which have been woven into religion, we find the acknowledgment of God and of good and evil clearly defined in

* Thiers.

all, and that is the essential thing. I have been in the mosques, and have seen people in them on their knees before the Eternal Almighty; and although it may have been repulsive to my national feeling, it never appeared to me in a ridiculous light. Calumny, which has burlesqued all my actions, has declared that at Cairo I acknowledged Islam, while at Paris I was devoted to the Pope of the Catholics. There is some truth in it, for I did see something venerable in the mosques; and although I could not be affected in them as in the Catholic Churches, to which I have been accustomed from childhood, still in them I beheld man confessing his weakness before the majesty of God. Every religion which is not barbarous has a claim to our respect; and we Christians have the advantage of having one which has its source in the springs of the purest morality. If we ought to esteem all, we have double cause to esteem our own; for the rest, every one ought to live and die in the religion by which his mother taught him to worship God. Religion is a part of our destiny. Together with the land in which we live, its laws and manners, she forms the sacred whole which we call our country, and which no man ought to forsake. At the time of the Concordat, some old revolutionists talked to me about making France Protestant. I was indignant. It was as if they had proposed to me to renounce my identity as a Frenchman, and to become an Englishman or a German.”*

“Is Protestantism, then,” he exclaimed at that time, “the ancient religion of France? Is it the religion which has come victorious out of long civil wars, out of a thousand struggles, as that best adapted to the manners and spirit of the nation? Putting oneself in the place of a nation, is it not plain that it would be a most arbitrary thing to attempt to force tastes, customs, and reminiscences upon it which are not natural to it? The chief charm of religion lies in the memory of the past.”*

“Last Sunday,” he relates, “I was walking in the gardens of Malmaison, amidst the universal stillness of nature. The sound of the church bell at Ruel fell suddenly upon my ear, and

* Thiers.

renewed all the impressions of my youth. I was quite affected by it, so strong is the power of early associations; and I said to myself, if this is the case with me, what an effect such memories must have upon simple devout people! Let your philosophers look to it. The people must have a religion.' And this was his opinion to the end. For the people he considered a positive religion necessary; for himself the most scanty conception of it sufficed.

Before his death he asked for a Roman Catholic priest at St. Helena. His uncle Fesch sent him two good but not superior men. "I should like to have had a learned priest," he complained, "with whom I could have discussed the dogmas of Christianity. He certainly would not have made me believe more firmly in God than I do already, but perhaps he would have confirmed me in some points of the Christian faith; but I cannot expect anything of that sort from my two priests. However, they can read mass to me; they will do for that at any rate."

The Roman Catholic Church has the satisfaction of knowing that the great man died in her faith; but we can scarcely imagine a more barren, superficial conception of religion than this. To him it was nothing of a light from God, adopted by faith, and penetrating the spirit of man; it was only an aspect of national and natural life which we possess just as we do our existence, without any conflict of the conscience, any feeling of victory through divine grace. No wonder that he accommodated himself to all religions according to convenience, and thereby incensed all against him. Had he been merely personally indifferent to religion, he would no more have incensed the national mind than the innumerable people who are so. But that he went so far as to deny Christianity when policy required it, the national Christian conscience could never forget. But what offended it most of all was the pretence of religion with which he invested his mission, his tyranny, his self-deification.

As Satan gladly transforms himself into an angel of light, so Napoleon represented himself as having a mission from God,

and it was always welcome to him when flatterers greeted him as a political Messiah. But God was to him, merely necessity, power; he was much more sincere when he talked of destiny.

The star in which he believed for himself and his family was but a poetical name for inexorable fate, of which he considered himself the instrument.

A few days before he landed in Egypt, he issued the following proclamation to the army:—"We shall undergo some fatiguing marches, shall fight several battles, and be successful in all our undertakings, for destiny is in our favour."

In order to render his divine mission plainer to the Mussulmans, he did not hesitate to proclaim himself the completer of the work which Mahomet had begun, and to affect a belief in the Prophet. Leo truly calls it a heathenish proclamation which he issued to the troops in Egypt. "The people among whom we shall now live are Mahometans: the first article of their creed is, 'There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet.' Do not contradict it. Treat them as you have treated the Jews and Italians; have respect for their muftis and their imams, as you have had for the rabbis and the bishops.' Have the same consideration for the ceremonies prescribed by the Koran that you have had for monasteries and synagogues, for the religion of Moses and Jesus Christ. The Roman legions protected all religions."

He went still further. On landing in Egypt, he put forth a proclamation in Arabic, which ran as follows:—"I honour God, his prophet Mahomet, and the Koran." And in Syria his proclamation began, "In the name of the Almighty eternal, everlasting and allwise God, who was never created and has no son;" and in order to gain the favour of the Mahometans, he took credit to the French for having abolished the Pope. When he entered the tombs of the Pyramids, he exclaimed, "Glory be to Allah! There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet." The mufti who accompanied him said, "Thou hast spoken like the most learned prophet."—"I can mount a chariot of fire from heaven, and cause its course to be guided to earth," continued the young general. "Thou art the great

captain," answered the mufti, "to whom Mahomet will give the power and the victory."

But when, in spite of his playing this repulsive part, French blood had been shed in a tumult, Bonaparte revenged it by shedding the blood of the Mussulmans, and put forth his proclamation to the inhabitants of Cairo. "Sheriffs, ulemas, and preachers in the mosques, teach the people that those who are at enmity with me will find no refuge either in this world or the next. Is there any one so blind as not to see that all my undertakings are shaped by destiny? Is there any one so unbelieving as to doubt that everything in this great world is under the dominion of destiny? Teach the people that since the world began, it has been decreed that after the annihilation of the enemies of Islam, and the overthrow of the Cross, I should come from the West in order to carry out the mission assigned to me. Let those who are only hindered from cursing us by fear of our arms, change their minds, for in offering prayers to Heaven against us, they pray for their own damnation. Let true believers offer up prayers for the success of our arms. I could call you all to account for what passes in the most secret recesses of your minds, for I know everything, even what you have not told to any one; but a day will come when it will be clearly seen that I am guided by a higher power, and that human efforts will avail nothing against me."

The young general may have felt himself specially at liberty to say what he pleased in Egypt, and much of this may have been mere bravado, but it certainly was his opinion that by his means destiny was marching with iron tread through the world, and this opinion remained just the same when he made use of the holy name of God.

In 1802 he wrote to the Dey of Algiers, "God has decreed that all those who act unjustly towards me shall be punished." And after he had elected himself emperor, he wrote to the Archbishop of Mayence, "As I perceive that I am called by Divine Providence to assume the imperial dignity, I submit myself to the Almighty guidance of the Highest."

And he carried this illusion of his divine mission to an awful

extent of self-glorification, for it is reported that on the 18th Brumaire, 1799, he said in council, "We will have a republic, based upon true liberty, on the freedom of citizens, on a national representation. We will maintain it. I swear it in my name." But his most extraordinary attempt to make himself imposing to the people consisted in the Imperial Catechism, put forth in 1806.

It was not merely obedience to the government in general that was enforced, but his name was specially introduced:—

"Christians owe to the princes, their rulers, and we specially to Napoleon I., our emperor, affection, reverence, obedience, faith, military service, and all the duties which are ordained for the defence of his empire and his throne; we also owe him earnest prayer for the prosperity of his empire, spiritual and temporal.

"*Ques.*—Why is it our duty to fulfil all these duties towards our Emperor?

"*Ans.*—Firstly, because God, who creates kingdoms, and distributes them as it seems good to Him, in that He has richly endowed our Emperor with His gifts, for times of peace as well as of war, has appointed him to be our ruler, and has made him the servant of His power and His representative upon earth. In honouring and serving the Emperor, therefore we honour and serve God Himself.

"Secondly, because Jesus Christ, as well by His teaching as by His example, has instructed us in our duties towards our rulers. He was born subject to the Emperor Augustus; He paid the prescribed imposts; and while He commanded to render unto God the things that are God's, He also commanded to render to the Emperor the things that were his.

"*Ques.*—Are there not special reasons which should strengthen our devotion to our Emperor Napoleon I.?

"*Ans.*—Yes. For he it is whom God the Lord has raised up under most difficult circumstances, to be the restorer of the public practice of the holy religion of our forefathers, and the protector of the same. By his profound and energetic wisdom, he has restored and maintained peace and order; he is the

defender of the State by the power of his mighty arm, and by means of the holy oil which he has received from the hands of the Pope, the head of the Church universal, he is become the Lord's anointed.

“*Ques.*—What is to be the thought of those who do not faithfully perform these duties towards their Emperor ?

“*Ans.*—According to the teaching of the Apostle Paul, they resist the ordinance of God, and are in danger of eternal damnation.”

And this catechism was not intended for Catholics alone, it was taught to the German youth on the left shore of the Rhine.

What sort of impression could be made by his boasted profession of protection of all religions when he insulted the Christian faith by such repulsive self-deification. He endeavoured to accommodate himself to all creeds, but he incensed the people against him by the contempt for all religious fervour which was in the background ; and one after another, Islamism in Egypt, Roman Catholicism in Spain and the Tyrol, the Greek Church in Russia, and Protestantism in North Germany, resisted him unto blood.

And when, dazzled with his fame, his flatterers handed him one intoxicating draught after another, when a French major said, “God created Napoleon and then rested from His labours,” when a preacher in the Confederation of the Rhine exclaimed from the pulpit, “Napoleon, the next after God !” when he was even lauded as the Son of God, and, instead of rending his clothes like Paul, was pleased with the incense offered him, no wonder that religious people began to think, He is “that man of sin, the son of perdition, who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped ; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God ;”* he is the king “which is the angel of the bottomless pit, whose name in the Hebrew tongue is Abaddon, but in the Greek tongue hath his name Apollyon ?”†

* 2 Thess. ii. 3, 4.

† Rev. ix. 11.

Even if it is allowed that there was any right or necessity in his conquests, we must consider as disgraceful the license which he permitted himself in breaking treaties, and the manner in which he treated his allies. When he was at war with Austria, in 1805, Prussia was neutral. But it was desirable for Napoleon's troops, under Bernadotte, to march through Anspach. He ordered this violation of the treaty to be carried out as politely as possible, but the instructions ran as follows: —“ I must gain the victory; if I suffer it to be lost through false scruples, if I am beaten, Prussia will ally herself with the coalition, because I am unfortunate; but if, on the contrary, I gain the victory, I shall be sufficiently justified for this breach of national rights.”

Never was selfish ambition exhibited in so great a degree in a man endowed with great gifts, for even the most noble actions which were related of him were performed towards those from whom he expected services; he had nothing of the magnanimity towards an enemy which distinguishes the true hero. Even Thiers ascribes his fall to his immoderate ambition. He points out six great errors in which his “*intempérance morale*” was inimical to his policy.

1. That in 1803 he forsook the strong and moderate policy of the Consulate, broke the peace of Amiens, and began to throw stones at England, which it was so difficult to reach.

2. That after the subjection of the Continent in three battles, Austerlitz, Jena, and Friedland, in 1807, he did not return to a moderate policy, and that instead of subjecting England, by means of uniting the Continent against the Island Empire, he took the opportunity of endeavouring to found a universal monarchy.

3. That at Tilsit he allowed this universal monarchy to depend upon the interested complicity of Russia, which could only last while it was paid for by giving up Constantinople.

4. That he buried himself in Spain, that bottomless abyss in which all our powers were in danger of being swallowed up.

5. That he did not persevere in trying to put an end to this war, but endeavoured to solve in Russia the difficulties he

could not surmount in the Spanish Peninsula, and which led to the unheard-of catastrophe at Moscow.

6th, and worst of all, that when, after he had again obtained victory for our arms at Lützen and Bautzen, he rejected the Peace of Prague, which would have left us a territory larger than policy could have hoped or wished for.

If a French historian, very sensitive for the fame of Napoleon, and that of France through his deeds, speaks like this, what shall the Germans say, at whose expense most of this fame was acquired, and who were the greatest sufferers from the Satanic arrogance of the conqueror?

Nevertheless, admirers of Napoleon were not wanting in Germany. Princes of the Confederation of the Rhine, after they had succumbed to force, endeavoured to gain as much honour and profit out of their subjection as they could. The people on the left shore of the Rhine, freed from the burden of feudal service, for a time hailed the conqueror with acclamation. And between the highest and lowest classes, there were learned men and authors, infected with the cosmopolitan spirit of the times, who expected to find the past glories of the German empire revived under the universal empire of Napoleon.

No one could be indifferent to him; he was either adored or hated. Johannes von Müller, who had resolved not long before to sacrifice everything in opposing the *parvenu*, after a conversation with him, found it desirable to change his mind; and another celebrated historian, Heeren, at Göttingen, offered his homage to the "Hero of the Age" as long as his power lasted.

The wife of Frederic Schlegel, a clever woman, was present in the summer of 1804 at Cologne, when Napoleon and Josephine made their entry there; and a letter that she wrote at the time is full of admiration of the Catholic *fêtes* and the imperial presence. After describing the entry, she says, "The emperor was much pleased. Cologne is enchanted with him; and the more he gave himself up to enjoyment, and the more confidential he was, the better the people liked him. And he

was more open and agreeable, even confiding, than he often is. One evening he conversed upon the most various subjects,—upon religion, the immortality of the soul, his maxims of government,—and he said that he considered the first virtue of a ruler to be moderation. Then he spoke of the philosophy of Kant, and of German literature in general. Of the former he said, that it was a useless and groundless chimera, and that the latter had neither worth nor merit. Afterwards he talked of business matters. He showed the most profound knowledge of trade, and all subjects connected with it, to the great surprise of all present. His whole demeanour was amiable, and gained all hearts. He is now quite secure of the affection, and of living in the memory of these good people. And he appeared to be touched by the impression he had made on the hearts of the citizens. His last words here were, ‘*Cologne, contentement.*’ ”

We have here an instance of the ease with which some people adopt new ideas, which is the reverse side of our national many-sidedness. Napoleon’s contempt for the philosophy of Kant and for German literature, which afterwards shot fatal arrows against him, did not prevent this philosophical and literary lady from joining in the admiration which originated in the weakness and vanity of the human heart. It was against such phenomena that the following burning words of Arndt were directed :—“ If Satan were to come forth out of hell, in order to become king of the Germans, thousands and tens of thousands of pens would immediately be in motion to prove, from all imaginable reasons and with double-refined logic, that it is a great happiness for the world, and especially for the German nation, that the Lord Satan is pleased to assume the government of them.” And in the end Arndt’s opinion gained the day. There was nothing in Napoleon’s character which answered to the true German’s ideal of what was noble in human nature.

We have good reason for attaching some importance to Arndt’s opinion of Napoleon. It was formed before he had trodden on German soil ; it remained the same during the years of humiliation, and of the revolt against him ; and in

spite of all the judgments formed of him, and of all the historical works relating to him with which Arndt, who so long survived Napoleon, became acquainted, his first opinion never changed. Arndt and Napoleon were born in the same year. As it was the impulse of the latter to subjugate nations, so it was the unceasing endeavour of the former to appreciate their various peculiarities, to assign to each member of the great human family its fitting place; and, above all, to secure to the German nation its essential qualities, its rights, and its historical vocation.

His unmitigated opposition to Napoleon arose from his profound conception of national life, from his conviction that no nation should oppress another, that the diversity among nations is intended to increase the rich variety of human life, that they should live near one another and for each other in a spirit of freedom, and that the German nation has a special calling to advance the best, the most moral, and intellectual interests of humanity.

In his work called 'Germania and Europe,' published in 1802, he says of Napoleon, "His love of pomp proves that he is vain. Vanity appears through all his greatness, like crackers that insult instead of illuminating the majesty of night. And he is even cowardly, as is shown by his anxiety about police regulations. How little, when a man, and even a great man, makes his own little person the centre round which heaven and earth revolve! What vanity to think that France hangs on his destiny! What is this secret police? Woe to the ruler who cannot defend himself by the affection of his people from the cold steel of the murderer!"

In the second part of the 'Spirit of the Age,' of which Stein justly remarked, that it was written with fearful truth, Arndt's righteous indignation against Napoleon knows no bounds. The subjugation of Germany had been accomplished. "Thou art a brave and successful warrior, a cunning deceiver, a great immortal monster, the terror of the world. Small and great give thee credit for all this. But what art thou more? A narrow, faithless, greedy, blood-thirsty soul, who wishes that

the whole world had but one neck, that thou mightest subjugate it as easily as thy Frenchmen." Then Arndt says that he is not to be compared to any of the heroes of antiquity. He reminds him of his want of generosity in his treatment of the subjugated German nation, and especially of the unchivalrous manner in which he had insulted the Queen Louisa. "How foreign to the better spirit of these times, to the spirit of Christianity and princely dignity, is the spirit which thou hast shown; thou, who wouldst fain be thought a chivalrous hero! He who can so misuse his good fortune, he who can mock at misfortune, he who can insult fallen majesty, may well fear retribution."

Again, he says, "He is possessed by the most wicked and cunning devil who has ever played a part on earth in human form, and therefore he is a wonderful sign to this weak and spiritless generation. For the devil was an angel of light, created after the image of God, and endowed with glory and strength; but he fell, and through abuse of his divine nature he became the representative of evil, the prince of darkness, the enemy of the children of light. Every unprejudiced man is reminded of his course, when a mortal man misuses his great strength and rare talents, and the wonderful gift of success, and desolates and enslaves the earth which he might have set free and made happy.

"If you will bow the knee, my befooled compatriots, before such a divinity, we have nothing in common. Such a virtuoso of evil the previous ages of Europe have never brought forth."

Again, he says, "But thou and thy works will prove, at last, that no skill or cunning will suffice to hinder the almighty power which we can faintly discern through all these terrors, upsettings, and revolutions. Go on then in thy vain and perilous course. When the work is done, Providence will destroy the instrument." Arndt expressed himself more calmly in calmer times, but his views remained the same.

After Napoleon's death he found in Stein's library the 'Vite e Ritratti d'illustri Italiani,' and among them a portrait of Napoleon. "I have often lifted up my voice against him, and

must do it once more at the sight of this portrait. Admire him as a great general, admire the concentrated condensed strength of the man as much as you will, but do not represent him to me as a creative genius, or as a civilizer, or as one who ever had a thought of doing anything noble, divine, or humane. In the broad and sublime brow of an Alexander, a Cæsar, and a Frederic II., one may imagine that there is an expression of nobility, of longing, of something unattainable even by the most victorious hero, but there is nothing of the kind in Napoleon's countenance.

“He had the narrow, low, hawk-like brow by which many rapid conquerors have been distinguished. The forehead and nose, and the upper part of the face altogether, are good and regular, though the small sharp eyes always looked like lamps gleaming out of a doleful prison, but the lower part of the face is commonplace and empty. Let history assign a place to him, as in part an enigmatical instrument in God's hands, but do not attempt to impose him upon me as a benefactor or friend of the human race, or as one whose dark soul was ever illumined by one thought of ennobling it or making it happy.” Much more might be added. Philosophers and poets, students of prophecy, and newspaper-writers, beheld in Napoleon an incarnation of the enemy of God, of a principle that was ruinous to humanity, and therefore Germany confidently appealed to an avenging God for help. This indignation of the peaceful German people is remarkable. They have not the French reverence for a *fait accompli*, success does not yet justify an action to German eyes, the dazzling splendour of fame does not conceal the uncleanness within. The German loves to judge things from a religious and moral point of view, and to recur to first principles. But he is long-suffering under oppression; so that the fact that all the power of German conscience and Christian faith rose up against Napoleon, is a proof that the tyrant was threatening the kingdom of God upon earth, and endangering their highest possessions.

And if at that time Christian conscience, less enlightened than now, recognised in him with a healthy instinct, not only

the enemy of the nation, but also the enemy of Christendom, it is to be regretted that at the present time, of these two principles, which should ever be united, patriotism and Christian faith, the first only is armed against Napoleonic ideas.

It should never be forgotten that in Napoleon was opposed and conquered revolution personified in a despot ; the outrage of rights and treaties, the illusive idea of a universal empire, involving the extinction of genuine nationality, though often disguised under a flimsy pretext of protecting it ; and, above all, the arrogance with which he set himself up for an instrument in God's hands. A mortal man presumed to proclaim himself as the centre of humanity, as the axis upon which the world's history was to turn ; a dignity which belongs alone to him who died that man might live. But when the tyrant, to whom neither human life nor human rights were sacred, tried to exalt himself to such a pitch of honour, all who had a spark of faith or conscience gazed at him in anxious suspense ; they could not doubt that God must reject one who, without a divine mission, assumed to be God's ambassador. And this faith was crowned, and wonderfully confirmed by the fearful fall of the mighty conqueror.

CHAPTER XIII.

CLAUDIUS AND JUNG STILLING.

THESE names recall the memory of two venerable old men, with devout faith in their hearts, gentle wisdom on their lips, and countenances expressive of serene peace. It is not amidst strife and tumult that we find them; their voices are not heard on the battle-field. For many years they have lived far removed from outward conflict, and have only been accustomed to wage war with sin and unbelief. From the secure stand-point of vital Christianity, and with eyes enlightened by the Spirit, they surveyed passing events, and they summon us to withdraw from the tumult, and retire into the closet; their departure is at hand, and they would fain teach us the lessons which should be learnt from subjection and misery, war and victory.

We willingly listen to their words, and thank God for giving us men who, in the time of religious declension, regarded Christ as their guiding-star, and who heard the still small voice of God amidst the thunders around them, and spoke of it to the people.

Their talents and the sphere in which they worked were similar, yet not without that diversity which God observes in distributing His gifts; and during the course of a long life both exercised great influence by their writings. Both were born in 1740, the year in which Lavater and Oberlin also first saw the light, — four powerful witnesses in a Christ-forgetting age.

Claudius was a native of the most northerly district of Germany, where the country presents an aspect of quiet and

uniform beauty. He sprang from a race distinguished by sober and solid worth, and the course of his life was an even and straightforward one. Stilling was born in a mountainous district of central Germany, amongst a population in which, ever since the beginning of the eighteenth century, a pietistic, separatist movement had penetrated to the lowest classes of the people; and it gave rise to many a peculiar and fanatical phase of religious life.

Notwithstanding that he was a partaker of the peace of God, Stilling strikes us as a man with an impulse to perpetual motion; and this tendency occasioned frequent vicissitudes in his fortunes, in spite of his confidence in God's guidance. Both received deep religious impressions in their early homes. Claudius, brought up in the Lutheran faith, was more disposed to contemplation; Stilling belonged to the Reformed Church, and was more fitted for action in a larger sphere.

Claudius belonged to a family in which the pastoral office had been hereditary ever since the Reformation; Stilling's family belonged to the class of peasants, accustomed, for one generation after another, to walk in the ways of their fathers. Both had a strong family feeling, and took a pride in looking back to a long line of ancestors. It was the movement which was taking place in the literary world which incited Claudius to make his voice heard, while Stilling was rather induced to do so by the impressions he received among the "quiet in the land." Both ended their lives in truly patriarchal style, amidst the happiness of a German Christian family life.

It is seldom that the long life of a distinguished man has run so even a course as that of Matthias Claudius. He was born in August, 1740, at Reinfeld, in Holstein, two miles west of Lübeck. The place is picturesquely situated amidst fruitful hills; the parsonage is buried amongst fruit-trees, close to the garden is a little lake, two others enliven the landscape, and woods of oak and beech offer pleasant resting-places for the eye in the extensive plain.

Claudius always clung with affection to his native place; and perhaps scenery of this quiet and peaceful sort exercises no less

an influence upon character than the more changeful and striking aspects of a mountainous country.

His early training was in harmony with it. His father appears neither to have felt himself called to enmity with the world by any tendency towards pietism, nor did rationalism entangle him in its snares. The Bible was everything to him, and in important moments of his life he often expressed himself in Scriptural phrase.

When "things were not as they should be," the boy often devoutly sang with his mother,—

"Commit thy way unto the Lord."

When Matthias was nine years old he received a Canstein Bible* as a present, on the fly-leaf of which his mother had written the words, "My son, 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not,' and fear God, for that is the beginning of wisdom. And this wisdom maketh rich, and bringeth spiritual and temporal blessings with it. Above all things, thank God for everything that befalleth thee, and pray Him to direct thee to act according to his word in all thy undertakings. May the word of God be thy most precious treasure, for it can make thee wise unto salvation; and whatever thou doest, think of thy end, and then thou wilt never do wrong. This is my maternal admonition; if thou followest it thou wilt certainly attain the end of our faith, even the salvation of the soul. May the Lord in His mercy grant it! Amen!"

After a childhood blessed with such pious influences he went, at fourteen, to the grammar school at Plön, then the royal residence and capital of Holstein. The town lies upon a narrow strip of land which stretches out into one of the largest of the Holstein lakes; other lakes, reflecting the shadows of

* In 1712 the Baron von Canstein, regretting the scarcity and dearness of Bibles in Germany, obtained subscriptions, and devoted a large part of his own property to establish a press at Halle for printing Bibles and Testaments. They were eagerly purchased. Many thousands were issued and sold at a low price.—TR.

lofty beech woods, enliven the landscape ; and a park, with groups of fine old trees, slopes down from the palace to the lake.

His school life did not interfere with the gradual development of his character. Latin was made the supreme object, but the pupil appears to have diligently studied, on his own account, Greek, modern languages, and mathematics.

A Christian tone was maintained in the school, for lessons were preceded by singing a hymn, and reading a chapter in the Bible. The rector Alberti was every inch a schoolmaster, and his motto was that "the schoolmaster should die in his desk."

Well informed, and accompanied by excellent advice from his father, but with no special development of his intellectual powers, Claudius went, in 1759, to the University of Jena.

He gave up studying theology, in consequence of delicacy of the chest, and attended lectures on jurisprudence and political economy, but he took no special interest in them, and regarded them merely as studies which would enable him to get a livelihood. The philosophy then reigning in Jena, which alike attempted to prove things which are obvious to every one, and those which are incapable of proof, was very repulsive to him, and he afterwards assailed it with his humour. His attention was principally occupied with ancient and modern languages, and music enlivened many a lonely hour, for he kept much aloof from the wild life of the other students.

He had a solemn admonition in the early days of his university life, for his brother Josiah, who was also a student at Jena, died of the smallpox.

Claudius was doubtless much affected by his loss, but the funeral discourse which he delivered before the rector and the mourners is an instance of the manner in which at that period the natural springs of feeling were suppressed by lifeless forms. The same amiable and affectionate being who afterwards gave vent to his feelings in the most simple and touching tones at the grave of his father, at twenty years of age had nothing to say over his brother's grave, but words "unrefreshing as the misty wind, that whistles through the falling leaves in autumn," and

discussed in the driest style of scholastic philosophy the question, "Whether, and how far, God determines the death of men?"

The poetic muse had not yet inspired him, though he was not without thoughts of becoming her disciple; but the muse that first attracted him was not the lovely German maiden as beheld by Klopstock, but a muse in the form of Gottsched of Leipzig, as he is described in Goethe's 'Wahrheit und Dichtung,' the stiff professor who boxed your ears if you had not your wig on. Claudius became a member of the "German Society" established in accordance with Gottsched's ideas, and under its influence he produced his 'Trifles' (*Tändeleien*), rhymes without any poetic value.

His student life at length came to an end; it had only been to him a sort of process that had to be passed through; it had not given him any definite aims, or introduced him into any sphere of action.

His renunciation of the study of theology, and absence from home, had somewhat estranged him from its spirit, and he now returned to it without having made choice of a profession. What was to be done next? He was never very anxious about the future, and was a stranger to the feeling with which Schiller's Carlos exclaims, "Three-and-twenty years, and nothing done for immortality." He stayed quietly at his father's house, and it was a fortunate thing for him that Gottlob Friedrich Ernst Schönborn was then living on an estate not far from Reinfeld. He was afterwards well known from his political missions abroad, and his association with Klopstock, Stolberg, and Goethe.

He was a poet of moderate pretensions, but satisfied only with poetry of the highest standard; he had an equal taste for philosophical research and political action, and was a man of a Faust-like nature, gifted with the Promethean tendencies of the "Sturm und Drang"* period, and open to all great influences.

It was a great advantage to Claudius that Schönborn

* An expression denoting a state of peculiar ferment and excitement either in the sphere of literature or politics.

directed his attention to the beauties of Homer and Shakspeare, and induced him to give up the rigid forms of Gottsched's style. Under Schönborn's auspices, Claudius went to Copenhagen in 1764 as secretary to a Count of Holstein. The state of things in the Danish capital a hundred years ago was very different from what it is at present. A genial German spirit prevailed there. The minister, Count Bernstorff, had summoned Klopstock thither; J. A. Cramer, the friend of Klopstock's youth, and an author of hymns, was court preacher; H. P. Sturz, a German author of merit, was a member of Bernstorff's ministry; the poet Gerstenberg, captain of horse in the Danish army, wrote poetry himself in an original and earnest style, and gave encouragement to poetic efforts by means of a periodical which he edited. Claudius seemed to breathe a different mental atmosphere. Christian and patriotic topics, as well as nature, presented themselves to him as proper themes for poetry. Klopstock, without doubt, exercised the greatest influence over him. But he did not long retain his appointment; for in 1765 we find him again in the parsonage at Reinfeld, and for three years he enjoyed its repose. We do not precisely know how he occupied his time, but it would seem as if the strong impressions he had received resulted in the development of his peculiar character amidst the rural repose and salutary influences of his home. For when in the autumn of 1768 we find him at Hamburg as editor of the 'Adress Comtoir Nachrichten,' to which he contributed short essays on life and literature, we already trace his characteristic humour. He records in the simplest tones the impressions produced by the charms of nature, the affections, the creations of genius, and the artificial relations of life, and aims to attach to them their true value.

He was in the midst of the exciting life and animating controversies of Hamburg. Lutheran orthodoxy found a mighty champion in the head pastor, Götze, who held his opinions with the pertinacity to which there is still a tendency at Hamburg, while modern intellectual ideas were represented by the pastor Alberti, the philosopher Reimarus, and the dramatist Lessing.

But the glories of the city could not console Claudius for the loss of the peaceful quiet of the country; and when he addresses the Hamburgers in the character of editor, he speaks the language of a simple countryman. Thus the peculiar character of the 'Wandsbeck Messenger,' grew to maturity. Hamburg was to him no abiding city; he could only be happy beyond the gates. About the time that he gave up his connection with the 'Adress Comtoir Nachrichten,' and, on the invitation of the author and bookseller Bode, began to assist in the little weekly paper called the 'Wandsbeck Messenger,' he was brought into association with the third of the great renovators of German poetry. He had formed a warm attachment to Klopstock at Copenhagen, had been a sincere admirer of Lessing at Hamburg, and now Herder passed through the city. From the wonderful originality and versatility of his mind, he was peculiarly adapted to exercise a beneficial influence on the simple and impressible nature of Claudius. Herder describes Claudius as "an 'angelic soul,' a noble young man of eager glance, and with a gentle and simple heart, the purest of men;" and Claudius wrote to Herder, though he was not much given to enthusiasm, and always independent in the presence of the greatest, "Your love is to me like the love of women."

On the 1st of January, 1771, the 'Messenger' took its start from Wandsbeck. Its aim was honestly to seek for the good in everything, to penetrate to the kernel of the subjects it handled, to notice modern publications, and, in short, striking articles, to keep before the attention of its readers all that is of true and lasting import, to present to them the charms of nature, and to remind them of Him of whom she speaks to us. It preserved the same humorous tone both in prose and rhyme; the poetry was often prosaic, and the reviews poetical; little importance was attached to the form, so that the subject was rendered intelligible. Claudius's choice of a wife was very characteristic. Rebecca Behn, his "peasant girl," was the daughter of a master carpenter; she was young, pious, simple, poor, but she had a fine figure and noble bearing, delicate features, brown eyes, and thick brown hair; a genuine German

maiden, capable of the highest culture, though not possessing much; not too refined to bear the heavy burden of domestic cares, but sufficiently so to share the intellectual tastes which Claudius prized so highly. The eccentric manner in which the marriage was celebrated in May, 1772, was not much like a prelude to the future Christian family life. Claudius had invited a number of his most intimate friends, among them Klopstock and Schönborn, not forgetting the clergyman of Wandsbeck. During this social meeting he talked of being married: at first as if in joke, but, as it proved, in earnest, for he produced the royal licence, and requested the pastor to pronounce the blessing over himself and his Rebecca. The early days of their married life appear to have been passed in much simplicity; for a time they maintained a neighbourly intimacy with John Henry Voss, who once wrote to a friend: "We spend the whole day with brother Claudius, and mostly lie in the shade on the grass near an arbour, and listen to the cuckoo and the nightingale. His wife, with her little girl in her arms, lies beside us, with her hair all loose, and dressed like a shepherdess. Then we drink tea or coffee, smoke our pipes and chat, or compose something jointly for the 'Messenger.'"

The sphere of outward life was a restricted one, but that of mental interests was for ever enlarging. Acquaintances multiplied; among them were the brothers Frederic Leopold and Christian Stolberg, and their sisters Augusta and Catharine, and his writings brought him into correspondence with Hamann and Lavater, which developed his religious life. His views gradually ripened and acquired precision, and he never gave expression to more of religious truth than he had himself experienced. If only time were granted him, it was impossible but that the healthy germ of honesty and simplicity in his character should ripen into Christian conviction and decision. The Cross contributed its share to the process. Two daughters were already born to the young couple, and their income was very small. In 1775 he had retired from the 'Wandsbeck Messenger,' and had published on his own account the first and

second parts of his 'Asmus omnia sua secum portans.' But it was very difficult to live by the pen, especially for a man like Claudius, whose writings were mostly fragmentary, outpourings of the heart, or brilliant mental flashes, very pleasant to read, but not bringing in much profit. It became a duty to look round for some appointment. Herder, who was then counsellor of the consistory at Bückeberg, interested himself for his friend, and through his connection with Darmstadt, the President of the Government there, Von Moser, jun., offered him an appointment. Claudius was greatly surprised, and explained clearly what he could, and what he could not do, and what sort of an office he wished for. He wrote to Herder: "As far as my inclination is concerned, I would rather have had a less brilliant and a quieter post, such as superintendent of some hospital in the depths of a forest, or some other benevolent institution, steward of a hunting-seat, inspector of gardens, or magistrate of a village, so that I should have had time to follow my own devices." He, however, was appointed to be Commissioner of the Oberland, with a salary of 800 florins.* His duties were to work as member of a commission, the object of which was to develop the material resources of the country, as well as to improve the mental and moral condition of the people. In March, 1776, Claudius and Rebecca, and two children, took their journey southward. They spent a week with Herder at Bückeberg, and their warm friendship rendered it a time of high enjoyment. Moser's reception of them was friendly rather than gracious. Claudius was installed into his office, but things did not go altogether smoothly; for though the post suited him pretty well on the whole, difficulties connected with some of the details of business soon presented themselves. Among all the duties which devolved upon him, the one that suited him best was the editorship of a paper published for the benefit of an asylum for invalids. Darmstadt was not an unpleasant residence; there was still a circle of eminent men there, whose society frequently attracted the

* About £66.

youthful Goethe; the country was varied and pleasant, and there were always dry walks under the evergreen shelter of the fir-trees in winter. Whether correct or not, tradition points out the place where he composed his 'Evening Hymn.' Be that as it may, the scenery exactly answers to the description.

"The moon hath risen on high,
 And in the clear dark sky
 The golden stars all brightly glow;
 And black and hushed the woods,
 While o'er the fields and floods
 The white mists hover to and fro.

"How still the earth! how calm!
 What dear and home-like charm,
 From gentle twilight doth she borrow!
 Like to some quiet room,
 Where, wrapt in still soft gloom,
 We sleep away the daylight's sorrow.

"Look up; the moon to-night
 Shows us but half her light,
 And yet we know her round and fair;
 At other things how oft
 We in our blindness scoff'd,
 Because we saw not what was there.

"We haughty sons of men
 Have but a narrow ken,
 We are but sinners poor and weak;
 Yet airy dreams we build,
 And deem us wise and skilled,
 And come not nearer what we seek.

"Thy mercy let us see,
 Nor find in vanity
 Our joy; nor trust in what departs;
 But true and simple grow,
 And live to Thee below,
 With sunny, pure, and childlike hearts.

"Let death all gently come
 At last to take us home,
 And let us meet him fearlessly;

And when these bonds are riven,
 Oh, take us to Thy heaven,
 Our Lord and God, to dwell with Thee.

“Now in His name most blest,
 My brethren sink to rest ;
 The wind is cold, chill falls the dew.
 Spare us, O God, and keep
 Us safe in quiet sleep,
 And all the sick and suffering too.”*

But the spiritual atmosphere of the place did not suit him, and so the “fine Darmstadt air” did not suit him either.

Before a year had passed, Moser and Claudius came to an explanation, which resulted in his return to Wandsbeck. In his pecuniary embarrassment he applied, with his accustomed candour, to Jacobi at Düsseldorf, who had been represented to him as a wealthy and noble-minded man. He received a favourable answer, but it found him on a sick-bed. In the meantime Herder, who was then superintendent-general† at Weimar, had obtained the money for the return journey of his stranded friend from the youthful Duchess of Weimar.

As soon as he was recovered, he cheerfully turned his steps northward again. To Herder's very natural question, “What he was going to do at Wandsbeck?” he returned answer, “Make translations, publish a continuation of ‘Asmus,’ and—commit my way unto the Lord.”

In May, to the surprise of friends and neighbours, they arrived at Wandsbeck. Claudius wrote to a friend, “The doctrine about the climate did not altogether satisfy them.” But God was with him. He did not again leave Wandsbeck of his own accord, though the troubles of war sent him forth as a wanderer in his latter days. He lived for nearly forty years in this quiet place, which became in consequence one of the best known spots in Germany. The children multiplied; he persevered in his plan of translating, publishing a continuation

* Reprinted, by permission of Messrs. Longman and Co., from ‘*Lyra Germanica*.’

† A dignity in the Lutheran Church.

of 'Asmus,' and committing his way unto the Lord; and when his difficulties appeared insurmountable, Frederic, Crown Prince of Denmark, gave Claudius out of gratitude a pension of two hundred dollars, and, at his own request, he afterwards received the appointment of chief auditor of the Schleswig-Holstein bank at Altona. The office gave him little trouble, he could continue to live at Wandsbeck, and the salary was nearly a thousand dollars per annum.* Thus his outward life was provided for, and his inner life daily increased in depth and fervour. He remained, as he had before in jest described himself, a "man of letters."

Authorship was the talent with which God had intrusted him for the benefit of his countrymen. As we have seen, it was long before his vocation became clear to him; in fact, it was not until German poetry had perceived its true mission. His early attempts at poetical composition shared the prevailing faults of the time,—poverty of matter, and rigidity of form. The odes of Klopstock, the creations of Goethe's poetic genius, the acuteness of Lessing, and the originality of Herder, all combined to elicit whatever was good and genuine in the mind of Claudius—his simplicity, sincerity, and fidelity to nature. And when he tuned the lyre, he affected nothing artificial or assumed, but simply gave expression to his own mental mood. In a greater degree than any other poet, Claudius regarded nature and creation, not as a work distinct from the Author, but as an image of God, on which may still be traced the impress of the divine finger, which is still illumined by the reflection of the satisfaction with which God beheld His work, and over which, with vivifying power, the Spirit of God still moves.

"Poets," he said, in an imaginary audience of the Emperor of Japan, "are bright transparent flints, which give out sparks when struck by the beautiful heaven and the beautiful earth, and our holy religion."

He never stops short at the mere description of natural

* The Danish dollar is worth about 2s. 3d. sterling. The salary and pension would, therefore, amount to £135.

objects, he rises to the contemplation of the moral and spiritual, to the spirit of charity. His loving nature causes him to see the love of God in creation; he extols the happiness of a pious peasant race, to show men how happy they may be in humble circumstances. Love made his own domestic life a scene of constant enjoyment, alternating in work and peaceful rest; and a neighbour in distress was never forgotten.

Patriotism, too, was often the subject of his song. In poetry like that of Claudius, which always unconsciously breathes a spirit of piety, the transition was natural to special religious subjects. Besides poetry, his writings comprise fables, proverbs, and many prose pieces, some of them in aphoristic style, some in the form of treatises.

The peculiarity of his style consisted in a certain humour; which, however, was in nowise discordant with the Christian tone of his works, for none but the Christian who forms a just estimate of the essential nature of things can play as he did with their outward manifestations. The humorous tone of the 'Wandsbeck Messenger' was only the reverse side of the true earnestness with which, as a pilgrim here on earth, he sought an abiding city to come. His happiest hymns are in the style of those of Paul Gerhardt, and his descriptions of natural scenes, and the incidents of human life, may be compared to some of Goethe's, such as his 'Artist's Morning and Evening Hymns.'

Claudius was certainly *homme de lettres*, but his authorship was never anything distinct from his life; it was the expression of his own experience. The mainspring of his life was therefore the mainspring of his writings, and that was Christ. He never belonged strictly to any party; his views were not orthodox in the ancient acceptance of the word, nor was he a pietist of Spener's school, nor yet a rationalist, but he was ever gradually attaining to more settled religious conviction. He may be described as a mystic in the best sense of the term. His views of life, of the will, of love, of communion with God by its means, of the reality of a future glory, of which we have here but the faintest shadow, were all based

upon the word of God. He was strongly opposed to the deadness of the letter, to a mere belief of the understanding, to controversies about words, and to that shortsighted wisdom which thinks it has attained to all knowledge. The most correct description of him is, that he was a simple biblical Christian, and, as such, he bore his testimony in a period of religious declension. As a messenger from God he journeyed far and wide, offering the truths of salvation in various attractive forms. The firmer his faith became, and therefore more and more unintelligible to the wise of this world, the more he experienced the truth of the following lines :—

“The Christian’s inner life keeps fresh and green,
 Although without the burning sun oppress;
 What God hath given His own no eye hath seen,
 They only know the treasure, who possess.”

In the midst of a time which said it was “rich and increased with goods,” he distinctly proclaimed that humanity stood in need of a Saviour. It was impossible for one to despise creation, regarding it, as he did, as pervaded by the blessing of the Creator, but he could not ignore its defilement by sin. He regarded man as the crowning work of creation, and said, “Every living thing that he sees around him dies, but he knows of immortality; everything that meets his view in external nature is temporal and local, but he knows that there are things eternal. Destined for the liberty of the children of God, he has fallen into the bondage of sin.” He did not despise reason, nor deny that the heathen retained traces of the original revelation; and, although he considered it an exaggerated toleration which declared that the ancient philosophers were Christians, because they taught a lofty morality, still he said, “Water, no doubt, extinguished fire even in those days, and self-denial produced excellent results.” But he had little taste for controversy of this sort; his creed was, “We poor sinners are conceited creatures, but it is very little that we know.”

In times when the multitude does not believe, and an

individual testifies of his faith, he naturally adopts a personal tone, but it comes from the heart, and reaches the hearts of others. Some of our readers may remember being touched by such words as these:—

“You would like to know more about our Lord Christ? Andreas, who would *not* like to know more of Him? But it is of no use to come to me. I am no friend to novel opinions, and keep close to the written word. And I hate puzzling over the mysteries of religion, for I consider that it is just because we are not to know them yet that they *are* mysteries. Since we cannot see Him ourselves, we must trust to those who did see Him. I cannot see that any other course is open to us. Everything that we find in the Bible about Him, all the glorious stories and sayings, are not Christ certainly; they are only testimonies concerning Him; only the fringes of His garment; still they are the best things that we have on earth, and they comfort us and rejoice our hearts by showing us that man may become something different from, and better than, what he is.”

Then he describes our need of redemption and the Redeemer as the Gospels represent Him, and exclaims,—

“Andreas! have you ever heard anything like it? Do not your arms drop down by your sides in amazement! Certainly it is a mystery entirely above our comprehension, but it is a mystery from heaven and from God, for it bears the stamp of heaven, and overflows with the mercy of God. One would be willing to be branded or broken on the wheel for the bare idea of it; and he who can laugh and mock at it must surely be out of his mind. He whose heart is in the right place will put his mouth in the dust, and worship and adore.”

Again he wrote: “He who will not believe in Christ must see how he can get on without Him. Neither you nor I can. We want some one to support and sustain us while we live, and to put his hand under our heads when we die, and, according to what is written of Him, He is abundantly able to do it, and we know of no one by whom we should so much like to have it done.”

In all the writings of Claudius there is a certain domestic tone. It is not only that the events of his life may be traced in them, he is fond of adopting the form of confidential conversation or correspondence. He was thoroughly a family man; "he himself believed and his whole house." From the tying of the marriage knot to the end of his life, when eleven children had been born to him, he lived entirely for his home, and for his country only so far as was compatible with that. It was an exemplary household, for, as the outward means were limited, the inner life was all the more sedulously cultivated. There was neither the affectation of genius scorning the labour of the hands, nor so much occupation of time with work that it was considered a sin to take up a book. All worked hard: the father in his study and with the children, the mother in her nursery, kitchen, and garden, and the children at their tasks. But there was time for morning and evening prayers; grace was said at table; there was music, singing, and reading; the best music was heard in the house, the best literature lay upon the table. Sometimes pupils, sometimes visitors were added to the family circle; the vibrations of the intellectual world were felt within the house; the most eminent men knocked at the Messenger's door, but the home preserved its simplicity.

His poems indicate his deep interest in family life; his Rebecca often appears in them. There were cradle songs, and others dictated by little daily family events; and he had a happy fertility and humour in inventing simple little domestic festivals. Then we find him in all seriousness writing for his children, 'A Father's Account of the Christian Religion,' composing a hymn on the death of his little girl, or closing a last will and testament for his son John, with the following lessons of Christian wisdom:—

"When I am dead close my eyes, and do not mourn for me. Be helpful to your mother; honour her as long as she lives, and bury her near me. Meditate daily upon death and upon life, so that you may find it. Be of a cheerful spirit, and do not go out of the world without having publicly testi-

fied of your love and reverence for the Founder of Christianity.”

It, may be remarked that nothing that we have related of Claudius has any particular connection with the renewal of religious life during the wars of independence; and the simple ‘Wandsbeck Messenger’ certainly was much less mixed up in public events than any of the characters whom we have hitherto presented to our readers. Nevertheless he did contribute to that end. It was partly owing to his unobtrusive influence during previous years that some of the best men in the nation passed through those troublous times in the devout spirit that we have described. Gratitude demands that a place should be accorded to Claudius among our heroes as a forerunner of the renewal of faith. It was, as it were, raised upon his shoulders that the deeds of some of the younger generation were achieved. We can scarcely think of such men as Perthes, Stolberg, or Nicolovius, who either by deeds or words took so active a part in public events, apart from the influence of the ‘Wandsbeck Messenger,’ whom they honoured as their spiritual father.

We close our sketch with a few words on the relation of Claudius to the conflicting opinions of the time. The ‘Wandsbeck Messenger’ spoke decidedly from the first against the French Revolution, when the greater number of his countrymen were cheering on the French in their revolt against royalty, and Klopstock was so far carried away as to greet it with spirited odes. It was not that the heart of Claudius did not beat warmly for the happiness and freedom of the people; he hated all injustice and oppression, especially the conjunction so frequent in the eighteenth century, of the servitude of the people and luxury among the great; but he was himself too good, too submissive in a Christian sense, not only to the good and gentle but also to the froward, ever to advise an appeal to force.

Claudius loved a paternal government and a child-like submission to it, and it was only on a Christian foundation that this appeared possible to him. The horrors of the Revolu-

tion, the rebellion against the throne and the Church, and all authority human and divine, excited his utmost abhorrence. He at once began his opposition to the 'Modern Policy,' and published his remarks upon the 'Modern System' and the 'Rights of Man.' No doubt he was often mistaken, and scarcely admitted the good which God permitted to arise out of the Revolution, but from his point of view he was certainly right in lifting up his voice against its godless excesses. His opinions were shared by many in Holstein; Counts Reventlow and Stolberg from their noble birth and religious opinions entirely agreed with him. The German fugitives from the South and West who turned their steps towards the North when French disorder encroached on German soil, Jacobi and Schlosser, could find no words strong enough in which to express their horror of the Revolution. In association with such men, Claudius was more and more confirmed in his views, and he broke forth into the following lament:

“They would not have a God, would cast away
 His being from their thought,
 And so he left them to their evil way,
 He gave them what they sought.
 That germ of heavenly light and love,
 Which God implants in every breast.
 And hath with His own seal impressed,
 And which by every one possessed,
 If duly nurtured, watered, dressed,
 Shall grow till he is truly blessed
 With choicest blessings from above—
 That germ of heavenly light and love,
 Was stifled in their hearts, and still
 They mocked at goodness, worshipped ill,
 They prayed to folly, and the devil praised,
 To horrid cruelty their altars raised.
 Have pity on them, Lord!”

At the age of seventy-three, Claudius, who amongst other ways had proved his patriotism by contributing to the 'Patriotic Museum,' established by his son-in-law Perthes, was placed in painful outward circumstances and much mental

perplexity. As an inhabitant of Holstein his fate was bound up with that of the King of Denmark, but after June, 1813, Denmark, repulsed by England, had entered into alliance with France. Wandsbeck was therefore an enemy's territory to the allied troops stationed on the banks of the lower Elbe, and Claudius thought it best to leave with his Rebecca before the conclusion of the armistice. Assisted by a sum of money sent him from Elberfeld by some unknown hand, he wandered from place to place, sometimes finding refuge with a friend, sometimes with a brother. At the beginning of November he joined his daughter Caroline Perthes and her children at Kiel, but in January he thought it best to go to Lübeck. There his circumstances were most needy. He wrote to Caroline Perthes: "We are so far well, we have a little room in which there is a bed and a settee, but there is no room left to turn round. We cook our meal and potatoes for ourselves, but fuel is very dear; you will have learnt from the papers that Wandsbeck is in the hands of the allies. Fritz is there and keeps house, and has sold the cow, and in the larder it looks as the earth did before the creation, desolate* and void."

But his keenest sufferings were not occasioned by hunger, cold, and nakedness. He loved his King, who as Crown Prince had shown him much kindness; he regarded him with a sentiment of ancient German fealty, but he also loved his German fatherland, and hoped that it would be victorious; but the success of Germany involved the defeat of his sovereign. So that even at that time the union of Holstein with Denmark produced hopeless confusion.

But this perplexity did not deter him from addressing his countrymen on the signs of the times when the German arms had proved victorious. He published a 'Sermon for the new year 1814, by a lay brother,' on the text, 'And Moses said unto God, Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh?'†

This, if nothing else, would entitle him to a place among

* Luther's translation is, "Wüste und leer."

† Exodus iii. 11.

those who contributed to the renewal of religious life at this period. It began with Martin Luther's lines,—

“It was a strange and awful strife,
When life and death contested;
But death was triumphed o'er by life,
And life from death was wrested.”

He then continues: “Germany had forgotten its ancestral virtues. The ancient spirit of uprightness, brotherly love, and manliness was extinguished, and irreligion, luxury, and effeminacy had taken its place; thus it became possible for an enterprising neighbour to accomplish what would have been previously impossible. He advanced boldly, sowed discord, prevailed against us, brought us into subjection, and divided the spoil, and our free brethren looked on, and allowed themselves to be played with as puppets and slaves. Germany had forgotten her ancestral virtues, and had fallen into a deep slumber. But when awakened by a mighty voice from the North, she began to look about her; the ancient spirit revived; great was the company of heroes, and their united power and wisdom put an end to the mischief. And having so long conferred everlasting obligations upon Germany, they will finish their work, convert us from the error of our ways, cause justice to be respected, and ensure peace and safety to us and our posterity. But we have paid, and must still pay dearly for this. Germany's hills and valleys are streaming with blood, her plains are strewn with corpses, her villages and towns are lying desolate and waste, the inhabitants have fled, and are roaming about wretched and forlorn. It remains for the princes and fathers of the people, to honour the memory of the heroes who have fallen in the service of freedom and their country, to provide for their widows and orphans, to gather the fugitives together, to build up the waste places, and, as far as possible, to counteract the evil that has been done. But that is but a part of the duty which God has laid upon them, and by far the smallest part. Here on earth we are clothed in flesh and blood, but we are not flesh and blood. Man is im-

mortal! Man's true nature is imperishable, and destined to rule over perishable nature, and to be God's image and representative upon earth. This is what he was originally, and he may be restored to his pristine glory. But this cannot be effected by the powers of perishable nature; it must be effected by the first and most glorious of Beings, of whose nature we partake, the fountain of all goodness, the source of all power, and of all our faculties, and in whom they are all united. None but Him can help and succour us! With man it is impossible, but with God all things are possible."

Further on he says, "Perhaps there never was a time since the introduction of Christianity, when the ground was so well prepared for it as now; God has prepared it, for as gentle measures did not avail, he has inflicted severe and general chastisement. War, which has never before so raged through the length and breadth of Germany, and in nearly all the countries of Europe, has snatched from men the treasures wherein they sought their happiness, in order that they might turn to those which cannot be taken from them, or at least be convinced of their transitory nature, that thus their attachment to them might be lessened. War has brought down the conceit and self-reliance which caused men to hold their heads so high; it has taught them to submit to the mighty power of God, and injustice and violence, losses and misery have broken and contrited their hearts. In a word, it has made them ready to receive help from the only true source of help.

"And you mourners and sorrowing ones, far and near, who are weeping for the loss of your sons, your friends and lovers, do not despair! If you cannot take comfort in the thought that they suffered and fell in the cause of liberty and country, there is a prospect for you beyond death and the grave and all earthly things, which will dry your tears."

It was with such words as these that Claudius took leave of his countrymen. Once more, in the fulness of his love, he called upon them not to neglect the time of their visitation, but both individually, and as a nation, to give heed to the

things that belonged to their peace. Then he peacefully went his way to his everlasting rest.

On returning to Wandsbeck he found his house in a desolate state, after its occupation by soldiers; and after he was again settled in it, he did not regain his previous vigour either of body or mind. He once more cheerfully celebrated his birthday on the 15th of August, 1814, but his health soon afterwards declined, and at the beginning of December he yielded to the wishes of his daughter Caroline Perthes, and went to her house, in order that medical aid might be nearer at hand. There he passed the last few weeks of his life in weakness, but without pain, full of love and gratitude towards God and man, rejoicing in the blue sky or a fine sunrise, and regarding his wife, his children, and grandchildren with affectionate delight. The final conflict lasted for a week, and he was fully conscious of his approaching end. He had hoped before his release to have been favoured with one of those special illuminations which have been the lot of some, that he might have gazed into the land beyond the bridge of death. But it was not granted him, and he acknowledged it as a mercy that his mind was permitted to remain clear and his faith firm. He prayed fervently that suffering might not prove too strong a temptation for him. Thinking of the mystery of the separation of soul and body, he said, "I have been studying all my life to prepare myself for this hour, and now I do not know how it will end."

When he felt his departure to be very near, he said once more, "Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil," and shortly afterwards, "Good night! good night!" Speech then failed him: once more he opened his eyes, and, turning them on his Rebecca with a look of blessing, he departed. It was on the 21st of January, 1815. His children laid him in the coffin; by his own wish, no stranger touched him. He was taken to Wandsbeck, and buried near his daughter; and a cross, inscribed with the text, "For God so loved the world," &c., marks his resting-place.

Great changes have since taken place in his dwelling-place; but on the hundredth anniversary of his birth a simple monu-

ment of granite was placed in the wood at Wandsbeck, as a memorial that the Wandsbeck Messenger once listened to the voice of God under the shade of the trees, that he might deliver to his countrymen at the right moment, and in well considered words, the message of salvation.*

Stilling's voice was more powerful than that of Claudius, and his character was by no means so unassuming. Whilst Claudius couched what he had to say to his countrymen in the modest form of a message, and simply styled himself a "lay brother,"—when the great events near the close of his life caused him to address an admonition to them, Stilling assumed the prophet's mantle; and he, who once earned his bread by working as a tailor in his father's attic, beheld an emperor and princes reverently listening to his words. Both were students of the Bible, but the favourite portion of Claudius was the Gospel, of Stilling the Revelation of St. John.

Stilling has himself given us a picture of his life in a book which has been much read, and deserves to be read again and again.† A rich vein of human, German, Christian interests runs through it. All conspires to produce a striking effect: beautiful and romantic scenery, and a thorough appreciation of it; the elements, legends, and presentiments are curiously blended with the actions and feelings of men. Mountains and forests, and the varying aspects of nature, seem to him to speak in parables of human experience. Strong passions were controlled by Christian training, and we are presented with an interesting picture of very various individual character, in a setting of religious, rural, domestic life. How distinct are the characters of the patriarch Eberhardt and his son William, the old pastor Moritz, Margaret, and Dortchen! The garden behind the house, as it sloped up the hill, seemed only like a natural extension of the dwelling; and when quiet and

* 'Matthias Claudius, der Wandsbecker Bote. Ein Lebensbild von Wilhelm Herbst.' Gotha: F. A. Perthes.

† 'Matthias Claudius' Werke.' 2 Bände. Siebente Auflage. Hamburg und Gotha: F. A. Perthes. 1844.

† 'Stilling's Lebensgeschichte.'

seclusion were not to be had within, or when the space seemed too narrow to contain the overflowing feelings of the heart, or when these singular people were in mournful or meditative mood, they would wander alone, or in company with wife or child, over the wooded hills, and fancy they heard spirit voices in the sighing of the wind or the song of the nightingale.

Daily labour at the plough or at charcoal-burning did not preclude occupation with the problems of science. The search for the philosopher's stone, of which we find traces in Stilling's youth, is a sort of poetico-religious embodiment, in a speculative age, of an endeavour to solve the mysteries of nature. The quadrature of the circle, with which Eberhardt occupied himself at his charcoal burning, incited his son John to cultivate a taste for mathematics, which resulted in his obtaining a useful and important situation. Daily toil did not blunt the keen interest of these mountaineers in the investigation of the properties of natural objects; and in religious matters they did not pin their faith upon the minister, but searched the Scriptures for themselves, and obtained other books, which they read in the same reverent spirit as the word of God.

They thus became possessed of an eccentric mental culture, but still the best thing about them was their warmth of heart.

We are fascinated with the creations of a great poet's genius—Shakspeare's, for example—when he weaves into a living picture of human life, history, legend, the phenomena of nature and the knowledge of mankind; and in Stilling's life we have the same, with the additional charm of its being reality. The book contains many descriptions of the passions which agitate the breast of man, but controlled by the power of religion, which no poet could surpass. But we must resist the temptation of culling anecdotes from the story of Stilling's youth. It delighted the youthful Goethe so much at Strasburg, that he zealously forwarded the publication of it. Stolberg sang its praises, and in later times it has been extolled by poets differing so widely from each other as Schenkendorf and Freiligrath, and it has never been surpassed by any of our painters of

popular life, not even by Immermann, Auerbach, Gotthelf, or Glaubrecht.

We must confine ourselves to seeking out the elements in Stilling's memoirs which combined to form his peculiar character.

The little village of Grund, in the parish of Hilchenbeck, in which, in September, 1740, Heinrich Jung Stilling was born, belonged at that time to the Prince of Nassau-Siegen, now to the Prussian province of Westphalia. "In this country," he says of himself, "where the smelting of ore, iron foundries, mining and agriculture, were carried on, Stilling's youth was passed, among peasants, miners, and smiths." Stilling's family were mostly charcoal-burners, but his father was a tailor, and the boy was brought up to this trade, sometimes going into the fields with the women of the house; but it is probable that his grandfather's occupation of charcoal-burning, the life in the woods, the view of the mountains, the seclusion in the forest glades, which leads to an intimacy with birds and flowers, made a strong impression on him. At any rate, Stilling grew up with an unusually strong love of nature, and was a close observer of her.

The district was peopled by a sturdy race, professing the Reformed faith. When Eberhardt Stilling looked forward to the glories of the future life, he hoped to find himself in the company of Luther and Calvin, Zwingli, Ecolampadius, and Bucerus. The pastor with whom Stilling came into contact in his youth had an overweening sense of the dignity of his office. But Eberhardt Stilling, the elder of the church, was by no means intimidated by it; his own faith was firm, he was fully conscious of his dignity as the head of a family; and, when occasion required, he was quite ready to stand up for his rights in opposition to the pastor. But there were other peculiar elements in the religious atmosphere by which Stilling was surrounded in his youth. The district was one of those in which the pietistic separatist movement was most strongly developed. All Protestant sects which were subject to persecution elsewhere, were welcomed in the neighbouring territories

of Wittgenstein and Berleburg. The district had been visited by Zinzendorf, Rock, Hochmann, and Dippel; and the writings of Spener, Francke, Petersen, Anna Lead, and Mme. Guyon, were eagerly read. Many people thought themselves inspired by the Spirit of God, and that the fall of Babylon was near, and they were united in the bonds of close fellowship. Men who had once imbibed worldly wisdom at the universities, wandered about as pedlars from house to house, extolling, with their wares, the grace of God as the pearl of great price. Pious countesses gave their hands in marriage to pious peasants. There was much fanaticism, and sometimes much carnal-mindedness, but, nevertheless, Christ had many true disciples in the country.

There was no separatist congregation formed in Stilling's native village; but many were favourably disposed to this sect who did not leave the church, and sometimes attended the separatist meetings to supplement the spiritual edification to be obtained from their own pastor. To this class Stilling's family belonged. In his maternal grandfather, Moritz, who had been dismissed from his office of pastor for practising alchemy, he saw an example of unrestrained fanaticism; while his grandfather Stilling was a champion of ecclesiastical orthodoxy. After his mother's death, in the views which his father adopted, he made acquaintance with the hidden life of the "Quiet in the Land," a party who sought to withdraw entirely from the world; and as soon as he left home, he was brought into contact with all sorts of religious opinions.

Stilling never attempted to conceal his connection with this classic ground of sectarianism, and his writings have a flavour of separatist opinions.

Although he considered himself a member of the Reformed church, he was so indifferent to creeds, that towards the close of his life he resolutely refused to say to which he gave the preference.

But the effect of family influences was still stronger upon Stilling than that of scenery or associates; for the Stillings were distinguished by a remarkably strong feeling of family

affection, which reminds us of the ancient patriarchs of the Bible. When taking a walk with his grandfather in the wood, Stilling once began asking him about their ancestors. Father Stilling smiled, and said, "It would be hard to make out that we are descended from any prince; but that is all one to me, and you must not covet it either. Your forefathers were all good and honourable people, and there are very few princes who can say that. You must consider it the greatest honour you can have that your grandfather and great-grandfather and their fathers were men who were beloved and honoured by everybody, although they had nothing to rule over but their own households. Not one of them ever married disgracefully, or acted dishonourably towards a woman. Not one of them ever coveted what did not belong to him; and they all died full of days and honour." Henry was pleased to hear this, and said, "I shall find my forefathers in heaven then."—"Yes," answered the grandfather, "that you will; our race will thrive there. Henry, I hope you will remember this evening as long as you live. In that world we shall take a high rank; mind you do not forfeit your privileges! Our blessing will rest upon you so long as you are good; but if you are godless, and despise your parents, we shall not recognise you in eternity."

Stilling's great-grandfather lived to be 104, his grandfather and father attained to a great age, and he reached that of 77 himself. He regarded his grandfather Eberhardt as a venerable patriarch, and always revered the memory of his grandmother, who took charge of him after his mother's death. Traits of the character of his mother, the gentle, susceptible Dortchen, were deeply engraven on his mind; and when at the height of his fame, he had the satisfaction of receiving his father—then a venerable and weary old man—into his house at Marburg, and of caring for him till his death. His strong regard for family ties was very early indicated. When his grandfather died, a son-in-law, of the name of Simon, became master of the house. Stilling says, "He was not a Stilling, and the oak table that had been witness of so many blessings and so much hospitality—the useful old table—was exchanged for a yellow maple one

full of locked-up drawers ; the other was put up in the loft behind the chimney. Henry sometimes went up there, lay down upon the ground near it, and cried. Simon once found him there, and said, " Henry, what are you doing there ? "— " I am crying about the table." His uncle laughed, and said, " What, crying about an old oak table ! " Henry was provoked, and said, " My grandfather made that lap to it, and that leg, and that carving in the lap ; nobody who loves him would like to see it destroyed." Simon was angry, and retorted, " It was not large enough for me ; and, besides, where was I to put my own ?"—" Uncle," said the boy, " you ought to have put that up here, till grandmother was dead, and all the rest of us were gone away."

The national and family influences amidst which a man grows up are doubtless very important in determining his future career, but they are not the most important element in so doing. It consists in the special divine idea of which his life is to be the exponent, the essence of his individuality, which though influenced by race and nation, like the plant by air and soil, is yet developed in accordance with its own peculiar characteristics.

Stilling early excited observation, both among his own family and others. His grandfather often said, " That boy is getting beyond us. He will be fledged earlier than any of us were. We must pray God to guide him with His good spirit."

The retired life of his childhood only increased instead of repressing his ambition to acquire knowledge and obtain influence.

But the limited means which closed the paths of learning to him just at the period when the mind begins to feel its powers, and the necessity that was laid upon him to watch for the leadings of Providence step by step in his career, gave rise to the fact that whatever office he held, it never seemed to satisfy the longings of his soul, that his wishes and aspirations always led him into a sphere beyond that in which his calling lay.

At fifteen he began to be a schoolmaster. But his own thirst for learning often interfered with his teaching ; the originality of his ideas was almost too great for what was ex-

pected in a schoolmaster at that day, and often led him to introduce novel plans which gave offence, and his extraordinary passion for reading, and many other tastes and habits, annoyed the people.

Admired and censured he went from place to place. When he could not get on at school-keeping he took to working at his trade again, but he soon wearied of that and longed for a freer and more intellectual life. He did not eventually follow either school-keeping or trade; at one time he was foreman to a merchant, in 1770 a medical student at Strasburg, then a surgeon at Elberfeld, in 1778 professor of political economy at Kaiserslautern, in 1784 at Heidelberg, and at Marburg in 1787. There he appeared to have attained to the summit of earthly happiness, for he had an income of 1,200 dollars, and a post of honour. But his religious writings and pietistic tendencies estranged his hearers, until at last he had but three, just sufficient to form a class. In 1803 he was for the first time satisfied with his position, for the Margrave Charles Frederic of Baden made him aulic councillor, with a salary, but no duties, in order that he might devote himself to his calling of winning souls for the kingdom of God.

During all the vicissitudes of his fortune, he retained the conviction as the star of his life, and to illustrate which he wrote his history, that God immediately controls the ways of men, in fact, that the life of a prayerful man is but a tissue of mysterious leadings and gracious answers to prayer. He may often have deceived himself and mistaken his own inclinations for divine guidance, but in every bitter disappointment he took refuge in earnest prayer, under the influence of which he returned to walk in God's ways, so that he was truly justified in considering his life as guided by a divine hand. He was not always consistent in his creed. Although early rich in religious experience, it was much later before he became a partaker of the pardoning grace accorded to a condemned sinner; and though, after experiencing a sudden awakening in his twenty-second year, when walking in the street at Solingen, and making on the spot an irrevocable covenant with God to give

himself up entirely to His guidance, and though he had been for years in close communion with the "Quiet in the Land," he afterwards adopted the fatalist opinion that all the ways of man are pre-determined by an irrevocable decree. He held these opinions for twenty years, until he was induced to relinquish them by Kant's philosophy. And after he had returned to a God who is heart to heart, he required to be fresh initiated into the doctrine of reconciliation through the blood of Christ.

It was at the time of the French Revolution of 1789, when Christianity was openly rejected, that Stilling renounced fatalism, and returned to a belief in a God who hears prayer and lovingly watches over the destinies of men. He gave up also his belief in the rationalistic explanations of the atonement, and returned to his faith in the blood of the Lamb to cleanse from all sin. He himself relates, "Through the influence of the philosophy of Wolf and Leibnitz, Stilling became entangled in the meshes of fatalism. For more than twenty years he had fought against this giant with prayers and supplications, without being able to vanquish him. He had, indeed, always maintained in his writings the doctrine of the freedom of man's will and actions, and believed it in spite of the suggestions of reason; he had also always continued to pray, though the giant used to whisper in his ear, 'Your prayers are of no use, for that which God has ordained in His counsels will come to pass, whether you pray or not.'"

Nevertheless, Stilling prayed on, but without light or comfort, even when his prayers were answered, for then the giant whispered, "It is only chance."

It is singular that Stilling was set free from this bondage of fatalism by the same means as Fichte, namely, by the philosophy of Kant. Stilling eagerly studied Kant's 'Critique of Pure Reason.' The arguments adduced therein to prove that beyond the sphere of the senses human reason knows nothing at all, that it encounters contradictions whenever it tries to form conclusions concerning supernatural things, based upon its own premises, appeared to him to be an illustration of the words of the Apostle, "But the natural man receiveth not the things of

the spirit of God ; for they are foolishness unto him ; neither can he know them because they are spiritually discerned.”*

With this result of Kant's philosophy, Stilling contented himself. It was a negative result,—merely the conviction that reason of itself knows nothing of things divine. But instead of filling up the void with morality, like Kant, he kept close to the revelation contained in the Scriptures, and felt confirmed in so doing by Kant's words, “ You are also right in seeking your only consolation in the Gospel, for it is the inexhaustible source of all truths, which, when reason has exhausted its resources, are to be found nowhere else.”

After Stilling had returned to the belief in a God as revealed to us in the Bible, who rules in loving freedom over His free creatures, his views also became clear again on the subject of the atonement, on which he had wavered in consequence of intercourse with a man who held rationalistic opinions upon it. In the autumn of 1789 he went to Rüsselsheim on the Maine, in Hesse Darmstadt, where he performed an operation on the wife of the pastor Sartorius, and spent nine happy days in his Christian family.

Stilling relates, “ Pastor Sartorius belonged to the school of Francke at Halle, and talked in its tone to Stilling of the truths of religion, especially of the doctrines of the atonement and of imputed righteousness.

“ Without intending it, he got into an argument on these subjects with the good pastor, and discovered how far he had swerved from the truth. This then was the beginning of his return.”

Immediately after this, he resided for a time among the Moravians at Neuwied, which essentially contributed to the confirmation of his faith.

About this period, those opinions which originated in France, of which the tendency was to undermine both Church and State, began to obtain considerable influence in Germany. And as Stilling was then induced to appear as an author of religious

* 1 Cor. ii. 14.

works, it was natural that he should endeavour to oppose the new doctrines and uphold the old. His treatise 'On the Revolutionary Spirit of Our Time, for the Instruction of the Burgher Class,' originated in this desire. He points out that pride, luxury, and especially the lamentable immorality and godlessness that prevailed, are the real causes of the Revolution. He says, "Now, my honest German fellow-citizens, lay your hands upon your hearts, give glory to God, and say truly, is not the class of people that I have been describing very numerous, and therefore formidable, especially among the learned and people of rank? Unmeasured pride, unbridled sensuality, a secret aversion to Christ and His religion, and a fearful indifference to God, are at once the sources and characteristics of the revolutionary spirit. Titan-like, it presumes to assail the throne of God, and therefore it is not likely that it should submit to the authority of man. Let us first take the beam out of our own eye before we venture to take the mote out of the eyes of our rulers." And again, "My beloved German fellow-countrymen, high and low, great and small, there is but one way in which all abuses can be rectified, as far as that is possible in this imperfect world, and this consists in an earnest and general endeavour to attain to moral perfection, to ennoble one's self, and to avoid luxurious living; in a word, in the practical cultivation of real and true religion. This would teach us to submit to those who have the rule over us, and not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward. It would convince us of our state of moral degradation, and thereby make us humble."

But Stilling's religious writings were much more influential than this political treatise. It is not within our province to treat of the works which have most contributed to his fame, the 'Scenes from the Spirit-World,' 'Home-Sickness,' and his romance, called 'Theobald, or the Enthusiast.' The works which had the greatest influence upon public events, were a religious periodical called 'Der Graue Mann,' the 'Grey-headed Man,' and 'The Triumphant History of the Christian Religion; a Popular Explanation of the Revelation of St. John.' The

latter appeared in 1799, in the same year as Schleiermacher's 'Discourses on Religion.' Both were the result of newly awakened religious life, but they differed very widely. It was at first Schleiermacher's desire to descend into the depths of his own mind, in order there to seek for the sources of the religious life. Stilling, on the contrary, explored the realms of history, explained passing events, and attempted to define the nature of the kingdom of God. He had been accustomed from his youth to occupy himself with the Book of Revelation. In 1798 he made acquaintance with the interpretation of it by Bengel, the theologian of Würtemberg, and finding that some of his explanations were confirmed by the events of the French Revolution, Stilling adopted his system, and formed a sudden resolution to make a new translation of the Revelation from the Greek, with an exposition upon Bengel's plan. Whilst he deprecated a hasty application of particular symbols to passing events, he was firmly of the opinion that the great conflict was near at hand. According to his view, the first angel with the everlasting gospel in the fourteenth chapter is Luther; the second, Jacob Böhme; the third, Francke. But in the supplement he gives it as his opinion, that Bengel was the second, who was called to proclaim the fall of Babylon, and that the third had not yet appeared. Possibly, in the depths of his soul, he thought that he was himself the third, for he was convinced that he had a great and special vocation in the kingdom of God, and the great acceptance which his writings found among the "Quiet in the Land," and among the scattered few who honoured the name of Christ, could but strengthen his conviction. The key-note of his prophetic theology was the approach of judgment; and he adopted Bengel's reckoning, according to which the most distant period at which Christ should have vanquished his foes was the year 1836. Afterwards, under the excitement of passing events, he thought it was still nearer. If it be asked, what place he assigned to the Emperor Napoleon in his apocalyptic system, he did not consider him to be Antichrist, nor does he speak against him with the indignation that might have been expected from a

devout German. Perhaps this is partly explained by his residence in Baden, one of the States of the Confederation of the Rhine. In Würtemberg, where the people were rather inclined to religious speculation, their desire to form a precise estimate of the mission of the French despot, combined with their admiration of some improvements introduced by his government, had led to the delusion that "Napoleon was Jesus Christ, the Son of God, come down to earth the second time to establish His kingdom." Those who fell into this error formed a sect, "who therefore despised all authority, insulted and refused obedience to their rulers, gave out that all preachers, even the most devout, were deceivers and priests of Baal, withdrew from the church and sacraments, wore the white hat and cockade, and adopted all sorts of peculiarities."

Stilling was accused by some journalists in 1807 of being the founder of this sect; this he indignantly repelled, and took the opportunity of explaining his views about Napoleon:—"I consider the Emperor Napoleon to be a great instrument in the hands of Providence, whereby it is God's will to carry out great and important ends, tending to the salvation of the whole world. His history and that of our time renders this so clear that no reasonable man can possibly doubt it. But that he is the Son of God, Jesus Christ, he would himself declare, if he heard it, to be nonsense and blasphemy. None can hold such an opinion but fanatical fools." Stilling could not agree with those who held that Napoleon was Antichrist after his first fall in 1814. Notwithstanding the Peace of Paris, he did not think the tranquillity would be permanent. He thought it possible that the final struggle might yet be near at hand. But, in this case, he held that the man of sin must certainly appear; and the question therefore arose whether he had not already appeared in the person of Napoleon, but he did not answer it in the affirmative. He said, "The man of sin, or the beast out of the abyss, will reign until the coming of the Lord, when the Lord will slay him with the sword of his mouth, and cast him and the false prophet and all his angels into the lake of fire and brimstone."

“Certainly, Napoleon has been beaten, and that the Lord has done it there can be no doubt; but we know nothing yet of a false prophet distinguishing himself as such, and the island of St. Helena is not a lake of fire and brimstone.”

We have already given our opinion on the sin of Napoleon, and, while we agree with Stilling that he was not *the* Antichrist, we hold that he was an Antichrist, and that, from a German point of view, Stilling's judgment on him was far too lenient. Long before the alliances of 1812, there were indications in Stilling's writings which prepared the way for the announcement of the Emperor Alexander as the elect of God for the restoration of His kingdom.

In endeavouring to understand the popular religious movements of that day, we must not overlook the singular attraction to the East that was felt by many minds. Because the aspect of the Western world was dark,—because the ever-increasing unbelief, the resistance unto blood to the powers ordained of God, and all the horrors of revolution, had come to Germany from the West,—pious people began to turn their eyes longingly to the East. There was in Stilling's writings a mysterious presentiment of this tendency. As early as 1793 he had foreshadowed an idea that, in His own good time, God would raise up some great man, who was destined to lead his people into a place of refuge, into a land of peace, a Solyma, just as Moses led the people out of Egypt, and Zerubbabel out of Babylon. He warned people against a carnal millenarianism, and premature interpretations; still he went on prophesying and calling attention to Asiatic Russia. He looked upon the Moravians as a type of the church of God, as a beginning of the gathering together of His people; and there was a little community of them at Astrachan and Sarepta. Stilling thought to himself that God might easily put it into the heart of the Emperor Alexander to allot a territory in Astrachan or Georgia where the people of God, scattered abroad or exiled on religious or political grounds, might congregate and abide in safety till the storms were overpast. He wrote, “All those who honour the Lord from among all parties, and from every place, would

naturally be attracted to them ; and by degrees, or in one great company, they would all journey to this Solyma or land of peace, under a prince or leader who would rule this congregation of the Lord according to their own laws and the essential principles of the kingdom of God, and thus prepare the way for the establishment of this glorious kingdom."

What at first might have been a half-poetical fancy was afterwards taken for prophecy ; at any rate, some of the people were not gifted to distinguish between the poetic form and the prophetic meaning, but endeavoured to put into present practice the foreshadowing of a possible future.

The faithful in South Germany longed for their place of refuge, and began to journey thither. In 1803, George Rapp, of Iplingen, emigrated to America with a large number of his followers. A little later, Mary Gottlieb Kummer, a fanatic peasant who believed herself to have the gift of prophecy, had induced twenty-one persons, with blue ribbons and pilgrims' staves, to set out for the promised land ; and now, in 1809, a new movement began, for the pietists and millenarians of Württemberg had taken offence at the introduction of a new hymn-book and liturgy.

A flight from approaching destruction was determined upon, and in 1810 an emigration was begun to Bessarabia, Odessa, and Kaross.

In 1816 and 1817, after Alexander had revealed himself as the coming hero from the East, and had promised protection to the wanderers, 7,000 souls took boat to go down the Danube. With a loss of 3,000 persons, they arrived in Georgia in 1818. They founded churches, but their emigration proved to be rather a severance from the nursing mother church than a refuge from destruction. The churches fell into confusion, and the remnants of them were succoured by the Basle Missionary Society.

It can scarcely be said that Stilling favoured these undertakings. There was in his character a singular mixture of visionary enthusiasm and common sense. Under the influence of the former he regarded his sanguine expectations as if they were real, and produced the impression upon others that he did so

regard them. But no sooner had his poetical prophetic visions escaped him, no sooner had they produced an effect on simple souls, than his common sense induced him to grasp the reins, and to say that he had been misunderstood; that at least the time was not yet come, that the Lord's commands must not be anticipated, &c. In 1805 he wrote:—"Now I earnestly pray you not to seek this place of refuge until the Lord points it out, and not to move until you can stay no longer." And in 1806, just before the great emigration, he gave forth this warning: "This going to Russia is premature. The true followers of the Lord should remain quietly at their posts, even if the man of sin is revealed and reigns supreme. It is only when they have nobly stood the trial that they are worthy to be received into the place of safety, that they may be protected from the Almighty's vials of wrath, which are designed only for the Antichristian rabble: for the flight of the woman clothed with the sun into the wilderness does not take place until she has borne the pangs of labour, and brought forth a man-child—not till then is she delivered from her enemy."

It may be remembered with what interest Alexander, the Emperor of the East, was regarded when the course of events suddenly brought him into prominence as the hero called of God to conquer Napoleon. We shall see what great hopes Stilling placed upon him; and he occupied a large place in the prophecies of Mme. de Krüdener.

Our readers will be glad to get out of this apocalyptic atmosphere into the domain of history. During its stormy course Stilling endeavoured to admonish the people, and to awaken in them a Christian spirit. In the periodical called the 'Grey-headed Man' we have a record of what he had to say from year to year to a large circle of readers.

As to Napoleon, Stilling shared the opinions of some others, especially of Arndt and Rückert, that he perished through hardness of heart; for he was not humbled by the most severe chastisement, was never satisfied with the most advantageous proposals, but scornfully made demands with which it was impossible to comply. Stilling wrote:—"This judgment of

hardening the heart explains what is meant in the Bible when it says that 'the Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart, so that he would not let Israel go.' The Lord hath also hardened Napoleon's heart, so that he would not accept peace. If he had done so, in a few years he would have regained his power, and then he would have revenged himself terribly on Germany. And who knows what Providence may yet spare him for, if he lives?" Stilling had long before predicted divine judgments on the North of Germany, on account of the frivolous spirit that he had observed there, and now he rejoiced that they had produced so good an effect, and fostered a religious spirit in high and low: "It is not the teachers of religion who have effected this," he wrote, "but the acts of the Lord have spoken with a voice of thunder, and the people have hearkened, and heard it. If this text were now expounded from every pulpit, how many souls would be won! But it is but rarely done. Some day severe judgment will be passed on these faithless hirelings."

In Stilling's writings on passing events we do not trace the patriotic glow which is so evident in those of Arndt, Fichte, Schleiermacher, and Schenkendorf. He estimated nations solely by their relation to Christianity, and this sometimes led him into injustice towards his country. He passed the most favourable judgments on those parts of the country where there were the greatest numbers of the "Quiet in the Land." But around these spots of light he beheld a great expanse of darkness; and, of course, after mixing for seventy-five years in every grade of society, he was pretty well acquainted with the sins of his countrymen, and he was not the man to throw over them the mantle of patriotism. But in other lands, which he had never visited, he was acquainted only with the Christian element, for which he was always on the look-out, and the prevailing sins were not so patent to him. Thus he praises England in most glowing terms, in consequence of the religious awakening which had taken place there, and her great zeal for missions and the circulation of the Bible; but the dark shadows of English life were unknown to him.

He could not deny the ignorance, superstition, and torpor

that prevailed in Russia, but he had great hopes for the Greek Church, on account of "its profound reverence for Jesus Christ, and its just conception of His sublime person."

Several things contributed to inspire him with special sympathy for religious people in Russia. In the year 1815 he could relate that he had held important conversations with the Emperor Alexander, and said that the Emperor was firmly resolved to live and die a true Christian, and he accepted the support he gave to the Bible Society as a proof of it. Of the Empress, whom he called the most gracious lady in the world, he reported that she loved religion, and that her ladies of honour, with whom he had had much intercourse, were the most sincere, penitent, and exemplary Christians." In fact, he had seen the Emperor and his court under the most favourable aspect. It was in the beginning of the year 1814, on Alexander's first journey to Paris, that he was often asked by his mother-in-law, the Margravine of Baden, if he would not give an audience to the "privy councillor Jung." The Emperor, however, did not feel any special attraction to the "privy councillor Jung," but at length an idea suddenly flashed upon him, and he asked, "Does not Stilling live here?" And when informed that he was Jung, he said, "I have a great deal to say to him, but I must wait till I come back."

Accordingly, after the Emperor's return from Paris and London, Stilling was summoned to Bruchsal. He greeted the Emperor as the deliverer of Germany, which honour he declined, with the remark—"The good that has been done came from God, and all the errors belong to us."

Stilling asked for a private interview, as he had important things to say to the Emperor concerning the kingdom of God. An appointment was made for the following day, and Stilling prepared himself for it by prayer. The Emperor received him as an old friend, seated himself close to him as he was rather deaf, and took both his hands in his.

Stilling informed him that the peace would not last long, that the divine judgments would continue to be poured out, until every one was awakened who was capable of being so. He

concurred with the Emperor's remark, that great multitudes had already been awakened, but maintained that the mass of the people had only become worse. The Emperor told him of the Bible, Tract, and Missionary Societies with which he had recently become acquainted in England, and promised to do all in his power to advance true and practical religion in his own country. After a humble acknowledgment of his own shortcomings, he asked Stilling what he held to be the real, practical, and essential duties of a Christian. Stilling answered:—"The essential duties of a Christian consist in three things: firstly, in the entire surrender of his own will; secondly, in constant contemplation, and in dwelling in the presence of the Lord; thirdly, in continual inward prayer." With glistening eyes, the Emperor pressed Stilling's hand, and said, "That is also my firm conviction." To the Emperor's question to which of the Christian creeds Stilling gave the preference, he answered that the Lord had His people amongst them all, and would not give a decided opinion. He spoke highly of the Moravians, on the Emperor's expressing a favourable opinion of them, but without assigning to them the highest place among the visible communities of Christendom. When Stilling congratulated the Emperor on having such pious people about his court, and told him that he had made a compact with Roxandra von Sturza to remain true to the Lord to all eternity, the Emperor rose up, once more pressed his hand, and said, "Well, we two will also make an agreement to be faithful unto death."

The Emperor afterwards showed himself very friendly to Stilling, lightened the burden of old age by giving him considerable presents, and took one of his sons into the Russian service. Stilling also maintained his intimacy with the Russian court. Amongst the 'Letters from Experienced Christians,' which were published after his death, there were some in French, which appear to have been written by Roxandra von Sturza during the Congress of Vienna. From St. Petersburg, in 1816, the same hand informed Stilling, then near his departure, that "Our Emperor continues to walk in the ways of the Lord. He lives a retired and very exemplary

life, and bears with great patience the thorns with which his crown is set. I trust that God will bless him, and enlighten his path, which is beset with more difficulties than you can imagine."

It may be supposed that Stilling, who had been devoted for years to seeking out true Christians in many lands, and to exhorting people to a religious life, took no great pleasure in the hyper-patriotism which prevailed in Germany after the wars of independence, as the natural consequence of the previous cosmopolitanism.

In the last number of the 'Grey-headed Man,' in which, in 1816, he took leave of the "Stilling congregation," he seeks to bring down this Germanizing tendency to a Christian standard. "There is a great deal said now about the regeneration and renovation of the German character. It is said, 'Thank God, we are Germans once more,' &c. But is this true? Have we a just idea of what the German character is? It consists in firm fidelity to God and man, in being that which we seem, and in an insatiable thirst for all kinds of knowledge." He says that this thirst for knowledge will be likely to lead into the dangerous paths of religious doubt, unless the Germans keep close to their Saviour with unswerving fidelity, and this fidelity he finds by no means universal.

Once more he calls to mind how the Lord annihilated Napoleon's army, and continues:—"The thought flashed through the mind of every man, even if not a profound thinker, 'This is a divine intervention.' The Russian crossed himself, put his mouth in the dust and exclaimed, 'Jesus Christ has done this!' A small but most noble portion of the Germans agreed with him. A much larger number said, 'This is a dispensation of Providence;' a third part said, 'This is a decree from Heaven;' and the fourth, and unfortunately by far the larger part, either thought nothing at all about it, or said, 'The scale of fortune has turned at last on the right side.' Why cannot the Germans exclaim with the Russians, 'Jesus Christ has done this, He has risen up, He has come forth and shown to all the world that He who is truth will keep His

word.' He Himself said, 'All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth;' and St. Paul says, 'He must reign till He hath put all things under His feet.' To ascribe this obviously divine intervention to God or Providence, does not prove a man to be a Christian; every deist, Turk, or Jew may say that; the true believer will say, 'The Lord Jesus Christ has done it.'"

It was objected to him that the term Lord, by which Jesus Christ was understood, was often thoughtlessly used as a shibboleth by the "awakened." To which Stilling answered, "The Christian should only reverently use the name Lord Jesus Christ when it is necessary to make the distinction between the Father and the Son; but in the case in question it should always be used, especially in the present day, when men have fallen away from Christ, and are attempting to despoil Him of His honours. All the divine government, both in the Church and in the State, is in the hands of our Lord, and it ought to be openly acknowledged on this occasion."

Accustomed as Stilling was to dwell on the Apocalypse, he drew a very definite line between those who were for and against the Saviour; but those were no less justified in their opinion who held that the acknowledgment of the living God, which at this time became so much more general, was the first step towards the acknowledgment of His Son. Stilling always thought that the great conflict was near at hand, and he naturally supposed that all who did not take a decided stand on the side of Christ would be condemned as His opponents. We now know that the great judgment did not take place, that the course of events was to be still further developed, and that many who then spoke only of God, but who acquired a profound conviction of His overruling presence in the history of nations and men, afterwards turned in repentance and love to Christ.

Stilling's life may well incite us to praise God, who enabled a sinful man to be so useful to his brethren. It is true that traces of human frailty are often to be observed in this instrument of grace, and we sometimes remark with surprise that his duty and inclination, his outward and inward callings,

were at variance; but this feeling vanishes when we consider his career of usefulness as a whole.

Without ever making his skill a means of gain, he restored the sight of large numbers by operating upon them for cataract. When the number amounted to 2,000, he left off keeping account of them. And to how many was he the restorer of their spiritual eyesight!

His correspondence was entirely devoted to gaining souls for the kingdom and confirming their faith: he was never weary of sending forth his messengers of peace, although postage often cost him upwards of a thousand florins a year.* By means of his writings he preserved the scattered few who were believers in Christ in unity of spirit.

Many of his doctrines, hopes, and predictions were without any Scriptural foundation, but on the main point he always stood firm.

His childhood had been passed in the midst of a patriarchal life; and, in his old age, children, grandchildren, and friends assembled around him as the patriarch, and honoured him as their father.

From the year 1806, in accordance with the wish of Charles Frederic, Duke of Baden, who wished to have him near him, and who hoped to employ him for the benefit of humanity, he lived at Carlsruhe; he had a room in the palace, sat at the Grand Duke's table, and spent most of his time in his company. The Grand Duke preceded his spiritual adviser into eternity.

Stilling had suffered severely for some time from cramp in the stomach and pleurisy, and entered on the year 1817 in much weakness. His illness developed into water on the chest. He lived for twelve days after giving his wife his parting blessing, continually occupied with the thought of death and of Him who is the victor of death.

His second daughter begged that when in heaven he and her mother would pray for her. The wife then living was not her mother. "Yes," he said; "we must first see what is the

* About £83.

custom in the other world, and then we will pray for you." Passion Week had begun. One day, on waking up, he said, "I feel an unspeakable peace in my soul, which my physical misery makes it difficult for you to understand." Soon afterwards, he began to pray for his children and children's children, that God would preserve them as branches in the vine by faith in His Son, so that after the lapse of ages he might find them all united. Then, feeling that his end was drawing near, he earnestly desired to receive the Supper of the Lord with his family; but it was four o'clock in the morning, and there was no pastor of the Reformed Church within reach. After conferring with his eldest son, Stilling decided to take the holy office upon himself.

He asked his family to kneel down, uncovered his head, folded his hands, and, in the power of the Spirit and of faith, he offered a prayer nearly in the following words:—"Thou who didst shed thy blood for us upon the cross, and overcamest death and hell, and forgavest thine enemies, thou divine Mediator, forgive us now if, in our weakness, we are presuming to do that which we ought not to do."

He then distributed the bread and wine, and as he partook last himself of the consecrated cup, he spread out his hands in the attitude of blessing, and said, "The Lord be with you."

The last hour was passed in great anguish from suffocation, but he was continually in prayer, and asking those around him to pray for him. When the sun beamed forth brightly at midday, he drew his last breath, and the aspect of the earthly tenement was dignified and peaceful after the parting spirit had winged its flight. He who had so often experienced a heavenly home-sickness was now blessed for evermore, for he had reached his heavenly home.*

* 'Stilling's Lebensgeschichte und seine sämmtliche Werke.'

CHAPTER XIV.

FREDERIC PERTHES.

GERMANY has no nobler representative of her citizens' life than Frederic Perthes. Although in his youth his education was limited to that generally afforded to youths destined for trade, yet by his untiring exertions he placed himself on a mental equality with men of learning. Although originally without property, through his energy, ability, and inviolable uprightiness, his business became one of the most important of its kind. Without the outward calling of any official position, and solely from his pure and ardent patriotism, he takes his place among the deliverers of his country from the French yoke, and justly shares their fame. From the healthy union in his character of patriotism and religion, he may be regarded as a modern representative of the ancient citizens of the free German cities, in which the preaching of the Reformation and the spirit of Protestantism took such deep root.

In whatever aspect we regard his life, as the head of a household, as a man of business, patriot, member of the Church, or as a philanthropist,—in every character he displayed zeal, love, and energy; and the conviction is forced upon us that he was a complete man.

Frederic Christopher Perthes was born in April, 1772, at Rudolstadt, where his father was collector of taxes, and his grandfather had been court surgeon. He had to bear the yoke in his youth. His father died early, and his mother, having only a yearly pension of 21 gulden, about £1 15s. sterling, found a home with some of her friends, and his maternal grandmother took charge of the boy. She died when he was

only seven years old, when he was adopted by his maternal uncle, Frederic Heubel, and his sister Caroline. The brother was a man of great animation, taking a keen interest in what was going on in the world, strictly honourable, and devoted to his prince, body and soul; the sister was a woman of great energy and strong will, ready to help every one, but never to accept help herself. In the holidays the boy was fond of staying with his uncle, J. D. Heubel, who was lieutenant-colonel and bailiff to the prince, and lived at the castle of Schwarzburg; and roaming about the hills and woods of that beautiful neighbourhood with him, was beneficial both to body and mind. He made but little progress at the gymnasium at Rudolstadt; he had had too little regular instruction before, had no head for figures, and very little for learning languages. But he read with avidity, and a great deal of knowledge was stored up, though unassorted in his mind, when at the age of fifteen he was sent as an apprentice to the bookseller Böhme, at Leipsig. The contract is an interesting relic of a time when religious and moral training was still considered to be the necessary groundwork for success in business. Böhme promised not only to instruct him in the bookselling trade, but to admonish him to live virtuously and in the fear of God; and his uncle engaged, besides supplying him with clothes during his apprenticeship, to admonish him to be zealous in advancing his master's interests, to be pious, industrious, and cheerful, to go regularly to church on Sunday, never to go out of the house without leave, day or night, to avoid all bad company, and to fulfil all the duties of a faithful apprentice. Perthes went to his master at the Michaelmas fair. He was happy in the family circle, particularly among the young ladies, who were very kind to him.

His chief occupation consisted in going to the other booksellers of the town for the books ordered from Böhme. If he did not at once understand the titles, his master thundered out, "Don't you understand German?" but his anger soon evaporated, and he sometimes celebrated a reconciliation by giving him fruit, or sharing his afternoon coffee with him. The shop

was never warmed; when the master was cold, he stamped his feet and rubbed his hands, but Perthes' feet became frostbitten during the first winter, and his master took no pity upon him till he was no longer able to walk. The doctor was then sent for, who said that had it been neglected twenty-four hours longer, the foot must have been taken off. For nine weeks he was laid up in his attic; but his master's daughter Frederica, a charming child of twelve, took pity upon him. Knitting in hand, she chatted and read to him, and a warm friendship sprang up between them. As may be imagined, the young apprentice in the strange flat town often suffered from home sickness, when he thought of the hills of Schwarzburg, and when he heard the cowherd of Gohlis blowing his horn, it made him "feel quite curious." It was a great treat to him when his uncle Justus Perthes came from Gotha, and gave him a few groschen to go and see the menagerie, or took him with him to Raschwitz, where the booksellers of the Holy Roman Empire were assembled, and he was introduced to them. "What an honour I have had!" he said to himself, "such as no other of the apprentices can think of."

His mind gradually developed with his years, and his love for Frederica preserved him from the temptations of youth. The intimacy of childhood was replaced by the reserve of riper years. He tried hard to persuade himself that this affection would not lead to anything lasting, and sought to fill the void which this conviction left in his heart by means of friendship. Of his fellow-apprentice, Rabenhorst, a well-conducted, clever, and business-like youth, he said, "If it had not been for him, the world would have been a hell to me." About this time he became acquainted with some superior young men from Swabia, with whom he read the German poets, and whose friendship was very beneficial to him. He wrote to his uncle, "Yes, I feel a fire in my soul, and if this fire, which now warms me for other subjects, shall some day incite me to religion, perfection, and virtue, all self-interest will be done away, and I shall love all men as brothers."

In these expressions we may trace his moral and religious

aspirations. Finding that he had got sleepy over French and English grammar during the late hours which were alone at his disposal for self-culture, he took to books which nourished his inner life. He became a philosopher; sought into the grounds and motives of our actions, and formed a conception of the virtues which man should practise.

Pertthes conducted himself during his apprenticeship so entirely to the satisfaction of his employer that, at Easter, 1793, half a year before his time expired, he allowed him to take a situation with the bookseller Hoffmann, of Hamburg. With gratitude to God, Pertthes reviewed the years at Leipsig. "It was there," he wrote, "that my mind began to be formed, and to have a conception of the dignity of man. I have passed through many evil days, but they have all turned out for my good. When I came here I was a light-minded boy, with many, many faults. I have many still, but many have been corrected or lessened. I thank God for His goodness in putting so many incitements to good in my way, so that my frivolity could not get the upper hand."

When he came to Hamburg he was just twenty-one. There also he had to work hard, but found time to read the works of our great poets; and when at holiday times he gave himself up with cheerful companions to the enjoyment of youth, he tried to make these social pleasures subservient to the perfecting of the inner man. He gained access to the intellectual aristocracy of Hamburg, which assembled in the house of the Sievekings. But intercourse with three friends had a still more important influence upon him,—Speckter, Runge, and Hülfenbeck. They were deeply immersed in the streams of intellectual life which were then rushing through Germany, and they were interested in seeing how eagerly the young bookseller's assistant refreshed himself in their waves. There was something almost effeminate in his slender form, fresh complexion, and the delicate form of the eye, and yet they declared that the little Pertthes had the most manly spirit of them all. He congratulated himself on his happiness, and said that he was "like a fish restored to its native element."

But while his pure and youthful mind was in this ferment, he had sufficient decision and circumspection to begin an independent course in business matters. With a young tradesman of Hamburg, and Nessig, a friend of his apprentice years, he founded a business which bore his name alone.

The bookselling trade was then in a very dull state, and Perthes, who thought more of extending intellectual life among the people than of his own gains, selected the bookselling instead of the publishing business. He undertook to obtain any book wherever published, and to deliver it in any place; and, in order to make a visit to his shop attractive, and to forward the interests of literature, he provided copies of every German periodical, and every work of general interest. The booksellers of the Holy Roman Empire, as the young apprentice had once called them, at first regarded with astonishment the young tradesman who, with cheerful confidence, introduced himself to their notice at the Easter fair of 1796. But the ready money with which his Hamburg friends had intrusted him soon helped him over all difficulties.

But it was a less easy task to stem a storm of passionate love which arose just as the little barque of his business was loosed from her moorings, and spreading her sails to the fair breeze. His partner, Nessig, was a rival in his affection for Frederica Böhme, and, with touching disinterestedness, Perthes had allowed him the first claim to her hand, thinking that there was no longer any passion in his love. But when he saw the maiden again at Leipsig, her charms reasserted their power over him. She was now to decide for herself. Her answer was, "I like Perthes and I like Nessig, but I cannot give my hand to either." Perthes felt petrified, and in this state of mind attention to business was a heavy burden. But he controlled himself, did all that was necessary, returned to Hamburg, hired a house in a busy part of the city, took his mother and sister to live with him, and opened his business in July, 1796. With his lofty and intellectual conception of his calling, the young bookseller was soon brought into contact with many superior people in the neighbourhood, and in the country in general, and to some of

these connections he owed the happiness which soon after bloomed for him. Not long after the opening of the shop it was entered by a distinguished-looking man, of about fifty years of age, whose appearance at once inspired confidence. It was F. H. Jacobi, the philosopher, and at one time the centre of a most hospitable literary coterie at Pempelfort, near Düsseldorf. The French Revolution had now sent him northward, and he was living at the castle at Wandsbeck. The first meeting led to a lifelong friendship. He introduced Perthes to the house of Claudius, the author of the 'Wandsbeck Messenger.' His eldest daughter, Caroline, though not strikingly beautiful, was pleasing in appearance, and an inner world of imagination, feeling, energy, and repose shone through her light blue eyes. She had been but little in contact with the outer world; had been devoted to domestic duties; had acquired a fair knowledge of languages from her father's tuition; and her beautiful voice contributed to the musical pleasures of the household. A correspondence with her friend, the Princess Galitzin, had directed her attention to the earnest questions of life, and the death of a little sister in the previous year had given her ardent longings for communion with Him who can save us from death. She saw Perthes for the first time in November, 1796, and they were at once attracted to each other. At Christmas they met at Jacobi's house, and from that day his heart was decided, though it was not until April that she gave him a favourable answer. In July the betrothal took place, as an ecclesiastical ceremony according to the ancient custom of Holstein, and the Princess Galitzin and Count F. L. Stolberg were among the guests. When the pastor reminded the bride that once betrothed they could only be separated by the Consistory, she replied, "I have long been entirely decided, and for a long time past neither you nor the Consistory would have been able to separate us."

The day before the marriage Caroline wrote to Perthes, "I have been with the pastor to-day. The formulary that is to unite us is neither cold nor hot, neither ancient nor modern, but a disagreeable mixture of the two. But it will not hurt us,

dear Perthes. We will ask God for his blessing after the old fashion, and He will bless us in the same manner. Join me in asking for it, dear Perthes, and open your arms wide and hold me fast till you close my eyes. I am yours, body and soul, and trust in God that I shall be happy."

And they did hold each other fast, differing, as they did at first, both in character and in habits of life; but without renouncing their individuality, their communion of spirit continually increased. Through Caroline's influence, Perthes was led to a greater desire for the peace of God, and she learnt from him to put the talent of her hidden life to interest, in the midst of practical activity.

This marriage led Perthes to seek for the pearl of great price, for the charm that attracted him in Caroline's character was derived from the grace of God.

The moral law was a schoolmaster to Perthes to bring him to Christ; and his ideal of spiritual life was a divine influence from the Father to lead him to the Son. He had always aspired to live not after the flesh but after the spirit, and it was needful that he should strive to attain this end with all his might, in order to discover that his own strength was not sufficient for it.

"My dear good uncle," he wrote at eighteen, "heavenly joys are attained by those who labour to improve themselves, and I have often enjoyed times in which, from the contemplation of the works and perfections of God, and from a feeling of my own dignity as a man, I have had a foretaste of the end for which we are destined." But at another time he said, "How often have I bewailed my perversity with tears in my eyes, when, after having resolved to be steadfast in the practice of good, I had fallen away because I could not conquer some passion. At these times everybody appears better than myself, even if they have committed actual crimes, while I have only sinned in thought, for I fancy that if others had the same impulses for good that I have, they would certainly be better than I am." His impulsive, excitable nature could find no satisfaction in the doctrine of virtue, in which merely the understanding is

concerned, but when the good to which he aspired appeared to him in the garb of beauty, it gave him fresh zeal to strive to attain it. For this reason he was very fond of Schiller, who endeavours to show that the paths of virtue and beauty are the same. From Schiller, and from intercourse with his friends, his ideas of virtue increased in depth. It no longer appeared to him as the sum total of isolated actions, but as a condition of mind in which the avoidance of evil and the practice of good is a matter of course. But the higher the aim, the clearer became the impossibility of attaining it. "Perthes," said Speckter to him, "all your love is mere delusion, it only assumes the character of a nobler passion, because your feelings are refined and sensitive." Perthes felt compelled to acknowledge that he was right. It was only through Christian knowledge and faith that he could attain peace. What could neither be accomplished by reason, by the feelings, nor by beauty, was to be attained by the divine power of love, which condescends to man in order to lift him up. He witnessed the reflection of the divine light in the house of his father-in-law, in the circles of the pious Lutherans in Holstein, and the devout Roman Catholics of Münster, Reventlow, and Stolberg, Fürstenberg, and the Princess Galitzin. He wrote to Jacobi, "He only who is love can solve the problem of our being, and of our deliverance." But he did not at first see that it is in Christ alone that reconciling and rescuing love is revealed to us.

He wrote to his wife, "That there is something in me that lives, and will live for ever, I feel with a certainty that words are inadequate to express; but I also feel that the immortal *ego* can only find satisfaction in love to God. To every one who is earnestly striving to attain this love, who falls down on his knees in trembling prayer and thanksgiving, the Lord will be merciful, even if he worships a piece of wood, instead of the Crucified One. For since the invisible is concealed from our view by the visible world, everything that helps me to draw near to God is a means of reconciliation, and not idolatry. The evil principle rages within me, and is very powerful. My prayers are only signals of distress, and do not help me, for I

am not like you, penetrated by the holiness of the Highest and with His dazzling brightness; but I am penetrated with you, my saint, and through you I shall attain to that higher love to which I cannot attain without mediation."

But it was not long before Perthes learned that redeeming love is revealed to us in no other way than by Jesus Christ. He then wrote to his wife: "My mental distress requires some one who will give satisfaction instead of me, and an idea arises in my mind of a God who, as man, has felt the torments of humanity. I have leaned on many a broken reed, and seen many a star fall from heaven." The last step of knowledge was now gained; he had apprehended the great mystery, "God manifest in the flesh;" he felt the truth of the saying, "Had Christ been born in Bethlehem a thousand times, but not also in thyself, thou wouldst have been lost eternally." He read the Scriptures with an ardent desire to grow according to his knowledge. He rejoiced in mercy, but was indefatigable in striving to work out the life that had been given him. There is something very edifying in observing how excellent men in that day gained their knowledge step by step, by earnest endeavour, aspiration leading them to knowledge, and further knowledge to more earnest aspiration; while nowadays some renounce all effort to work out their inner life, content with the everyday experience of their outward existence; while others, who do accept the proffered truth, accept it so lightly and superficially, that it is impossible to help doubting whether the confession with the lips arises from any real belief in the heart.

While Perthes had thus attained to clearness in his inner life, his business and family had prospered. The first partnership had been dissolved at the end of two years, but he entered into another with J. H. Besser, a man of excellent qualities of the heart, and of greater attainments than he himself possessed, especially in languages. The firm soon became one of the most highly esteemed in Germany. And the house was becoming daily more lively. By the year 1807 seven children had been born to him, of whom one only was lost. His happiness would

have been complete, had it not been for the condition of his country.

Pertthes' patriotism had never contented itself with attachment to the little State in which he was born, he was devoted to the Emperor and the empire, and only saw happiness and freedom for the minor States in a great and united Germany. He therefore keenly felt the humiliation of his country, but he was among those who always believed in her renovation. A righteous indignation took possession of him, that some who bore great names in Germany, Goethe, for example, did not feel her ignominy more keenly. In 1804 he wrote to Jacobi, "Our hearts ought to be overwhelmed with shame at the disruption of our country. Instead of arming themselves, and acquiring strength and courage by nourishing this shame, they stifle their feelings, and produce works of art. If the best among us turn a deaf ear like this, our people will no more escape the fate of being vagabonds without home or country, than a sinner can hope for salvation who amuses himself with card-playing in order to escape the pangs of repentance."

But this view of the situation of Germany was only based upon external appearances; his faith perceived strength for a new birth in the midst of desolation. "Should not the fact that we live in this most evil time, stir up our hearts to great deeds?" he once exclaimed. When Austria was so signally defeated in 1805, Perthes urged Johannes von Müller, the historian, whom he would gladly have seen as the leader of all good Germans, to stir up Prussia to come to the rescue of Austria and of Germany. But it was too soon. In the autumn of 1806, Prussia first roused herself up. Not long after the battle of Jena, the French Marshal Mortier entered Hamburg. All intercourse with England was forbidden under pain of death, and the trade and prosperity of Hamburg annihilated for years, and the unbidden guests occasioned enormous expenses to the town by their shameless demands. Between November, 1806, and June, 1808, not less than 7,372,776 marks* were extorted.

* About £430,000.

About a year after the battle of Jena, Perthes wrote to Jacobi, "My mind becomes daily more free and firm, and so, happen what may, I am cheerful and full of courage. I am a frail mortal, I know, but not an unhappy one—rather a very happy one, whose lot it is to live in stormy times. Much interest in life and death, much love, much sorrow, many children, many friends, much work and much business, much pleasure and much annoyance, little peace and but little money. Added to all this, a dozen Spaniards in the house, and for three days three gendarmes, who nearly drive me to despair." He often questioned with himself what would be the end of all this frightful overturning of everything. It was his opinion that "it was a necessity that some great power should arise in the midst of the universal weakness and degenerate selfishness of the times, and that it proved victorious, because there was nothing vigorous to oppose it.

"Napoleon is an historical necessity. This mighty spirit of the age is firmer and more secure than any one else, because he cares for nothing but himself; he is of the devil more than any one else, because he has in a greater degree than any one made self his God." Perthes considered that the world was given over to this demoniacal being, in order that a new birth should arise amidst the terrors of judgment. "God is guiding us into a new order of things," he said, "by the paths of trouble and distress. The game cannot be played backwards, and therefore it must go forwards. Let that fall which has not strength to stand. The actors in the great play are playing their parts, but behind the scenes is the great invisible Director, which is a comfort and support for us poor spectators, whose lot is bad enough."

He wrote to Jacobi, "Every support gives way, in order that we may learn to trust in God."

He was desirous of doing everything that was possible to prepare for the future rising in Germany. Before the battle of Jena, he laboured to form a secret alliance in Germany from the Alps to the sea. It was necessary at first to explain his object:—

"If it were once understood," he wrote, "and the way pre-

pared, we shall perhaps, with the aid of the Highest, form an alliance for noble deeds. I have no fear of the spread of it, such a thing rolls rapidly along. But it must be kept together by a few simple, inviolable principles, and cemented by the united judgment of men of talent. The principles must not be printed, but communicated by word of mouth, and by means of correspondence."

When the rising of Austria in 1809 failed to lead to the overthrow of the French yoke, and Germany was not only trodden under foot, but torn in pieces, he set himself to consider how to cherish the sentiment of nationality as the last bond of union, and the first essential for the restoration of unity. By the establishment of a periodical, he hoped to afford the most eminent German patriots an opportunity for discussing learned questions. In the spring of 1810, the '*Vaterländische Museum*' appeared, and was not only hailed with joy by the most eminent men of the time, but enriched by contributions distinguished by learning, patriotism, and in a great measure by a Christian tone. Among the contributors were Heeren, F. W. Schlegel, Arndt, Reinhold and Jean Paul Richter, Claudius, Marheinecke, Stolberg, and Fouqué. But the periodical had but a very brief existence. The new Emperor of the Franks, who regarded himself as the successor of Charlemagne, who is said to have founded Hamburg, would have considered that he was doing an injustice to the ancient city if it had not been incorporated with the new empire. Hamburg became a French department. The governor, Marshal Davoust, Prince von Eckmühl, made his entry. The '*Museum*' no longer appeared, but the alliance of Germans, which it had helped to cement, continued.

Perthes managed to carry on his business under the most difficult circumstances. The book trade throughout the French Empire was embarrassed by such a web of police restrictions and supervision as only a French or Napoleonic head was capable of inventing. Thus, if Perthes required a book from Kiel or Göttingen, for example, or to send one to any other place in the German States under French rule, he had first to get a permit from Paris; and before the book could reach its

destination it had to run the gauntlet of a whole army of police regulations. How was it possible for a business to stand which maintained communication with the old and new world, and particularly with Holland, the north-west of Germany, England, and the north of Europe? Two courses were open, either to give in and to wait till the storm was over, or to hold up his head and do as much as was possible, with the dove-like harmlessness of an honourable man, and the serpent-like wisdom of a shrewd man of business. Perthes chose the bolder course.

He wrote to Jacobi, "My situation is very much altered, but in such a way that, notwithstanding the overthrow of my plans, my chief objects as a man of business will be forwarded. As for my inner man, the fulness of life and love has not diminished with years, and as I learn more self-control from day to day, I am able to devote my strength more to outward things, in order to attain the objects which my position places before me. Fear of God and courage among men are one and the same thing according to my philosophy and Christianity." And he infused his own courage into others. Fouqué wrote to him:—

"Your letter has baptized me with fire and water, with tears of the deepest melancholy, but at the same time with the fire of the firmest and most glowing faith and courage." And Niebuhr and Nicolovius, who had the pleasure of seeing their friend at Berlin in 1812, assured him that his visit had had a most strengthening effect upon all who had come in contact with him.

In the meantime the distress in Hamburg had reached the highest pitch, but with it came the hope of relief. Trade and commerce were almost at an end. Of four hundred and twenty-eight sugar refineries, only a few remained. Cotton printing was given up altogether.

New taxes were being continually invented and exacted with the utmost severity. The charitable institutions were robbed of their incomes, their existence was threatened, and landed property lost its value.

When Napoleon went to Russia, and report after report of victory was spread by the French bulletins, a cloud of melancholy hung over the city. Then all at once, on the 24th of

December, like a Christmas message of redemption, came the news, which Napoleon's twenty-ninth bulletin could no longer conceal, that the French army was buried beneath the Russian snows. Perthes was greatly excited by this news. Although a *Te Deum* had been ordered in the churches for the burning of Moscow, it appeared to him like the flames of judgment for the French, and a token of freedom for Germany. He consulted men in whom he could confide, and the question was agitated, whether the weak French garrison might not be driven away. The Swede Von Hess, a friend of Perthes, suggested the idea of arming the citizens. Perthes promoted it. Among the citizens was a plumber named Mettlerkamp, a courageous and decided character, who possessed much influence; he spread the idea of arming amongst his own class, and in a short time a thousand men were ready, and only waiting for the right time. This appeared to be near at hand, but in February the greatest part of the garrison was called to Magdeburg.

It was Perthes' wish that the revolt of Hamburg should be the signal for a general rising against Napoleon in north-west Germany; but to this end countenance in high quarters and a military leader were necessary.

Perthes wrote a request to the Duke of Oldenburg, whose name stood among the highest in Germany, that he would head the movement. While Perthes was on the road to convey the request to the duke, great changes were going on at Hamburg. The Russians were approaching. Caroline Perthes wrote to her father at Wandsbeck,—

“Yesterday morning the Cossacks were at Perleberg, seventeen miles from here. Oh, that I had a thousand tongues to sing, ‘*Benedictus qui venit.*’ The city is all alive, and doubtless great events are before us. I cannot attain to peace or quiet in my room. May God help us further, and fill our hearts with praise and thanksgiving towards Him and towards men, and teach us to act according to His will.”

On the 24th of February, the day before Perthes' return, the illwill of the people had already broken out in acts of violence; it was first expended on the custom-houses, then the sons of

citizens who had been pressed into French service were set free, and the French eagle, the carrion bird, as it was called, was everywhere torn down and trodden under foot. Hess and Besser called the citizens together, and urged them to assemble in the streets to protect the city from plunder. The French authorities, who began to feel uncomfortable, declared that they had no objection. The drums of the militia of the old free city resounded through the streets, and the people of all classes assembled under their former leaders. The following night Perthes returned, and convened a council of the most eminent men at his house. The French authorities agreed that 500 citizens should be armed, but jealousy among the leaders occasioned Perthes to propose that the companies should be disbanded; but the next day he assembled the most decided and trustworthy men in his house for drill. For a short time the French increased their vigilance. The most annoying house visitation was instituted. The prefect had a list of names made out of persons who were to be arrested, and Perthes was among them; but he took care to provide himself with a way of escape should the hour of danger arrive. But the prefect had not the courage to carry out his orders. When he received instructions to be more severe he hung himself, and though cut down before he was dead, he became insane. He had announced that the Emperor would come himself, but instead of that the French took their departure on the 12th of March.

On the 16th, General Morand entered the little town of Bergedorf, only a few miles from Hamburg, and fears were entertained that it might fall into the hands of the enemy again, but Perthes and his friends were determined to oppose any attack by fostering the indignation of the people, which had reached its highest pitch; but the danger passed over.

Morand left Bergedorf, and on the same day 1,500 Cossacks entered it, and thirteen of them appeared before the Steinthor at Hamburg. The commander of the Steinthor guard handed over the key of the gate to the leader of the Cossacks, exclaiming, "Long live Germany and Russia." The joy soon spread through the city. On the night of the 17th of March news

came that the Russians under Tettenborn would enter the city on the following day, but as enemies if they found it under French authority, and the inhabitants joyfully declared themselves free from their rule. Tettenborn was hailed with acclamation. Caroline Perthes wrote to her father, "My dear papa, how shall I describe the universal joy of old and young, rich and poor, bad and good! It is really a gift of God to have seen, heard, and felt it. Cries of joy burst from the lips of all, and my heart was thankful to God in heaven and the Russians upon earth. Never, my dear papa, have I witnessed such a unity of feeling proceeding from thousands of hearts. If we could only be so united for the best objects, what a glorious church we should form! People who were before entirely disheartened took heart yesterday, and if the souls of men were more often stirred to their depths like this, I think it would have a good effect. I feel this deliverance more than I shall feel freedom itself, for freedom will not come in the same manner."

That night no guards were posted, no patrols paraded the streets, and the inhabitants went to rest, weary with joy and free from care, under the protection of God. But it was a short-lived repose. Immediately on the departure of the French, the senate seized the reins of government, but it was not easy to restore the old order. A volunteer corps, under the name of the Hanseatic legion, testified to the desire of Hamburg to take a share in the deliverance of Germany, but the city which these her brave sons left behind was by no means in safety. A city militia was organized, and by the end of April 6,000 men met for exercise, but arms, practice, and skilful leadership were wanting. Tettenborn, although a clever cavalry officer, was not fitted to unravel the complicated state of affairs which existed in the old Hanse town. And on the other side of the Elbe, only separated from Hamburg by the river and a few islands, Vandamme and Davoust had already besieged Harburg, and were projecting re-taking Hamburg. In this time of danger Perthes' energy was untiring. In the first place, he had to collect funds to arm poor citizens, and provide for their families. Then he directed his attention to the

Hanseatic legion. The confidence which he enjoyed occasioned his being entrusted with the supervision of the city militia, and he was made staff major. He had no military knowledge, but he was indefatigably energetic, prudent, courageous, and self-sacrificing. He laboured to foster unanimity, and to overcome petty and selfish considerations in the great cause of the fatherland.

The enemy had established himself on the islands of Wilhelmsburg and Feddel, and the bombardment of Hamburg began. Perthes had sometimes to calm down the impetuous Hess,—now to allay the terrors of the people, and to hurry from post to post to encourage the guards. For twenty-one nights he did not go to bed, and was only now and then in his house for half an hour. His brave wife had to perform her difficult duties without any help from him. She had sent the three youngest children to her mother at Wandsbeck, the four elder ones remained with her. People were always coming in and out and wanting food, and sacks of straw were placed in the large room for the weary to rest upon. Her anxiety led her out day and night upon the balcony to see if her husband or any of her friends were among the wounded, who were continually being carried by.

The danger was constantly increasing. Tettenborn could not hold the city long, Hess was not equal to the occasion, and the hopes which were placed upon the Swedes, Danes, and Prussians by turns all proved fallacious. On the 28th of May Perthes sent his wife and children to Wandsbeck, and they were hardly gone when the bombardment began afresh. The French took the island of Ochsenwärder. On the morning of the 29th of May they were before Hamburg without any great obstacle in the way. Perthes commanded the guard at the Steinthor. At midnight he received news that Tettenborn had withdrawn. Not to flee then would have been a useless sacrifice of the best men in the city to the French. At two o'clock in the morning he was with his family at Wandsbeck, and considered where to send them for safety. His friend Count Moltke had pressingly offered a refuge in the time of danger, and they were sent to

Nütschau, an estate belonging to him, but, as the French were so near, it was necessary for Perthes to hasten on. He took a hasty leave, and proceeded during the night. Soon afterwards his wife, and seven children and another expected, accompanied by her sister and a servant, set out, weary to death, in a basket-waggon.

She wrote afterwards: "It was a terrible parting. My mother was beside herself, my father deeply moved, the children wept aloud, I was petrified, and could only say continually, 'Now in God's name!'"

In the evening they arrived at Nütschau, near Lubeck, and, as there were only two beds for ten persons, cloaks and bundles of clothes were distributed in order that the children might, at least, have a pillow under their heads. They hoped to have seen Perthes the same evening, but he did not come.

He arrived on the 1st of June, but, as the neighbourhood of Lubeck was dangerous, he had to leave again immediately. The family followed, and on the 7th they met from different directions at Eckernförde, in Schleswig. Not far from this town, on the solitary shore of the Baltic, Count Caius Reventlow had a summer cottage. Here the family found a refuge, and rejoiced in the union of parents and children amidst the loss of all other possessions. On the 30th of May the French re-entered Hamburg. The city was outlawed, and Davoust was allowed to do what he pleased. Forty-eight million francs were demanded, and indescribable burdens were laid upon the city: even the bank was plundered. Perthes lost everything. His business was placed under seal, his other property confiscated; and, after everything movable had been taken from his house, a French general took possession of it.

Not long after, his name appeared among the list of absentees who were declared to be outlawed. He had no ready money, either for himself or his creditors. He had saved his account-books, and tried to reduce his affairs to order. He then joined in the conflict again, for only when his country was saved would he be able to build up his own house afresh. The parting was heartrending. His wife said, "With him, I think I could

bear anything, but without him I do not know what will become of me." But there was no help for it. On the 8th of July Perthes tore himself away from them under the dark shade of the fir-trees in the garden. He wrote in his diary: "I am going out into the world again,—a new and unknown world, full of great shadows and much danger,—but my mind is earnest, cheerful, and full of courage. Submission to God, firm convictions and rich experience, a heart full of love, youth and health, truth, uprightness, and constancy of character,—these are the results and value of my forty years of life. O God, my Lord, I thank thee! Forgive a poor sinner, and lead me not into temptation." At Kiel he met his friend Besser, and they drove together to Heiligenhafen on the Baltic, whence he intended going by water to Rostock. When Besser left him, it seemed to him like the closing of the last door, the screwing down of a coffin; still hope never forsook him. Contrary winds detained him nearly a week in the house of a fisherman. He read much in the Bible, and wrote to his wife: "The Gospel of St. John leads me back to myself. I examine myself strictly, and the conclusion I come to is, that I have been and am in God's hands, however I may have failed in keeping His temple pure."

At last the wind changed, and he crossed over to Warnemünde; and the sight of the waves gave him spirits. He was now in Mecklenburg. He collected a few debts; but, needy as he was, that was but a secondary object, and his great desire was to find a point whence he could labour for his country.

His first care was for his fugitive countrymen, and he went hither and thither in order to get an idea of their situation. He soon found that money was indispensable to feed the hungry and provide arms for those who could bear them. Help came from England through Hess, and a society was formed for the proper application of the funds. Perthes' thoughts then turned to the condition of Hamburg, when it should be freed from the French. It was a time of ferment and reorganization. The importance of every State depended upon the value it put upon itself. But at that time Hamburg was

annihilated as a State; it had no government to represent it among the powers of the earth, and was ready to fall a prey to any conqueror. The attention of Perthes was therefore directed to organizing a government for the Hanse towns. Not long before the return of the French, Syndicus Gries and Syndicus Curtius, of Lubeck, had been sent as ambassadors to the Crown Prince of Sweden, and were still looked upon by him as the representatives of those cities. Perthes proposed to them to unite with Mettlerkamp, the colonel of the city militia, Dr. Benecke, Dr. Sieveking, and himself, to form a Hanseatic Directory, as a representative of the cities among the leading powers engaged in the war. The plan succeeded, and although the recognition of the government was tardy, this did not hinder it from attending to the interests of the cities. Perthes was very anxious that the Hanse towns should prove themselves worthy allies of the other Germans in arms against Napoleon. But the Hanseatic legion, a noble troop as far as numbers went, but without pay, some of them barefoot and in rags, after wandering about in damp, cold, and mud, and without military discipline, were in danger of getting into confusion. Four-fifths of the legion were composed of noble and courageous young men, but the rabble that was mixed up with them gave the whole legion a bad name. "This must be remedied!" was Perthes' exclamation; "and, as God lives, I will not leave it alone, nor rest till the chaff is separated from the wheat, and I shall succeed."

On his representations, England took the legion into her pay, and, under the command of General Witzleben, it joined the hosts who were fighting for the freedom of Germany. After this matter was settled, the Hamburg civic guard, which was assembled in Güstrow, under Colonel Mettlerkamp, engaged his attention. Proclamations were put forth to induce others to join it; funds were provided, and Perthes headed them as major. It was owing to him that the citizens were permitted to try their strength in the struggle. He thought, "When the name Civic Guard is proclaimed before the gates of Hamburg, they will be opened, and all within will rise."

But after the expiration of the armistice, and the resumption of hostilities, General Vege sack sent the civic guard into garrison at Rostock, and refused, without the most urgent necessity, to expose a corps consisting almost entirely of fathers of families to the dangers of war. Then jealousy arose between the guard and the Hanseatic legion, and it was the part of Perthes to reconcile them. He proposed that they should be amalgamated, which was acceded to, and all difficulties were surmounted.

While Perthes was struggling for his country, his family were struggling to obtain the necessaries of life in the summer cottage on the shores of the Baltic. They had one living room and two bedrooms. Except Count Reventlow's bailiff, there was no human being within two or three miles. They could obtain nothing but milk and butter from him, everything else had to be fetched from long distances by the aunt and the children; they had no white bread or meat in the house for eighteen weeks. The kitchen, so called, was forty paces from the house, and the cooking utensils consisted of four saucepans, a tin spoon, and a few plates.

The eldest child, Agnes, was just fifteen, the youngest, a boy in arms. Matthias, the eldest son, walked every morning to Altenhof, in order to receive instruction with the sons of the count, but the other children could not receive any teaching. An old servant remained faithful to them. A doctor would have been very welcome, owing to the frequent illness occasioned by the damp situation, but there was none nearer than Kiel, several miles off. The wife's greatest anxiety was about her husband; her children, her greatest comfort. She wrote, "When I clasped my sweet Bernard in my arms, and looked into his bright young eyes, and saw that he feared nothing, and was not troubled about anything, but only loved me, and was happy, I found my support again, and prayed God to make me like my darling child."

But the father could not share this consolation. He wrote to his wife, "You are only separated from me, but I am parted from so many beings, to lose one of whom would break my

heart. The sight of little children always brings tears into my eyes.”

Yet he was fully convinced that he must stake life and property for the cause of truth and justice.

Meanwhile Tettenborn had entered Bremen, and Perthes was sent there to see that the cavalry general did not interfere too much with the civic power. All parties had confidence in him. “Do thou, O God, give me wisdom and understanding, and the courage of truth, and let me never forget thee,” was his prayer. He strengthened the legion, by inducing the inhabitants of Bremen to join it. Then a new task was committed to him. It was necessary to protect the liberties of the Hanse towns from some of the reigning princes, who would have liked to incorporate them with their dominions, especially from the Crown Prince of Sweden and from Hanover.

The allied powers were at Frankfort, whither Stein, who was at the head of the reconquered German provinces, had followed them. To him the deputies of the Hanse towns, among whom was Perthes, were referred, and received not only from Stein, but also from the monarchs, the assurance that the Hanse towns should remain independent, and Perthes and Sieveking took back the welcome news to Bremen, and hastened to communicate it to Lubeck. There he received news of the birth of another son, Andreas. During the Christmas week he travelled towards Kiel, and in the dusk of the evening, after a separation of nearly six months, he unexpectedly rejoined his family. They spent a happy Christmas together, but on the 1st of January he had to leave them again, in order to bring succour to the thousands who were in the greatest distress.

The savage Davoust had nearly filled up the measure of his iniquities. As after the battle of Leipzig, he was more closely confined to Hamburg, he took pleasure in inflicting barbarities, to which his previous extortions were but trifling evils. It is impossible to describe the conflagrations, the devastation, the destruction of houses and gardens, the hunger, the cold, the wretchedness, with which Hamburg was filled. The Crown Prince of Sweden sent means of help, and intrusted Perthes

with the distribution of it. He took up his quarters at Flottbeck, a little beyond Hamburg, and exerted himself to the utmost. "The present is past help," he exclaimed; "may God help us in future!"

At this time he was in much sorrow about his family. He had left his little Bernard ill, the desire of his mother's eyes and joy of her heart, and his own delight when with them at Christmas. He was a child of uncommon beauty and promise. After several weeks' absence, Perthes cheerfully entered the room with "Are all well?" and the mother led him to the body of their darling child, and he gave way to the most bitter grief.

He remained but five days with them, weary in body and mind, and then hastened back to Flottbeck, to assist the miserable, until he succumbed to his excessive exertions. He had been thrown from a carriage, but had not been able to take care of his leg, which was injured. This accident, his great exertions during severe winter weather, the sight of the misery around him, and the loss of his child, all combined to break down his strength. He returned to his family with the germs of typhus fever in his constitution, and when his leg was examined, it was found to be broken. From February to April he was laid low.

When he recovered, the most lovely spring had burst forth, the German troops were marching victoriously through France, and Paris was in the hands of the allies.

Perthes and his family turned their steps homewards. At first they took up their quarters at Blankenese, in order to await the course of events. In the middle of May the French took their departure, and the Senate reassumed its duties. The white banner streamed from Harburg and from the tower of St. Michael's Church at Hamburg, and the exiles streamed from all quarters into the city. Perthes and his family now took possession of the home which they had not seen for a year, but for which he had so bravely exerted himself. It was in an appalling state. The pleasant rooms on the ground floor had been used for months as guard-rooms for French soldiers. In the

middle of the largest room was a huge fireplace. Trunks of trees had been thrust in at the window, one end being in the fire, the other out at the window, and the smoke made its way out where it could. A French general had occupied the upper story, but there also the destruction was dire—all the wood-work had been torn off for fuel, the dirt was a foot deep on the floors, and all the furniture which had not been taken care of by friends had fallen a prey to the French. Much money would be necessary to make it fit for habitation. Davoust had placed his seal upon the books, and had given out that the creditors were to pay to the French instead of to Perthes. But Besser, with the help of a faithful servant, had contrived to save a good deal. They had now to make a fresh start. Their well-known uprightness procured them credit everywhere. A wealthy Jew wrote to Perthes, "If I can in any way relieve you from the petty cares with which you ought not to be burdened, in order that you may be at liberty to labour for good and noble objects, I shall be very glad to do so. I do not require any special security; a note from you is quite enough, and I beg you to repay me only at your convenience."

Perthes and Besser went cheerfully to work; in a short time all creditors were paid, and the business became a flourishing and important one.

Perthes had never regarded the book trade as merely a means of making money, but as an important instrument in promoting the intellectual life of the people. He now endeavoured to infuse into it the noble and patriotic spirit which had been fostered by the distress and deliverance of his country. He hoped that literature might prove a common bond, and lessen the antagonism between Austria and Prussia, North and South, Protestantism and Catholicism. But if this was to be the case, it was necessary that some evils in the trade should be reformed, and the greatest of these was the want of a law of copyright. What was required was a general law for the whole of Germany; for of what use, for instance, was Prussian protection when any work could be reprinted in Würtemberg with impunity? The subject had been already mooted at the Congress of Vienna by

eighty-one important firms, and it had been resolved by the German diet that attention should be given to the adoption of measures for the prevention of literary piracy as soon as possible.

Perthes drew up a memorial called "The German Book-Trade as the condition of the existence of German Literature."

In the summer of 1816 he made a journey into South Germany, in the interests of this subject, and conferred with the most eminent statesmen, learned men, and booksellers. His object was to prepare watercourses by means of which the whole country might be irrigated by the fertilizing streams of German intellect.

Accompanied by his son Matthias he visited Bremen, Münster, Cologne, and Coblenz, whence he visited Stein at Nassau, with whom the affairs of Germany, and especially those connected with the book trade were freely discussed. He then proceeded to Frankfort, Heidelberg, Stuttgart, Augsburg, Munich, Salzburg, and Vienna. In October they turned their faces homeward, visiting Perthes' native place, Rudolstadt, by the way. Here they had a narrow escape from drowning by the breaking down of a bridge over the Schwarza, and a few days afterwards reported their merciful preservation at Hamburg.

It is easy to recognise in Perthes' life how the troublous years of war had fostered Christian faith and charity, and after peace was restored they brought forth rich fruit. We have already spoken of the misery occasioned by the French occupation of Hamburg, and especially by the cruelty of Davoust. Many had perished through it, but the greater number returned after the departure of the enemy. But although restored to their native place, food, clothing, and shelter were wanting; and to remedy this state of things the city contributed large sums, the wealthy families did the same, and help was also received from distant places. But much depended on the proper distribution of the funds, and in consequence of Perthes' reputation for integrity and judgment, he was intrusted with the care of the poor. The memoranda of the distribution which

were found among his papers indicate the variety of cases of distress, and the care that was exercised in the minutest details. Among the entries are, "Rent for a blind person, clothing for a girl to enable her to go to service, tools for a carpenter, medical treatment of a girl who had become insane when driven out of Hamburg, education of children whose friends had all perished, support of a widow whose husband had been shot by the French, rebuilding houses which Davoust had ordered to be burnt down, means to enable two industrious women to begin again a trade in fish," &c.

But man does not live by bread alone. Perthes had discovered through his intercourse with the people that they were suffering from more deeply seated evils than physical want. The Bible was very dear, and the people were very ignorant of it. In 1804 the British and Foreign Bible Society had been founded in England, and repeated efforts had been made for the establishment of a similar society in Germany. About this time Messrs. Steinkopf and Patterson came over from England to Hamburg and addressed themselves first to J. J. Rambach the well-known writer of hymns, to Gilbert van der Smissen, a man well known to the religious world of that day, and to Perthes.

He interested himself in the subject with his usual aptitude and zeal. He did not care for the imputation of mysticism and pietism which was sure to attach to those who were zealous for a life and faith in accordance with the Bible, but openly introduced the subject to those who held the most important secular and ecclesiastical offices in Hamburg. He represented in a letter to the Mayor that Hamburg had received money from England at the time of her distress, and should not now reject the spiritual gifts which she was proffering, and offered his house for the first conference. He had the satisfaction of seeing the Hamburg and Altona Bible Society founded on the 19th of October, the anniversary of the battle of Leipsig.

The Bible Society brought Perthes into contact with many good men, and they did not forget that the mere circulation of

the Bible was not enough, but that it was necessary to impress its contents on the hearts of the people.

The Duke of Holstein-Beck wrote to Perthes, "What can the Bible Societies effect alone if the work is not carried on in other ways? The Prussian church reforms are good, and do not reject the good with the bad, like the edicts of Frederic William II. For a spirit of devout piety appears to prevail at present in Prussia, from which much good may be expected if it is nourished by a good liturgy, and good modes of worship; but God grant that we may not be subjected to a new sacrificial service, or a theatrical style of worship. But of what avail will new liturgies, church reforms, and the Bible societies be altogether, if more care is not bestowed upon the schools, and more pains taken in them to inspire the scholars with love for the religion of Christ, a desire for His word and respect for His servants? It is pitiful in the country to see the children the whole summer tending the cattle in the fields, where they forget all the little they have learnt at school. Besides this, in most of the country schools they learn scarcely anything, and what they do learn is only words, not things. When they leave school they learn nothing more of the word of God, for the country people, as well as most of the townspeople, consider it useless, and even ridiculous to go to church. This state of things must be mended." Such words found a ready response in the mind of Perthes. His desire was not only to free the people from a foreign yoke, but to deliver them from mental bondage by means of Christian civilisation. It was his wish to put good religious instruction in their way, and he considered popular writings an excellent means of doing this.

It was at that time the opinion of the most superior men that the Christian and patriotic spirit should be cherished together among the youth and the people in general.

When Napoleon was dethroned the second time a friend wrote to him: "Are not the bells to-day imploring prosperity for the cause of Germany? Is not this the right moment to make a special collection for the poor?" Perthes accepted the challenge to take the first step. He wrote to Fouqué: "We

collected 30,000 marks * at once for the instruction of poor children, and hope to get more. We twelve have now gone through the city, and what numbers of fine children we have found! God's blessing still rests upon our people. We have already taken charge of 700. In this age, when everything is regarded in a general kind of way, and human beings are reckoned up like the figures in a sum, such a business is very salutary."

The subject of schools for the poor, which afterwards excited great interest at Hamburg, may be said to have received its first impetus from the collections made for them at this time.

Another form of Christian charity which is still pursued with great zeal at Hamburg may be traced to this period,—the labours of the associations of ladies. Perthes wrote of them as follows: "The associations arose in the time of great distress, from the just feeling that when the men and youths were facing death it was the part of women to succour the helpless. Twice within a short period these associations have nobly fulfilled their objects, and we may now trust to woman's innate feeling and unfailing sense of truth, that she will also fulfil her vocation in time of peace, which may God preserve to us! We Germans, as well as other nations, have gone through a long and painful apprenticeship: first, a half century of neglect, of shallowness, and mistaken effect; then twenty-five years of revolution, war, and confusion. During this period, through the abolition of monasteries, and the destruction of property belonging to hospitals, poor houses, and orphan houses, the last remains of the pious institutions of our ancestors have been annihilated, and their place has not been supplied either by gift or will. Here is an endless field of usefulness for women accustomed to works of charity. The associations will at first work each in its own sphere and place, but they will soon unite and diffuse a wide blessing as an alliance of German women. Abundant gifts will be intrusted to them, for pious souls will, as in former times, endow them with the means of carrying out their own wishes,

* £1,750.

and the new institutions will fare better in the hands of women than under the protection of men."

These labours of love on behalf of those afflicted in mind and body have never ceased at Hamburg. The same city in which Perthes strove to assist the distressed has since given to Germany Amelia Sieveking, the "Hamburg Tabitha," and Dr. Wichern, the father of the Rauhe Haus.

From public life, and these endeavours to relieve the sufferings of humanity, Perthes always turned with delight to his home.

Caroline did not hinder his public activity, her own heart beat too warmly for her country; but her patriotism and faith, and all the gifts with which God had endowed her, shone most brightly in the domestic circle. She had an acute mind and a warm heart; and though her mental powers were highly cultivated, her character was thoroughly simple, and in her fresh and childlike, yet deep and lofty way of looking at life, she was a feminine likeness of her father. Towards God her heart was all thankfulness, and towards man it overflowed with love.

She wrote, with Christmas presents, to her married daughter and her husband: "Now let us rejoice, and thank God from our hearts, and confide ourselves, and all dear to us, with full trust to His hands. We shall gladly accept your help here to make us thankful. Read that hymn in the name of us all—

"Oh, if I had a thousand tongues!"

"Singing is a great help when we know not how to give vent to our feelings. This is often my case when I review our twenty-five years." At another time she wrote: "Love always prospers when it is the prevailing feeling, whether in doing or suffering. It is the miracle of miracles, and the only thing which I think of as eternal, for everything else awakes terror when I think of its being perpetuated to eternity."

The love between Perthes and Caroline was always like that of a bride and bridegroom, and those were golden hours when, in the spring, after the cares of the day, they could escape from the city and take a walk together.

Since the painful experiences of 1813 Caroline's health had not been good. Before she reached the age of fifty she was taken from the blooming circle of her beloved ones; but not before she had seen two daughters happily married, embraced a grandchild, and had accompanied her eldest son on his entrance on his university career with her prayers and her invaluable advice. She celebrated the last anniversary of her betrothal day with fresh and joyful affection.

"To-morrow is my beloved 1st of May," she wrote, "and I should like to go far among the woods and hills with my dear bridegroom, where I should neither see nor hear any other human being, and thank God that, after twenty-four years, I can celebrate this day with such thorough pleasure. A few sighs would, no doubt, escape me by reason of my shortness of breath; but they would not last long, and I should rejoice afresh continually. Yes, in the green woods I should like to be; but my view here of the blue water and the sky covered with little clouds, through the young leaves, is so pleasant, that when I think of it, it is a shame to wish for anything different. I think we have never had such a luxuriance of beauty in spring—trees and grass and flowers are indescribably beautiful. And this great change from death to life has come to pass in a few days, I might almost say hours. When one beholds this delightful spring, and gazes on the light green of the trees against the clear heaven, it is almost impossible to believe that there can be so much distress and sorrow amongst and around us. Yes, spring is a joyous time, and, when I have no child ill, it carries my thoughts forward to that land where we cannot imagine any more pain or sorrow." And she was soon permitted to enter it. On her wedding day, 2nd August, 1821, she took a walk, although with difficulty, with her dear bridegroom in the meadow at Wandsbeck. Afterwards she spent an invalid life for a few weeks at Hamburg, and on the 28th of August she died so suddenly that no parting word or look was granted to those around her.

Pertthes committed her to God's keeping, but preserved her memory in his heart. He wrote to his daughter, "Grief does

not make me spiritless ; I wish to make up for the loss of her love, and to help those around me as far as possible ;” and through the strength of his affection he seemed still to hold communion with the departed. “ She knows now how and in what I have erred, which she could not know on earth, but she also knows the depth of my love. That she knows me now entirely, and helps me to trust in God at all times, and to walk as in His presence, I fully believe because I cannot help it, although I know that this faith has never been revealed to us in any definite form.”

It had been always Caroline’s most ardent wish to be able to live somewhere with her husband in peace and quietness. But it was not till after her death that he was able to leave the business at Hamburg in the hands of Besser. In 1822 he removed to Gotha. Two daughters were married there, and four children were still around him. His object was to establish a publishing business, but the leisure which he now enjoyed was not devoted to business alone ; in order to qualify himself to carry it on with a view to the highest interests, at fifty years of age he devoted himself to a wide range of study, and it was quite in accordance with the mighty influence of the war of independence that he published chiefly religious and historical works. The great conflict of nations, the struggle for national existence, had reawakened interest in history, and the sense of religion had been revived by the experience of human powerlessness and the marvellous help of God. The Bible was by no means neglected in Perthes’ studies ; and if in reading it many difficulties presented themselves, he had the right key to the comprehension of it as a whole in his own need of salvation. “ It is only at those times,” he said, “ that the meaning of the holy Scriptures is revealed to us, when we seek to find in them the means of reconciliation with God, and help in the conflict with the flesh and the pride of our hearts.” He discovered that it is not chiefly in the flesh that the devil has his seat, but in the spirit, by fostering selfishness, pride, and hatred ; and therefore it was his opinion that the essence of Christianity did not consist in the abnegation of the powers given us by God, or in cowardly

flight from the world, but he wished to see human nature renewed in body, soul, and spirit, and in mixing with the world it was his desire to salt it with the savour of the divine life. But with deep humility he acknowledged the little progress that he made, and the need of maintaining the conflict to the end.

To his son, who was pursuing his studies, he gave advice which he found it constantly necessary to follow himself, "We must act and suffer, but we must act and suffer in a spirit of love. When this spirit has forsaken us, and we have been guilty of harshness towards others, or of sensuality ourselves, or of want of humility towards God, we ought to feel our need of the atonement of Jesus Christ. We shall have to struggle to the end. If we have escaped the coarser and rougher forms of sin, we shall still be hourly assailed by it in its more subtle and refined aspects. This world is not the place for repose after the victory; we must struggle and love, and trust to the mercy of God."

The same religious and moral earnestness was also displayed in his calling, and he at once took an honourable place among his colleagues. He kept a select assortment of books, especially religious and historical works. As far as was in his power, he laboured to forward the revival and deepening of German theology which had been the result of recent events, and he published the works of modern theologians, such as Schleiermacher, Lücke, Ullmann, Umbreit, and Tholuck. This, and the weight of his character, brought him constantly into contact with men of mark, and he took the most lively interest in the general development of his country.

He felt most painfully the solitude in which he lived, when his third daughter Matilda, who had kept his house, was married.

About this time Rebecca Claudius, the mother of his departed Caroline, visited him, and she advised him to seek a partner for the remainder of his life. God led Charlotte Becker to him, a widow whom he had previously befriended in heavy trials, and the sister of his son-in-law. In May, 1825, the marriage took place. Seven children were left to him of the first marriage,

and four were given him in the second. New joys and sorrows awaited him. The loss of the only son of the new family threw him into the deepest grief, for he had never before been able to live with a child and to watch its development, as he had done with this one. It made him feel that the evening of his own days was drawing near. He became more indifferent to the toil and endeavour of life, and often when pacing up and down his room, he would exclaim, "My Rodolph, my Rodolph, where and what art thou now?" He had chosen a pleasant retreat for his latter days at Friedrichsroda, a few miles from Gotha. He delighted in spending the summer months there with his family, and in roaming among the Thuringian hills and woods.

Many honours had been awarded him; he was adorned with the ribbon of an order, the University of Kiel had made him a Doctor of Philosophy, and Leipsig had presented him with the freedom of the city; but he prized more than any other earthly honour the freedom of the little town of Friedrichsroda, presented to him by the mayor and corporation. A monument placed there by the family still marks the spot near the town where Frederic Perthes, in the serene evening of his days, loved to wander, and to listen to the voice of God among the hills.

On the 1st of January, 1843, Perthes wrote in his diary, "From the state of my health, it does not seem likely that I shall write 1844." He suffered from liver complaint and jaundice. By the end of March his strength seemed to have failed entirely, and he arranged everything for his last journey. In those times, when he had had to maintain a perpetual strife with his impetuous spirit, the Epistle to the Romans had been his favourite portion of Scripture; now it was the Gospel of St. John. The parting addresses in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth chapters, and the prayer of the Great High Priest in the seventeenth, afforded him the strongest consolation.

On his birthday, the 21st of April, he was so peaceful and cheerful among the spring flowers in his chamber, that those around him could not but share his serenity.

“When I am dead,” he said, after speaking of the mercy of God, “do not mourn for me ; I am quite ready to die, and shall die in peace.”

“I’ve given myself to God, how dear
My Father and my Friend !
There is no life for ever here,
All things of earth must end.
Death has no power to harm,
'Tis welcome to my heart ;
If God upholds me with His arm,
I shall with joy depart.”

During the last few weeks of his life this beautiful deathbed hymn was often on his lips, and he frequently exclaimed :—

“What heavenly joy and blessing,
E’en now await me there !
For Jesus’ love possessing,
His blessedness we share.
Then what can hurt me or alarm,
Christ’s peace is in my heart ;
If God uphold me with His arm,
I shall with joy depart.”

But the exclamation that most often escaped him was, “God be merciful to me, a sinner, for His dear Son’s sake.”

Many painful days were before him. Erysipelas set in, and occasioned fearful suffering, and the opiates that were given him to still it obscured his mental powers. “O Lord, if I could only weep!” he exclaimed ; and “Lord, Lord, lead me not into temptation !”

But faith would triumph again, and once when those around him thought that he was in an unconscious slumber, he began in a low and touching voice :—

“The hour of death draws nearer,
Oh, world, why should I live ?
The joys of heaven are dearer
Than aught that thou canst give.
I have no earthly care, but calm
And ready for the start,
God will uphold me with His arm,
I shall with joy depart.”

At another time he said, "Herder, on his deathbed, asked for one more idea; 'Light, light!' was Goethe's exclamation; it would have been better for them if they had asked for humility and love."

From this time, though his body became weaker, his mind was not again entirely obscured; his affection for those around him burned brighter and brighter, and he rejoiced with ever increasing confidence in his Saviour. "God be praised," he exclaimed, in a low voice, "my faith is firm, and stands fast in death as well as in life. God is merciful to me, a poor sinner, for the sake of His dear Son." On the 18th of May, the doctor told him that he would soon be released. His whole soul was given to prayer, even when he could not pray aloud, and in the afternoon he repeated in a firm voice:—

"Ye loved ones, bless the Lord for me,
And wipe away your tears;
You must not weep, for I am free
From sorrow, pain, and fears.
Steer for the port where storms shall cease,
Watching with steadfast heart,
Then God will fill you with His peace,
You shall with joy depart."

In the evening his breathing became slower and more difficult, but he was quiet and without suffering. He prayed aloud for an hour, but with an indistinct utterance, so that only the words "Redeemer," "Lord, pardon," were intelligible.

When a light was brought in, it was evident that a great change had passed over his features, and the last words which caught his dying ear were—

"What heavenly joy and blessing,
E'en now await me there,
For Jesus' love possessing,
His blessedness we share."

One long last breath, one last look of pain, and he had overcome.

He was buried on the 22nd of May, and the favourite hymn

quoted above was sung over his grave. In his life and death he had shown the German people that faith is a living and mighty power, that, to use the words of Luther, it can make of poor dejected sinners, "brave and blessed men who care neither for the devil, nor for the world, nor for any misfortunes that can happen to them."*

* 'Perthes Leben von Clemens Perthes.' 3 Bände. Gotha: bei Andreas Perthes.

CHAPTER XV.

FREDERIC LEOPOLD STOLBERG.

THE repugnance which Stolberg's conversion to the Roman Catholic faith excites in the minds of Protestants, must not prevent us from recognising in him one of the foremost representatives of the German mind and its conflicts, at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, and especially one who advanced the cause of Christianity during a time of general religious declension.

Forty years after he had made a tour with him in Switzerland, Goethe, in conversation with Sulpiz Boisserée, spoke of him as the hero among the proselytes of his day, and expressed his admiration of "his natural character, his magnanimous spirit, the wealth of his human interests."

We must accord him a place among our heroes,—the promoters of religious life,—because he looked at the great events passing around him from a German and Christian point of view, and his religious writings met the wants of those, especially of his own rank, whose minds were opened to receive the message of salvation.

We should be guilty of unfairness if, in portraying the newly awakened religious life at the time of the wars of independence, we were to ignore the tendency which then existed in the Roman Catholic Church in Germany, to turn to the essential and intrinsic doctrines of religion. This tendency cannot be better illustrated than in the character of Stolberg, who took into it a valuable inheritance from the Protestant Church of heartfelt faith, derived from the Bible and founded upon Christ.

Count Frederic Leopold Stolberg-Stolberg was born on the 7th of November, 1750, of an ancient noble family, at Bramstedt, in Holstein. His father, Count Christian Gunther, then warden of the district under the Danish Government, was a branch of the numerous race of Saxon Counts of Stolberg, many of whom were distinguished for their piety. His mother belonged to the Franconian family of Counts of Castell, which boasts of having once given a wife to Charlemagne.

During the whole of his life, Stolberg was distinguished by a strong consciousness of noble birth, but he regarded it as conferring responsibility as well as privileges. His love for his fellow-creatures never forsook him; and he was not more influenced by the prejudices of his class than his early friend and subsequent opponent, Voss, who assailed him so mercilessly on his change of religion, in his pamphlet, 'How did Fritz Stolberg lose his liberty?' was influenced by the prejudices of the burgher class.

When Frederic Stolberg was six years of age, his father removed to Copenhagen, having been appointed Danish privy councillor and Lord High Steward to the widowed Queen Sophia Magdalena. To him belongs the merit of being the first nobleman who emancipated his serfs, on his estate of Bramstedt, and, at his suggestion, those on the queen's estate of Kirschholm were also set at liberty. The elder Bernstorff, then Danish minister, following the example of his friend Stolberg, alleviated the condition of the serfs upon his estate of Bernstorff, near Copenhagen, and thus paved the way for the entire abolition of serfdom in Denmark, which was carried out under Bernstorff the younger.

It was in such an atmosphere of humanity and freedom that Frederic Leopold and his elder brother, Christian, grew up; they lived mostly at a distance from the capital, upon an estate near the sea, the shores of which are clothed with splendid beech woods. Klopstock was an intimate friend of the house, and not only called forth enthusiasm in the minds of the youths for the fatherland and the 'Messiah,' but incited them to fearless riding, and especially to skating.

Count Christian Gunther died suddenly of apoplexy, at Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1765; and the friendship of Klopstock was afterwards especially valuable to the widow. He once found the brothers reading a French translation of Cicero's letters, and reprov'd them for it so sharply that they made strenuous efforts to attain the power of reading the Latin authors in the original. Besides Klopstock, the court preacher and hymn writer, Cramer, assisted the mother in the Christian education of her sons; as did also the tutor of Cramer's family, Funk, himself an author of hymns, and afterwards councillor of consistory at Magdeburg. Stolberg says himself, "Instructed in the Scriptures from childhood by God-fearing parents, I early became fond of them, and never neglected to read them." Their tutor, Clauswitz, laid a good foundation of useful knowledge in the minds of the brothers, of whom Leopold was distinguished for ardour and imagination.

With all the ardour of youth he read German poetry, the spirit of which was then reviving. Klopstock read his 'Hermann's Schlacht' to them before it was printed; and at a striking passage, Frederic Leopold began to weep, and, full of deep emotion, pressed the poet's hand. Klopstock was also moved, and said, as he returned the pressure, "My boy, this approbation gives me more pleasure than the praise of all Germany."

In the spring of 1770, these hopeful and aspiring youths went to the University of Halle, accompanied by their tutor. Neither philosophy nor jurisprudence, as then taught, had much attraction for them. The Muse gave them compensation, and furnished a pretext for their contempt for the wisdom emanating from the chairs of the professors. In the recesses, besides visiting their friends at home, they made an excursion to the Hartz Mountains, and to the ancient seat of their forefathers at Wernigerode. One of the best of Frederic Leopold's poems, the ode to the Hartz Mountains, dates from this period. A spirit of Klopstock may be traced in it, but there is a precision in the form to which Klopstock does not always attain.

With these poetical tastes, both counts went in the autumn

of 1772 to Göttingen. The sons of the German nobility flocked to this university, but by no means with the object of cultivating the liberal arts. It was the school of conservatism, the seat of historical lore and jurisprudence. The ancient German empire flourished under the fundamental knowledge of its history and laws, as taught by such men as Pütter and Schlötzer at Göttingen. He whose birth entailed upon him the prospect of being one day ruler or minister of one of the hundreds of German States within the compass of the empire, could obtain at Göttingen an insight into the involved relations and manifold diversity of the German constitution and laws. But the Counts Stolberg felt no such necessity laid upon them. No sooner had they arrived at Göttingen than they were strongly attracted to a little set of youths of the burgher class who did homage to the Muses, and to Professor Heyne, who was profoundly versed in Homer. These youthful poets, among whom were Hölty and Voss, had already united themselves into a society called the "Hainbund."

On the 12th of September, 1772, during a walk to a neighbouring village, they discovered what they called the national oak of Braga.* They wreathed their hats with oak-leaves, and then, forming a circle round the tree, called moon and stars to be witnesses of their league. Their aim was to be brave sons of their country, to serve it by the practice of religion and virtue, by the love of freedom, truth, beauty, and noble song.

The brothers Stolberg, having grown up in intimacy with Klopstock, and being fired with enthusiasm, were doubtless very welcome additions to this circle, and must have found themselves much at home in it. Voss wrote soon after making their acquaintance: "What nice people the Counts Stolberg are! It is not very common to find among the landowners and the great, with their Frenchifying tendencies, people of even moderate taste; but to find, among this class, people of the most refined sensibilities, with the noblest hearts that beat for God and their country, with great poetic talent, and without

* Braga, the god of poetry among the ancient Germans.

a particle of pride,—people, in short, who are loved and valued by Klopstock,—is really a great discovery.” And of Frederic Leopold he says, “I am not proud of being loved by a count. No; but that my friendship is valued by a German, a gentleman, a poet, and a friend of Klopstock.”

The attention of the brothers at this time was chiefly occupied with poetry; they troubled themselves very little with jurisprudence, but zealously studied Greek. One and another of the league occupied himself with the old German Minnesingers, but Klopstock was regarded as the patriarch of it. On the 2nd of July, 1773, his birthday was celebrated with great solemnity. Klopstock's chair, adorned with roses and carnations, stood at the head of the long table, also decorated with flowers; on it were placed the works of the poet, while under the chair lay Wieland's ‘*Idris*’ torn up. “Cramer,” relates Voss, “read some of Klopstock's odes having relation to Germany; then we took coffee, and made lighters for our pipes out of Wieland's writings. Even Boie, who did not smoke, was compelled to light one and to stamp upon the torn ‘*Idris*.’ Afterwards we drank, in Rhine wine, to the health of Klopstock, the League, Ebert, Goethe, and Herder, and to the memory of Luther and Hermann. Klopstock's ‘*Ode to Rhine Wine*,’ and some others, were read. Conversation then flowed freely. With hats on, we talked about liberty and Germany and virtue; you can just imagine how. Then we supped, and finally burnt Wieland's ‘*Idris*’ and likeness. Whether Klopstock has heard of our doings, or only guessed at them, I do not know; but he has written to ask for a description of the day.”

This happy intercourse did not last more than a year; on the 12th of September, 1773, the anniversary of the formation of the league, they celebrated a parting festival. Overflowing spirits were exchanged for floods of tears. It was midnight when the Stolbergs arrived, and the friends remained together for three hours in a state of mind bordering on frenzy. Frederic Leopold's countenance was torn with conflicting feelings; he tried to look cheerful, but every gesture betrayed melancholy. A parting song was struck up, but their voices were choked with tears.

They vowed eternal friendship, and sent greetings to Klopstock. The clock struck three. Voss says, "We then gave full vent to our grief, and tried to enhance it by singing the song again, but were scarcely able to get through it, and broke out into loud weeping. After a dreadful pause, Clauswitz rose up and said, 'Now, my children, it is time to go.' I flew at him, and do not know what I did, but when I had let him go the counts had disappeared. Some of us rushed down the stairs after them, but they had torn themselves away."

The brothers returned to Copenhagen, and lived in the house of their brother-in-law, the younger Bernstorff. In December, 1773, they lost their mother. They occupied themselves much with Greek, and Frederic Leopold continued to strike his German lyre. Some of the best known of his lyrics date from 1774. Still imbued with the spirit of the Hainbund, in 1775 they made a tour in Switzerland. They spent a fortnight at Hamburg, in true Hainbund fashion, with Klopstock, Voss, Miller, and Claudius. They had announced their intention of coming to Frankfort to Goethe, whose acquaintance they had only previously made in the Göttingen 'Almanack of the Muses;' but he was already carrying on the correspondence with their sister Augusta, though they had never met. At Frankfort they met their friend Haugwitz, afterwards Prussian minister of unenviable notoriety, on account of his cowardly policy. But now they did not anxiously weigh the moral standing of individuals. It was, as Goethe said, "the joyous season of youth; they opened their hearts to one another, and, although their mental powers were immature, much talent was displayed." The brothers and Haugwitz lived at a hotel, but spent most of their time at the house of the imperial councillor. At his hospitable table the young nobles soon disclosed their poetical hatred of tyrants, and declared that they thirsted for their blood. Goethe's father laughingly shook his head, and Mme. Goethe went into the well-stored cellar, and, bringing up some of her best wine, exclaimed, "This is the true tyrant's blood; take your fill of it, but do not let us have any talk of assassination here."

Goethe determined to accompany them on their journey. Frederic Leopold hoped that it would heal the wounds made by an unfortunate love-affair, and Goethe wished to make the experiment whether he could cure himself of his first deep passion, and do without Lili. Merck did not at all approve of Goethe's going with them, and said, "Your going with these youths is a foolish affair. Your aim, and the whole tendency of your mind, is to clothe reality in a poetical garb; their aim is to realise the poetical, which is sheer nonsense." Goethe, nevertheless, went with them.

Their stay at Zurich has a special interest, for Lavater, whose enthusiasm for physiognomy was then at its height, took a warm interest in the counts, and took their shadow portraits. The judgment he passed upon Frederic Leopold is certainly not one of the least correct. "Behold the blooming youth of five-and-twenty! A hovering, floating, elastic being, too lively for repose, not solid enough to stand firm, not strong enough to fly. In the whole outline there is not a single straight line, no firmly arched one, no angular indenture, no rocky prominence in the forehead, no hardness, stiffness, or roughness,—no dominant power, no iron courage,—though there may be courage under excitement,—no searching depth, no patient investigation, no prudent circumspection. He will never stand with the sword in one hand and the scales in the other, yet there is the most perfect rectitude and inviolable love of truth. He is not the man whose penetration will discover, or whose ready recognition will develop new truths. He will ever be floating in space; a seer, an idealist, one who longs to beautify everything; to clothe all his ideas in form. A half-intoxicated poet, who sees that which he wishes to see." Lavater also said of him to Goethe, "I do not know what you are all thinking about; he is a noble-minded, excellent, talented young man, but you represented him to me as a hero or a Hercules, whereas I never saw a more gentle, flexible person, or one more easily influenced."

The travellers pursued their journey amidst the charms of Swiss scenery, after the fashion of men of genius, in that sense

of the term which for a long time brought genius into discredit with rational people. Goethe left the Stolbergs in Switzerland, but they rejoined him at Weimar, and the duke offered Frederic Leopold the post of chamberlain at his poetical court. The decision was an important one. Such a character would have been lost in the atmosphere of Weimar; but it was not God's purpose that he should pass from the romantic ardour of youth into a region of cold and intellectual unbelief, but into one of living Christian faith. Klopstock was his good genius. He wrote to Goethe, "Stolberg shall not come if he listens to me, or rather if he listens to himself."

We have purposely described Stolberg's student years somewhat circumstantially. Our sketches would have been incomplete without recalling the spirit of the Hainbund. In the blooming gardens of patriotism during the times of the wars of independence, there was many a flower, the seeds of which were sown by Klopstock and his disciples. Stolberg's youthful enthusiasm for freedom and the fatherland was like a prophecy, which was fulfilled in the days of Germany's struggle for her glory and greatness, against French tyranny. By the year 1813 the fermenting juice was changed into clear and sparkling wine.

In 1776 Frederic Leopold Stolberg received, through the interest of the Duke of Oldenburg and the Archbishop of Lubeck, the office of ambassador and lord high cup-bearer at the court of Denmark, with a salary of 3,000 dollars,* and after a journey to Eutin, where he spent some weeks with Klopstock, he took up his residence at Copenhagen. An incident at this period indicates the religious sentiments with which he contemplated important steps in life. Not long after his appointment his birthday occurred. Twenty-four years afterwards he related, "The day induced me to think of my sins, and I seized the Bible and prayed God himself to direct me to a suitable passage. And behold when I opened it my finger lighted on the words, 'Then spake the chief butler unto

* £337.

Pharaoh saying, I do remember my faults this day.' All must acknowledge that in the whole Bible no passage could have been found more adapted on that day and year to my circumstances external and internal, and as I believe in God's help, I consider that it happened to me through Jesus Christ our Lord."

The ambassador was not much occupied with political affairs, and had abundant leisure to begin a congenial task—in which, however, he was soon rivalled by his friend Voss—the translation of the Iliad into German hexameters; and his own lyre was not neglected. The translation was completed in two years, and was given to Voss for publication, that the profits might assist him in establishing his home.

Stolberg was now thirty years of age. He had hitherto found much pleasure in his love for his fellow-men, and in the society of congenial friends, but domestic happiness was still wanting. In the summer of 1781, he met at Eutin with a young maid of honour at the court there, Agnes von Witzleben, a charming maiden, in whose character tender sensibility was combined with a fine understanding. They were soon betrothed, and life opened before them with a bright prospect of love and friendship. Stolberg now fulfilled his duties as lord high cup-bearer at the court of Eutin instead of at Copenhagen, and in June the marriage was celebrated.

During the following winter, through Stolberg's influence, Voss received the appointment of rector at Eutin, and the days of the Hainbund were renewed in the daily intercourse and poetical labours of the friends. They together prepared for publication the poems of their early lost friend, Hölty, and the ladies sat by and gave their advice. Stolberg was engaged in a translation of Æschylus, and often used to rush to Voss in the twilight with a sheet of translation scarcely dry, to ask his friend's opinion of it. During the same winter he began his 'Iambics;' they were of the nature of satires in which he described his own views, and severely lashed the follies and errors of men. His scorn for faithless priests and wicked princes knew no bounds, and his zeal for religion broke forth

in a description of the theologian among the Illuminati,—the elegant mannikin, whose discourses are as ornamental as his curling locks, and who thinks he has penetrated into all the mysteries of religion.

Life at court was not congenial to the poet, and in the summer he went with his Agnes to the house of his brother Christian at Tremsbüttel. There his wife bore her first-born son, and they spent a very quiet winter together, Voss joining them at Christmas.

In accordance with his own wish to enjoy his domestic happiness away from the court and in the seclusion of the country, Stolberg received the appointment of governor of Neuenburg, in the duchy of Oldenburg; and as the official residence required repair, they spent the summer in a journey to Carlsbad. On their return they went through Holstein to Copenhagen, where in a very short time Stolberg finished a drama called 'Timoleon,' wrote another—'Theseus,'—and a third, fourth, and fifth soon followed. Voss felt compelled to remonstrate with his friend against such rapid poetical production. But the poet enjoyed his labours, and wrote to Voss, "It is as impossible to me to make plans as it would be to write a book on the freedom of the will;" and later, "It may be that in the drama more than in my other poems I have sinned against, or neglected theoretical laws, but none of my other works have ever come so from my inmost soul, or been written so *con amore*, and I consider them the best of my performances. The muse bears witness to my spirit, and that is more to me than anything." Stolberg's contemporaries received his dramatic writings with a considerable measure of approval, but posterity has forgotten them.

They were scarcely settled at Neuenburg when Stolberg was commissioned to carry the news of the death of the Duke of Oldenburg to St. Petersburg. He met with a flattering reception; the Empress Catherine appreciated the poetical envoy, and read his Homer with great interest. Adorned with the cross of St. Anne he returned to his family in 1786. In a poem called 'The Island,' we have a picture of

Stolberg's happy idyl, which lasted for three years at Neuenburg. Four children were born to him; nature was an unfailing source of delight, and intercourse was kept up by means of correspondence with numerous friends of note. The sunshine of his friendship with Voss was in some measure clouded when the latter entered the lists with the count by publishing a translation of the Iliad, and it was already threatened by a deeper shadow occasioned by the diversity in their religious opinions.

When Lavater was staying at Bremen, in 1786, and the multitude were jeering at a man who was so consumed by his zeal for the kingdom of God, Stolberg expressed a favourable opinion of him, which is of the more value as it contains a criticism on his fanatical tendencies: "I have never seen a man," he said, "who, in a great and good cause, verged so closely on extravagance, and yet so seldom overstepped the boundary." And in an ode to Lavater he reminds him that here below, where we have to be content with faith, we must guard ourselves from being too anxious for sight, and from a taste for the marvellous, and an impatience to see the kingdom of God established in visible form.

At another time he bore a powerful testimony in favour of morality with respect to a romance. He wrote to Halem:—

"Herewith I return 'Ardinghello.' It is written with much spirit and fire, but it is a bad spirit, and a fire that consumes but neither gives light nor heat. If the rights of hospitality permit it I would say, 'Oh, ye men of Oldenburg, if you care for the virtue of your wives, sisters, and children. burn this wicked book!'

"Even in libertine Athens no author would have been allowed with impunity to make such an attack on virtue as to say that the laws of morality were only made for the vulgar. But we Germans have too often taken libertinism for liberty; we flatter the great, and despise what is really great and noble. If the book were written with all the genius to which it lays claim, I should read it with the same disgust as I should read a clever lampoon on my father. And should religion and virtue be less dear to us than a father?"

Amidst the defections from the Christian faith of contemporary men of talent, Stolberg remained steadfast.

He wrote once to Jacobi: "The modern semi-Christianity which only sees in the Son of God, God's best and greatest messenger, cannot stand, for it is contradicted in the Bible in every page." When Schiller, in his celebrated poem, expressed a poetical longing for the "gods of Greece," Stolberg's Christianity proved stronger than his love of classical antiquity. Among other criticisms upon it he said, "The representations which our religion gives us of the God who calls Himself our Father, who offers us a love surpassing a mother's love; of the Son of God who is our brother, and as such visibly walked with men; of the Divinity, who, having partially revealed himself some thousands of years before, then unveiled Himself completely, and gave us a moral law in comparison with which all other moral laws are nought, for it alone is holy, and based upon love to God and man; who brought life and immortality to light, and confirmed it by His resurrection, thus unsealing to us the object of His life and death;—these representations, I say, which stand in the closest connection with our improvement and happiness, must surely appear to Schiller, even if he had the misfortune not to believe in them, far more noble and beneficent than the play of the phantasy of the Greeks, whose mythology combined the grossest idolatry with the most lamentable superstition."

Stolberg's faith in the resurrection was soon put to a severe test. In November, 1788, his Agnes, the joy of his heart and the sunshine of his home, was taken from him after a short illness. He wrote: "I hung with love and joy over her sweet face, and thought she was asleep—she was dead! It is not difficult for me to renounce all the joys of this life, for my Agnes, the essence, sum, and substance of my earthly happiness, has left me. I shall see her again."

His brother Christian hastened to him, and the mourner returned with him to Tremsbüttel, taking with him the two eldest children.

He did not return to Neuenburg. He received the welcome

appointment of Danish ambassador at Berlin, and, after spending the winter in Holstein, he removed thither in the spring. At first he found his residence there very dreary, for his sister and his children were not with him. Intercourse with his friends, his classical studies, and business sometimes relieved his melancholy for a time, but again grief for the departed returned in full force. But in the very midst of his grief, and while he was cherishing the memory of the wife of his youth, another lady crossed his path, who ensnared his heart, so that he projected another marriage. There is something melancholy in this spectacle, but it is one constantly repeated, and it must be ascribed to the needs, the weakness, the weariness, and longing of the human heart, that he whose affections have been most keenly wounded by a separation is sometimes the most ready to enter on another union, that new joys often follow so quickly on the bitterest grief for lost happiness.

In the winter of 1789 Stolberg made the acquaintance of the Countess Sophia von Redern. In a letter to a friend, after extolling her virtues, he says, "I could not remain a widower. I confess to you, my dear friend, that it had been my hope to find my greatest earthly happiness in a lonely life devoted to the memory of my beloved Agnes, but your friend is a weak mortal."

In February, 1790, the marriage took place on an estate belonging to the Redern family. The young wife sympathised with the religious views of her husband, which, about this time, became more decidedly confirmed.

The poet Von Halem, in conjunction with two ecclesiastics, was commissioned to carry out a scheme which found much favour in those days, the revision of the Oldenburg Hymn-Book. Although not a believer in the doctrines of the Church, Von Halem not only put his own hand to the work, but sought for helpers among his friends, and applied to men of such widely differing opinions as Voss and Stolberg. The latter returned the following excellent answer:—"With a noble candour worthy of our friendship and of your character, you have often told me that you had doubts about the Gospel history. My

dearest friend, how is it possible that you can make a selection of hymns for congregations whose hopes for this world and the next are all founded upon it! Is it your wish to expunge from our hymns all that appears to you like a delusion, like a pious, or shall I say impious fraud, and as far as you can do it, to deprive the people of all that is to them most holy? Do you mean to reject hymns which have sustained thousands in suffering and death, because they appear to you to be based on what is legendary, or do you propose to adopt what appears to you to be of that character? I know that it would be quite possible to make a collection of hymns to suit all classes of worshippers, just as Basedow has written such; but that would not satisfy any Christian congregation whose faith and hope are founded on the Gospel? But," he continues "if you do persevere in the attempt, I wish from the bottom of my heart that the hymns which you undertake to criticize may induce you not so much to think, as first to believe and feel. May it happen to you, as it did to the king of Israel who came to disturb the prophets, and began instead to prophesy himself; or as it did to the learned West, who took the pen to write against the resurrection of Christ, and became its most zealous advocate."

Stolberg's mind was so filled with religious fervour about this time that the condition of unbelievers greatly excited his compassion. He wrote to Jacobi, "It is a melancholy spectacle, and depresses me exceedingly to see people trying to live without God;" and when the faith of his friend Halem was beginning to dawn, he took advantage of his correspondence with him to endeavour to confirm it, that it might shine more and more unto the perfect day. He especially commended to him the practical test whether the doctrine of Jesus was of God, of endeavouring to do His will, saying that this had had great effect upon his own mind, in conjunction with the testimony to the truth of the Gospel which he had witnessed in the life, the love, and the death of his Agnes.

We may certainly expect from Stolberg the resolve, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord;" and from the spirit

in which he sought a tutor for his children, it is evident how earnest was his desire to give a Christian tone to his household. He wrote to Jacobi, "I require in a tutor purity of morals, or rather purity of heart, and biblical Christianity, kindness and cheerfulness, and sufficient ability to prevent his pupils from too soon getting the start of him. I should like him to read the classics fluently, and with that appreciation that makes the works of a superior man ennobling to the mind. But if you write to your brother or Schlosser to make inquiries for me, tell them that I would not have a neologist, even were he as learned as Aristotle and as wise as Xenophon; when the question is of a tutor for my children, I am intolerant. Whether he is intended for the Church or the law I do not care, nor whether he professes the Lutheran or the Reformed faith, but he must believe the Gospel." And at another time he wrote, "If the young man accepts the Scriptures with simplicity of heart, and places his hopes on Him to whom every knee shall bow, we shall not come into collision about systems. But if he does not, I would not venture to intrust my children to him, even had he been rendered invulnerable in the Styx of philosophy, or baptized with Homeric fire."

It had been Stolberg's wish to secure the services of Nicolovius as tutor, a young man in whom were combined childlike faith and profound learning, and whose experience of life was far beyond his years. Some private reasons had at first prevented his accepting the charge, but he afterwards consented, and went to Holstein in 1791.* Stolberg had returned thither in the previous year, having concluded his mission to Berlin, and negotiated for his appointment as ambassador at Naples. Tremsbüttel and Emkendorf were his favourite residences in Holstein. In the latter place the Count and Countess Reventlow lived, and Stolberg was attracted to it, not only by the bonds of friendship and relationship, but it was the home of senti-

* Nicolovius was afterwards in the service of the Prussian Government at Königsberg, and later, in 1808, a member of the Ministry of the Interior at Berlin, in the department of public worship and instruction. He was a friend of William von Humboldt and Niebuhr.—Tr.

ments which opposed to revolutionary illusions the lessons taught by history, and to the blinding glitter of the doctrines of enlightenment, faith in the Bible and the creed of the Lutheran Church.

While Stolberg was awaiting his commission to Naples, and looking forward with pleasure to going to Italy, the death of the President of the Government at Eutin altered his plans, for the Prince-Bishop offered him the post. He was installed into his office in June, 1791, having relinquished his connection with the government of Copenhagen. But he obtained leave of absence to make a tour in Italy, on which he was accompanied by his wife, his son Ernest, and Nicolovius. He went through Osnabruck to Münster. Perhaps no step had a more decided influence on Stolberg's after-life than his entrance within the gates of Münster, for there the Roman Catholic Church was presented in its most favourable aspect to the eyes of the Protestant who was accustomed to see much discord in his own. It was the home of a Catholicism in which the Christian element far outweighed the Roman, and which was making noble efforts to advance the education and prosperity of the people. The excellent minister, Baron von Fürstenberg, and the pious Overberg, had made the district a model in matters of education. The Princess Galitzin had found there her spiritual home. She was the daughter of Field-Marshal Count von Schmettau, and was born at Berlin in 1748. She was educated in all external worldly accomplishments, but was very early possessed with an ardent thirst for knowledge. She was married at twenty to Prince Demetrius von Galitzin, Russian ambassador at the Hague, a man possessing the culture of the French encyclopædists. When in Holland she had, with great determination, withdrawn from the world, and devoted herself to study and the education of her children; and, at the invitation of Prince Fürstenberg, she had gone to Münster, hoping to benefit by his advice in the education of her son Demetrius. She found there far more than she sought; for, after having been for years steeped in philosophy without any belief in revelation, and having maintained a close intellectual friendship with the

Dutch philosopher Hemsterhuys, after a recovery from a severe illness, her feet rested on the firm foundation of faith in Christ. This lady, then forty-three years of age, who in the very prime of life had renounced the pomps and vanities of the world in order to foster her own inner life and that of her children, made a profound impression upon Stolberg. His admiration was very great of a life based upon religion, and, in allusion to Socrates, he henceforth called her Diotima.

After visiting friends and making the acquaintance of eminent men in various places, Stolberg and his party went southwards. We must not linger to describe the delight which a man of Stolberg's tastes found in the scenery, the people, the treasures of art, and the historical associations of Italy. That, as a Lutheran, he took so little exception to the aspect of the Roman Catholic Church, that it is but seldom that any satirical word escapes him respecting it, though we frequently meet with some approving remark, must be attributed to his susceptibility to the impressions of the moment and to his visit to Münster. After he joined the Roman Catholic Church in 1800, he stated that he had given the subject seven years' consideration before deciding to do so. According to this, he must have begun to entertain the idea on his return from Italy to Eutin in the beginning of 1793. After that date, besides the old association with members of the Protestant Church, an animated intercourse was kept up with his Münster friends, particularly with the Princess Galitzin. In the summer of 1793 she and Overberg came to Eutin, and at first their enthusiasm for popular education made them welcome guests even to Voss; and in 1794 the Stolbergs visited Münster. About this time Stolberg translated a series of the Dialogues of Plato, for his love for the Greeks was never extinguished by his religious interests.

These pleasant studies and social intercourse were interrupted in 1797 by a second embassy to St. Petersburg, to take the congratulations of the Duke of Oldenburg and the Prince-Bishop of Lubeck to the Emperor Paul, on his accession to the throne. Soon after his return, the Princess Galitzin and Over-

berg again visited Eutin, but this time they were viewed with suspicion by Voss.

There is no doubt that during this visit, the different creeds of the friends were the subject of discussion. In 1798 Stolberg and the countess, and his two eldest sons, made a journey to Carlsbad, and visited the Moravians in the Lausitz; perhaps with the hope of finding within the narrow bounds of this community, which in a time of religious declension was full of faith in a crucified and risen Redeemer, that rest for his soul which he could not find in the Lutheran Church. But it had no such result. On the contrary, he applied to J. R. Asseline, the fugitive bishop of Cologne, to solve some of his doubts; but he had as yet given no public evidence of dissatisfaction with his mother Church.

In December, as President of the Government, he inducted Götschel into his office as head preacher at Eutin, and gave an address on the occasion full of glowing faith and appreciation of the ministerial office. What a surprise, then, it was for his friends and the public, to whom he was well known as a poet, when, in the spring, the news went forth that "Stolberg had become a Catholic."

He gave the following account of the circumstance:—"In April, 1800, I and my wife, my two eldest sons, and my daughter Julia, who was nine years of age, went through Oldenburg to Münster, which we reached on the 1st or 2nd of May. I could not announce the change in my religion either to the Prince-Bishop or his minister, my old friend Count von Holmer, for the simple reason that it had not taken place. Neither my wife nor I thought we should be able to subscribe to certain doctrines of the Catholic Church. During the time that we spent at Münster, in intercourse with many estimable people, we entered at leisure on the serious consideration of them and became convinced, and in the beginning of June we made our profession of faith. My sons knew nothing of it, for they were in the country with a friend. We afterwards proceeded on our journey through Wernigerode, where my eldest daughter had gone with my sister in May."

The step was taken at Whitsuntide, in the private chapel of the Princess Galitzin, and Overberg received the confession of faith.

Stolberg's conversion to the Roman Catholic Church is remarkable, and requires elucidation. Until the moment of his taking the step, he had not been known either in his letters or his works to express a sentiment which was incompatible with the creed of the Protestant Church, nor a need that could not have been satisfied within its bounds.

The ground of it lay neither in the want of anything in the one Church, nor in the superiority of the other; it lay in Stolberg's own nature; in his want of clear judgment; in his dependence on the impressions made on his susceptible heart and lively imagination; in a shortsighted impatience, which caused his views to be confined to a restricted sphere, and the passing moment of the history of the Church, instead of taking in her historical development in all its length and breadth.

We will hear what he says for himself in a letter to Count Schmettau, brother of the Princess Galitzin. "Ever since my childhood, I have believed in revelation. My faith was shaken for a time, and this led me to make researches which served to confirm my convictions the more they were assailed. I was a Protestant by birth, and saw with grief that Protestantism was going to ruin. It was going to ruin in consequence of its inherent weakness. It bore within itself the seeds of decay. Even the name, though an expressive one, having a negative meaning, indicates a restless and turbulent spirit more disposed to pull down than to build up. It soon turned its own weapons against itself; it renounced venerable doctrines which it had until then held in honour; it exchanged them for doubts, and at length advanced far on the road towards Atheism, whose efficient servant I hold Kant to be, far rather than the founder of a new sect. The Catholic religion, steadfast and unchangeable in its very nature, neither was nor could be assailed by the principles of philosophy. The Catholic ceases to be one, when he gives up even the most insignificant dogma; for the system of true religion founded upon truth can but be one, it cannot

give up its character of unity. It is like a sphere; if you take away the smallest particle, it ceases to be a sphere. As soon as this idea struck me, I was convinced, and I saw that the Catholic comes much nearer to the morality which the Gospel demands than the Protestant. I admired the spirit of unity which had preserved the same idea through 1800 years, and which gives courage and power to model the life in accordance with it.

“I was struck with and affected by the great spectacle which has been presented to our view. We have seen this Church, which the unbeliever considers unfruitful by reason of age, bring forth faithful confessors and noble martyrs. The sublime yet simple code of morality of the Gospel is adopted by all Christian communities, but it was only among the Catholics that I saw men who faithfully acted up to it. In every age I beheld simple, admirable, heroic, yet humble-minded men; in short, saints. While the virtue of the Catholic is nourished on the memory of these great exemplars, and the springs of their actions, the Protestant who has not yet abjured Christianity finds himself destitute of any guide, and is compelled to allow himself to be illumined by the light dispersed through the works of the Catholics.”

It must be confessed, that if these were Stolberg's reasons, they were very weak ones, and the change must be attributed to his own peculiar nature. He did not look at the essential character of the two Churches, but compared an exceptionally favourable aspect of the one with an exceptionally unfavourable aspect of the other.

He speaks as if there were none but bad rationalistic preachers in the Protestant Church, and in the Roman Catholic none but the most saintly characters like the Princess Galitzin, Overberg, and Fürstenberg.

A weaker reason than the superior morality of the Roman Catholic Church could hardly have been adduced. When it is considered how strongly he had been opposed to Catholic France; that he had traversed Italy from north to south, which, at the end of the last century, was not distinguished for

morality or ability; that he must have been pretty well acquainted with the ecclesiastical court of Mayence and other centres of Catholic power; that he well knew of the existence of a cloud of Protestant witnesses, who had lived to the glory of God, and cheerfully suffered martyrdom for their faith, one is tempted to think that he scarcely could have been serious in adducing as a ground of his defection the superior holiness of life of the Roman Catholics. That the unity and unchangeable doctrines of that Church should attract him is more intelligible. He wanted a tangible security in a sphere where faith only can afford it. He wanted to be delivered from all doubt, not as the result of wrestling with his difficulties, but by means of an institution which should come to the aid of his weakness. He wanted, as he wrote to Lavater, to find "a Church led by the Spirit of God, and therefore infallible." He had not the acuteness or the energetic will which, had he recognised the remedies which exist in the very constitution of the Protestant Church as well as her defects, would have made him a rallying point for the most profound spirits within her borders. Lavater said that he had never seen a more gentle flexible person, or one more easily influenced. He could not bear any contradiction. Jacobi said that if any one assailed his favourite opinions, it would cause his colour to change and his lip to quiver; it made him feel insecure in what he had considered an undisturbed possession. It suits such characters to be simply subject to some external authority. They are not content with divine support; they want some individual or community who will undertake to pacify their spirits, and to silence their mental conflicts, before they could themselves have concluded peace. Stolberg expected to find all this in the Roman Catholic Church. He wrote to the Princess Hohenlohe: "I had been investigating the subject for seven years, and still had doubts which I could not conquer. My wife, on the contrary, was quite convinced. One day, when I felt less than usually inclined to join the Roman Catholic Church, God suddenly removed my scruples. On that day the children had prayed for my wife and myself at their first communion. It was the last resource

that the Princess Galitzin and Overberg had in reserve, and the result was in accordance with the mercy of God."

Fifty years later Stolberg would have found what he lacked in the Lutheran Protestant Church. Not only the presence of Christ, more especially in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, but also a more stringent authority, as indicated in a creed rendered in some respects more defined. But he was too impatient to wait. What he had once blamed in Lavater was the basis of his own error,—the desire to see realised a visible kingdom of God at a time when faith must suffice us. It was an error which had been long before condemned by Luther. In 1530 he wrote from the fortress of Coburg: "I have at length seen two miracles; the first, that when I looked out of the window I saw the stars of heaven and the glorious vault of God, and yet I could nowhere see the pillars on which the Master had supported it; still the heavens did not fall, and the vault stood secure. But they quiver and tremble, just as though they would really fall, only because they can neither grasp nor see the pillars. If they could grasp them, they would stand firm without quivering and trembling."

We refrain from recalling the impression which Stolberg's conversion made upon his friends and the eminent men of his time, attractive as such a review might be of every shade of opinion, from Voss's vehement disapproval to Lavater's easy acquiescence. We will abide by the opinion of such men as Claudius, Perthes, and Nicolovius, his best friends, who attributed the step to a false estimate of his needs, but still recognised in him after it had been taken the sincere Christian, full of faith and good works. Having brought his life to this point, when his religious opinions became fixed in the form which, in essentials, they retained to the end, we must hasten to give some idea of his influence upon the religious life of his time.

After making profession of the Roman Catholic faith at Münster, Stolberg went with his wife to Wernigerode, where his eldest daughter, Mary Agnes, was staying with the parents of her betrothed, Count Ferdinand. Her parents informed her of what had taken place, but could not induce her to follow

their example. In August he returned to Eutin, and, after giving up his official position there, left the place where he had enjoyed so much affectionate intercourse with Voss and afterwards with Jacobi, and removed to Münster. Here, and during the summer months at Lütjenbeck, not far distant, he lived for the next twelve years, in association with the Princess Galitzin, Overberg, the brothers Droste, and their tutor, afterwards Professor Katerkamp.

A young priest, Kellermann, soon became an inmate in his own family, and was for many years highly valued and beloved as tutor and domestic chaplain.

The father gave lessons in Greek to both tutor and pupils, but his attention was chiefly devoted to religious questions, and mainly to Church history. At the suggestion of his friends, C. A. Droste-Vishering and the Princess Galitzin, he undertook to write a 'History of the Religion of Jesus Christ,' which was the principal occupation of his latter days. This work, which appeared in several successive volumes, and which, beginning with Adam, embraced the preparation of the world for Christianity and the planting of the Christian church, gave him renewed opportunities of addressing the public. And as he was not unwilling to sacrifice vigour and terseness of style to discursive addresses of an edifying character, he frequently took occasion to introduce remarks on passing events in the midst of the history. By this means he acquired considerable religious influence, particularly among those of his own rank and religious profession.

It may readily be imagined that Stolberg, with whose youthful ardour for liberty we have made acquaintance, did not greet the first appearance of the French Revolution with less delight than his intellectual father, Klopstock. But he did not long remain in the same mind. His religious feelings were harrowed by the horrors by which the course of the Revolution was stained, and his patriotic sentiments outraged by the cosmopolitanism which continued to regard with complacence the building of castles of liberty in the air, when the builders were already threatening his country's freedom. He maintained that

liberty must be founded upon law, law upon morality, morality upon religion, and that it was "the most hazardous enterprise to attempt to balance the constitution of a ruined nation upon the point of a needle, or upon the ideal mathematical point of a metaphysical political axiom."

It astonished him to see the indifference with which sensible and good men viewed what was taking place in France, and saw horror and disaster striding towards them. He thought it was his duty to endeavour to gather together the seven thousand men who had not bowed the knee to Baal, and wrote several stirring and patriotic odes, which were watchwords against the enemies of religion and of Germany.

Meanwhile, Germany proceeded in her downward course. Her ignominy closely affected Stolberg; for when, after the peace of Luneville, the German princes were indemnified for their losses on the left bank of the Rhine by the bishoprics, monasteries, and ecclesiastical foundations on the right, Münster fell to the share of Prussia. As Stein was intrusted with the task of taking possession of the new territory, he and Stolberg were brought into contact. They often met, and though Stein's religious views were decidedly opposed to Stolberg's, he willingly recognised his sincere love of truth, and the resignation with which he sacrificed so much. Münster did not belong to Prussia for many years; after the defeat at Jena, it fell to the French kingdom of Westphalia under Jerome, and in 1808 to the Grand Duchy of Berg, under Murat.

It may be readily imagined with what grief Stolberg witnessed all these changes, but he regarded them as God's chastisements for the correction of Germany. He wrote in answer to a spirited letter from Perthes, "Yes, the dead leaves must fall, that the slumbering promise for the future spring may be preserved. If we could only see the first sign of its budding."

And in the third volume of his 'History of Religion,' published about the same time, he says, "Have we any right to be amazed at what we are passing through? Public misfortune, subjection to enemies that we are accustomed to conquer, is

often the last means employed by a merciful Providence. And it is only reasonable that nations which, having forgotten their God, rely upon riches or upon an arm of flesh, should be brought to themselves by misfortune and distress; by great misfortunes, if they will not give heed to lesser ones. They swallow ignominy like water, and yet it does not bring them to reason."

When, in 1809, Perthes tried to unite the best of his countrymen in a peaceful mental alliance by means of a periodical, Stolberg readily took part in it. His contribution to the 'Patriotic Museum,' "On our Language," shows that the patriotism of the sexagenarian was as fresh as we have seen it in his youth. The following is an extract from it:—"The wealth of our language embarrasses the worldling, for it obliges him to make choice of words, and ill-chosen words betray a want of judgment. Perhaps our language, more than any other living tongue, affords a test of the mind and heart of him who uses it. What an indiscretion! Such a language cannot possibly be agreeable to the worldling; it is distasteful to him because it shames him; but for those who love it, it is truly a living language. Or it may be compared to a full suit of armour, with weapons offensive and defensive, under the weight of which the weakling succumbs, but which fits the strong man like a skin, and like the armour of Achilles, forged for him by a god, of which we are told by Homer, that far from oppressing him, it suited the hero well, and bore him as on wings aloft. Let our rich, noble, and vigorous tongue be a bond of union to us when all other bonds are torn asunder. Many noble-minded men have clothed in it great thoughts and warm feelings. They form a common property to us. Let us follow their example, and thus lay up treasure for our children and children's children."

The circumstances which rendered the continuation of the 'Patriotic Museum' impossible, the incorporation of the Hanse towns and North-Western Germany into the French empire, also affected Stolberg. Münster as well as Hamburg became a French town, and like Perthes, Stolberg had to submit

to the tyrant. It became difficult for him to remain at Münster. His sentiments were so well known that his words and actions were closely watched by the police. And since his friend Caspar Maximilian Droste, the suffragan Bishop of Münster, had ventured to urge on the Council of Paris the freedom of the Church and the liberation of the Pope, Stolberg was more than ever an object of suspicion.

Governed by a French prefect, Münster lost many of its attractions; and when the countess was informed by a friend that her husband was to be still more closely watched, he resolved to seek for some residence in the country, where he should be further from the sharp eyes and ears of the police.

He therefore removed in 1812 to Tatenhausen, a nobleman's seat not far from Halle.

Meanwhile God's judgments were preparing for Napoleon in Prussia, and the year 1813 arrived. At the time when Germany rose against her oppressor, Fouqué entered into correspondence with Stolberg, and in the days of their country's victories, the bond between the German bards became more and more closely cemented. So was also that between Stolberg and his brother Christian. There is something inspiring in the sight of these two brothers, both already upwards of sixty, whose affection nothing had ever disturbed since their childhood, emulating each other in tuning their harps in the service of their country. Frederic Leopold had the satisfaction of having four sons, "worthy of Germany," engaged in the conflict. Two had been in the army before, and two entered it during the campaigns of 1813 and 1814.

Soon after the battle of Leipsig, his son Christian left his father's house, which was within the boundaries of the French territory, by night, accompanied by his father's blessing and a letter to Nicolovius at Berlin. His father wrote, "In his eighteenth year I allow this dear son to depart, to enter upon a high and holy calling; with a heavy heart indeed, but full of hope. It was not his fault that he did not go long before. I trust that God will be with him, whether in life or in death. In our retired but closely watched corner, we have shared your

cares, your hopes, your dangers, and the glorious deliverance. God will crown your efforts with unity, wisdom, and moderation, and that holy fear which alone gives power to tread all other fear under foot."

Nicolovius joyfully received the son of his old friend into his house, though it was crowded with soldiers quartered in it, and sent him with a letter of introduction to Blücher.

In January, 1814, exactly a thousand years after the death of Charlemagne, Stolberg could proclaim victory over the tyrant who was fond of considering himself Charlemagne's successor, and the patriotic lyre of the grey-headed bard resounded with tones of youthful vigour.

The course of events proceeded; and when Paris was taken, Stolberg wrote to Fouqué, "The light of God's countenance has so visibly shone forth for us out of the darkness—with his mighty hand and outstretched arm He has so led and strengthened our armies—He has given unity to the great triumvirate of Europe, and sustained it thus far—and, best of all, He has given us not only courage, but humility and fear, that, as it seems to me, we may and must hope; yes, that we may indulge in glorious expectations, soon to be fulfilled."

Besides his great work on ecclesiastical history, and the poetic effusions called forth by passing events, Stolberg found time for a work, which was at once patriotic and Christian, "The Life of the Anglo-Saxon, Alfred the Great," who in his own kingdom sought to advance the kingdom of God.

When Napoleon again appeared upon the scene, Stolberg sent his son Christian, who had begun to study at Berlin under the auspices of Niebuhr, and his younger son Caius, into the field. He wrote cheerfully to Fouqué, "Four of my sons and a son-in-law are gone to the war. I am of good courage; I look confidently forward to victory. God give us wisdom, humility, unity, and Christian feeling afterwards. May He give us that regeneration that we so much need!"

Victory cost Stolberg dear, for his son Christian fell at Ligny.

"The Lord hath done all things well," he wrote, when he

received at the same time the news of the victory of Waterloo and of the death of his son. "He has rewarded my Christian for his faithful service, after having permitted him to attain an earnestness and childlike humility far surpassing anything that we could have expected. Desolate as it looks to see his place empty, and much as my heart is torn, still I can praise God, and consider myself a happy father, for he is with his Redeemer, the fountain of love, in whose mercy and merits alone he trusted."

In the negotiations which followed peace, Stolberg was one of those who boldly demanded that all Germany's possessions should be restored to her; but he did not consider that her security rested upon one fortress more or less.

"Such soul-less defences," he wrote about this time in his 'Church History,' and every garrison is soul-less which relies upon walls and ramparts, are of little advantage. It is manly sentiments that are a check to an enemy. Such sentiments have at length broken the first fetters that Germany ever bore,—and what contemptible fetters they were! Let us then preserve the same state of mind. Let us put our trust in God. Else, neither Luxembourg, nor Mayence, nor Wesel, can defend us from the West Huns."

Stolberg was not called by Providence, like his younger friends Niebuhr and Perthes, to play an active part in the history of his time. God had granted him a more peaceful lot, whence he watched the stream of historical events as it rushed past. He heard the voice of God in it, it deeply moved him, and he earnestly besought his countrymen to give heed to it, that it might not be drowned in the noisy tumult of the nations. During the most exciting years of the wars of independence, he was very diligent as an author, and seized every opportunity offered him by his 'History of Religion' of arousing the consciences of the people.

This work had a large circulation; it appeared at a time when, even in the Protestant Church, there was no work distinguished by a keen appreciation of the great exemplars of ecclesiastical history; and as it was published by Perthes, who,

while keeping the one thing needful clearly in view, was not a zealous Protestant partisan, it was favourably received in pious Protestant circles, especially among the nobility.

Stolberg received the thanks of many such, who dated the confirmation of their faith from the perusal of his book. The history only reached to A.D. 430, for it began with Adam, and embraced the whole period of the Old and New Testaments.

This delight in biblical study was an inheritance from Stolberg's mother Church, but he was a faithful son of his adopted Church—he declared in the preface that he was ready to recall any expression that was not in accordance with her doctrines; he deeply regretted that all those whom he loved were not of the same faith, but nothing that the Church had to offer him as a means of grace was so precious as the Bible.

He felt pleasure in the desire which was awakened after the war to spread the Scriptures among the people, and could not understand how one of his fellow-professors could see "fresh incendiarism" in it. He wrote to Perthes, "I am sorry that so many Catholics view the Bible Societies with distrust. The members of them will certainly have to proceed with circumspection in Catholic countries, but according to my opinion the universal spread of the Scriptures can only be productive of great good."

When the time arrived when even he to whom long life is granted must look forward to his end, Stolberg found the task of continuing his history too severe, and turned his attention exclusively to the Bible. In his sixty-ninth year, "like the aged farmer who no longer cultivates his fields, but confines himself to his garden," he gave his attention to the "Paradise of the Holy Scriptures," and published 'Meditations and Reflections' upon them. This work, like many of the former ones, is dedicated to his children. He said in the dedication, "I wish, my dearly beloved children, who are my hope and joy, now in the evening of my days, before I pass through the dark valley, guided, I hope, by Jesus Christ through the mercy of God, to talk to you of this mercy which He has shown us in his Son, and revealed to us by his Spirit."

This dedication to his children reminds us that we must say a word on Stolberg's family life, by means of which, as it was an exemplary one, he contributed not a little to the renewal of religious life. The Christian father who has no calling to active service for his country, can yet render it most valuable service by guiding well his own house. As Luther said—

“If every one his task doth know,
Order and peace the house will show.”*

And Rückert,—

“When the rose herself adorns,
She adorns the garden.”

The wealth of human interests which Goethe admired in Stolberg is well illustrated in his family life. His first wife bore him four, his second fourteen children. Of the whole number thirteen survived him, of whom several were married, and had presented him with a goodly number of grandchildren. At the time when most of the children were still under their father's roof, when foster-children and visitors were often added to the family, with the requisite number of servants, it constituted a little community of itself. All daily assembled round the private chaplain; for the family always sought strength for their work and renewal of their love in daily worship.

Yet there was no narrow exclusiveness. Stolberg, as we have seen, was heartily attached to his Church and his country; he corresponded so diligently both with his friends and others who sought his aid, that he spent 1,000 dollars a year in postage. He and his wife were most liberal dispensers of alms; he disbursed not less than 20,000 dollars for the Sisters of Mercy at Münster. But he considered his family his most important sphere of labour. He met them in the morning at family worship, again at dinner after the morning's work and ride, then old and young took recreation together in riding,

* “Fin jeder lern sein Lection,
So wird es wohl im Hause stohn.’

bathing, or roaming about the woods. In the evening an hour was often devoted to reading Greek poetry, when tutor and children all sat at Stolberg's feet, and at a later hour they met again for worship.

How anxious he was to aid his children in uniting themselves to God their Saviour is shown by a letter which he gave to his eldest son on his leaving home at twenty-one years of age, to enter the Austrian service. We give a few extracts:—

“Begin the day with the morning and close it with the evening prayer; but if you use them as prayers in earnest, you will not be satisfied with these alone. Devote a quarter of an hour daily to the contemplation of God and divine things. Try to realise His greatness and love, and your own insignificance, and then His love and mercy in giving us His only begotten Son, and the thought of Jesus Christ in Gethsemane and at Golgotha will produce their right effect. Then will the love of the Holy Ghost fill your soul if you will permit Him to cleanse it from all impurity.

“Before the evening prayer, review your thoughts, words, and actions during the day. Commend yourself daily to the Mother of God and your guardian angel, and ask them to pray for you. May you always go to confession with a contrite heart, and return with a lighter one. Let the word of God be a guide to your feet, and a lamp to your path. Christ desires that we should be closely united to Him and take counsel of Him above every other. He desires that we should ‘strive to enter in at the strait gate that leadeth unto life.’

“Nothing is so dangerous to youth as false shame. Be always chaste in word. If you allow yourself to take part in impure conversation, you will be in danger of falling into impurity yourself.

“Never drink wine to excess, or allow it to lead you into folly. Go to bed early, and rise early. Take daily exercise, and do not neglect swimming and leaping. Ask permission to break in the young horses of the squadron. Continue to study the science of war in all its branches. Be sure to devote some time every day to reading, and keep up your knowledge of the

ancient languages, since you have made so much progress in them, and mind and preserve fluency in Latin. Increase your acquaintance with the Greek Testament, and let Homer be your constant companion.

“If opportunity offer for the chase, it is well to avail yourself of it, but do not let it become a passion. Always have a good horse, a good sword, and a good watch. You should regard your horses with affection, and when they have shared with you the labours of the day, see that they are well cared for, before thinking of yourself.”

Then recurring to admonitions relating to his soul's health, he says, “Faithful is he that calleth you who also will do it. Pray for me, for your mamma, your brothers and sisters, for our friends, your superiors, for heretics, for all men. Pray for the souls in purgatory, for any of us who die before you, for those of us who are already dead. May God the Father in heaven bless you; may Jesus Christ our brother, our Lord, and our God, bless you, and be your eternal high-priest. May the Holy Ghost bless you, and fill you with his love. Amen.”

Although the Roman Catholic element in these admonitions may be repulsive to us, we can scarcely fail to admire the Christian and patriotic tone of them, nor their noble and chivalrous spirit, since it is combined with religion.

Not long before his death, Stolberg wrote, “God has always given me great—yes, very great—pleasure in my children. I may surely hope that they will stand firm in the conflict that has been long preparing, and which will summon the children of God into the field. It will be a conflict in which the follower of the Cross will be victorious if he remain true to his colours, even if it please God that he should not appear so in the eyes of the world.”

In 1816, Stolberg exchanged his residence at Tatenhausen for one at Sondermühlen, near Osnabruck, in Hanover, where he passed the evening of his days. His dying song was ‘The little Book of Love,’ an illustration of the Scriptural doctrine of love, as it could only be given by one whose soul had been fed, not only on the writings of St. Augustine and the Christian

mystics, but who was profoundly versed in the Scriptures; although, in our view, it contains some things not in accordance with their teaching. It was written in October, 1819. On the 7th of November he kept his seventieth birthday with his family at home. A week later he received the derisive pamphlet of his former friend Voss, entitled, 'How did Fritz Stolberg lose his liberty?' Before Stolberg left Eutin it was painfully evident that a deep gulf was opening between the friends. Neither the memory of their enthusiastic friendship in the days of the Hainbund, nor their love of the Greek classics, neither Stolberg's noble sentiments, nor Voss's honourable character, could keep those united who were separated in spirit.

The man who, in his home in Mecklenburg, had heard the evils of serfdom cry aloud against the oppression of the nobles, was confronted with one who wore his nobility with a good conscience, because he knew himself to be free from the selfish prejudices of his class; cold intellect came in contact with warmth of feeling, sober judgment with imagination, superficial enlightenment with an absorbing contemplation of the mysteries of saving grace. The "arch-inquisitor of rationalism," as Perthes called Voss, lifted up his voice against his friend, whom rationalism had driven into the Roman Catholic Church.

Voss's long pent up ill-will broke forth on the publication of an article by Stolberg on the 'Spirit of the Age,' in Adam Müller's periodical. The views expressed in it were open to criticism by those who did not share them; but Voss's violent attack on Stolberg can only be explained as the result of fanatical irritability. However disinclined he might be to the task, Stolberg felt himself obliged to reply in order to correct misrepresentations and errors in matters of fact. But from this contest, which was none of his own seeking, he was soon withdrawn by the hand of God, for he was laid upon his dying bed. His illness lasted from the 29th of November to the 7th of December, and he was fully conscious to the last. He was surrounded by his wife, many of his children and grandchildren; and Kellermann, who for fifteen years had been the friend and

chaplain of the household, happened to have just arrived on a visit. The patient lay like a patriarch admonishing and blessing his children; and with childlike humility, he allowed himself to be prepared for his last journey by the Scriptures and the sacraments of the Church. His end, as recorded for us by some of his children in their diaries, was so edifying and striking that one of the doctors said, "I cannot imagine the wretch who would not have been converted by the sight."

To a Protestant there is naturally something repulsive in the dread of purgatory, the invocation of Mary, and his frequent requests to his family to pray for him often after his death; but all this is overcome by the testimony that was borne to the Scriptures, and to Jesus Christ of whom they testify.

At first the patient liked to have the writings of his beloved 'Wandsbeck Messenger,' and Klopstock's devotional hymns, read to him, but the Bible soon took the place of everything else.

The last few days were like converse between God and the dying man, only interrupted by occasional conversation with his family; and to the words of comfort from the Scriptures read to him by Kellermann, he responded with keen comprehension and deep experience. And when he addressed himself to God in prayer, it was not only the prayers of the Roman Catholic Church that were used, he derived refreshment from many of the hymns of the Protestant Church; and once, when Kellermann had not the breviary at hand, his daughter Julia knelt down and prayed in the words of Paul Gerhardt's parting sigh,—

"Oh, when Thou call'st me to depart,
Turn not away Thy face."

On the 7th December he commended his spirit to his Saviour's love. His last words were a thanksgiving for his mercy to sinners, and with the exclamation, "Praise be to Jesus Christ," he departed.*

* 'Der Graf Frederich Leopold Stolberg und seine Zeitgenossen, von Dr. Theodor Menge.' 2 Bände. Gotha: 1862.

CHAPTER XVI.

JOHN FALK.

SOME of the most valuable fruits which ripened in German soil after it had been fertilized by the blood shed during the wars of independence, were the loving labours expended in rescuing poor children whose minds and bodies were alike neglected. What Pestalozzi had previously attempted in Switzerland, John Falk accomplished with great success in Germany. Saxony had for the third time the honour of giving a mighty impulse to practical religion in Germany. It was from Wittenberg that Luther's call to faith had first gone forth; it was at Halle that Francke had furnished an example to his countrymen of the faith that worketh by love; and now, at Weimar, Falk showed that the intellectual progress of the age, which had its chief seat in the town on the banks of the Ilm, was not sufficient to raise the people,—that it is only by the love which the Saviour inspires that they can be effectually helped.

John Falk's life has a claim on the warmest sympathies of our readers. As in the account which Stilling gives of his youth, a striking effect is produced by the affinity between his poetical nature and the rural scenes which he describes, so the particulars which Falk gives of his youthful experiences, with all the simplicity of nature, have quite a poetical charm.

The idiosyncrasy of Stilling's character caused him to find favour in Goethe's eyes, and he also honoured with his intimacy the open, impressible, and aspiring Falk. Falk drank much more deeply than Stilling of the poetic spring, and it excites our warmest interest when, in the days when the uni-

versal distress knocked so loudly at the doors of all true friends of the people, we see the friend of Wieland and Goethe, the author of songs and satires, suddenly changed into the loving father of a number of ragged and starving children who were ripening for every species of crime.

John Daniel Falk was born in October, 1768, at Dantzic, where his father was a wig-maker. His mother, whose maiden name was Chalion, was a member of a family from Geneva which had settled in Dantzic, professing the Reformed faith, but she was attached to the Moravians. His father appears to have belonged to the Reformed Church, as it was in this that Falk was baptized. A spirit of sober piety, in accordance with the father's faith, reigned in the house; the discipline was severe, and the children were carefully guarded from the evil influences of the world. Little John's ardent and aspiring mind was oppressed by the strictness of his training. His whole nature soared far above his father's workshop, but at eleven years of age he was taken from school and set to work. It was expected that all his time should be occupied by his trade, and if ever he did take a book in hand it was to be a religious one. The boy suffered severely under this mental oppression. It induced him to save up his pence, and take them to the circulating library; and he read the books by the light of the street lamps, even in severe weather, when his hands were so cold that he could hardly turn over the leaves. Wieland's translation of Lucian had been given him, and he devoured it ravenously. He wrote to his cousin, "Like me, he was the child of poor, insignificant people, and like me he worked at a trade, and yet he afterwards became a learned and famous man. When I read this, my heart leaped for joy, but I cannot have the pleasure of letting my parents share my happiness." His taste for reading and study was so great that he looked wistfully back to some happy days when, having broken his leg, he was obliged to lie still, and could read to his heart's content.

God preserved the youth from many dangers, both moral and physical. In consequence of his taste for music and his

skill in playing on the violin, when twelve years old, he joined the choir of the Roman Catholic Church. One day, Father Lambert, who had taken a fancy to him, took him into his cell. "Listen to me, John," he said; "would you like to be confirmed, and to become a Catholic?" John was alarmed, and said, "No, reverend father; I was baptized in the name of Christ and Calvin, and I intend to die in the same faith." And the tears rolled down the little confessor's cheeks. The Father then continued, in gentler tone, "Well, well, my son, you need not be frightened. A question leaves you quite free, and the Church compels no one." And, as he spoke, they heard the tuning of the violins in the choir. "Come with me," said the Father; and the danger of Falk's becoming a Roman Catholic was over for ever. Other perils, however, assailed him. His father had an apprentice, whom John calls the Mannheimer. Wishing to give his master's strictly-kept son a treat, he asked leave to take him with him to the Christmas fair. With a warning against frivolity his father consented. They had seen folly enough at the fair, but the Mannheimer was not content, and proposed to spend the evening at a place of public resort of evil repute. The way in which our young friend was restrained in these scenes of danger indicates the depth of his poetical nature. In the midst of a dissolute crowd he found himself standing before a young, pretty, and well-dressed girl, who appeared to be in no little embarrassment at her position. John stood still; they looked at each other, but neither spoke a word; and with clenched fist he prevented any one from touching her. This seemed to please her, for, when the crowd was over, she stood for a moment longer, and turned to him with a pleasant blushing look as she went away. A ray of the light which beamed on Dante when he beheld the youthful Beatrice had darted into his soul. The idea of holy love had dawned upon him, and how could he walk in the paths of sin? As he was passing by the Nonnenkirche on his way home, the door was open, a bright lamp hung in the midst, and a voice was singing in the choir. His parents then came into his mind, and the words, "When sinners entice thee consent

thou not." He went in ; his heart became lighter ; he wept much, and whichever way he looked he seemed to see the maiden pleasantly smiling at him. The music went on ; the lamp shone like the moon ; and it seemed to John as if he saw heaven opened, and the angels ascending and descending, and rejoicing to see him there.

But this was not the last time that he tried to escape from the restraints of his father's house. His imagination was excited by the sea and the shipping, and the desire to see distant lands possessed him like a home-sickness. Once he begged a seaman to take him with him, but without answering a word, he loosed the vessel from her moorings before his eyes. John gazed after it as long as it was in sight, and then poured forth his longings in the following lines :—

“ Little bird ! little bird !
 Oft I see thee come and go
 O'er the Baltic to and fro ;
 Hast thou ne'er my prayer heard ?
 Take, O take me, let me see
 Other fairer lands with thee,
 Little bird ! little bird ! ”

On the day of the festival of Corpus Christi, his father gave him permission to go and see the procession, if he would be very industrious during the day. He fulfilled the condition, but when the time came, his mother made objections, probably from Protestant scruples, although she had before given her consent. John was irritated, so far forgot himself as to use angry words, and ran away, vowing never to enter his father's house again. He hastened to the Roman Catholic church. On the way he fell in with an old sailor's wife, who told him to come to her again, and she would put him in the way of escaping to the East Indies. When he went into the church the procession had already begun. He took his place and looked on, but the women would not let him rest till he knelt down ; and as he did so, he saw in the distance a crimson canopy, under which the Queen of Heaven was to appear, and as it

approached him, he recognised in a white robe, and with a crown of myrtle on her head, the same maiden who had already appeared to him in the crowd at the Christmas fair; and she looked at him again with her mild blue eyes as if she would ask where he had been so long. And as she went slowly by, he tried to rise from his knees, and could not; and the lights in the church flickered in the clouds of incense, and the organ sounded to him like a trumpet, and the singing almost took away his breath. Thus God touched his heart, and he prayed earnestly, and vowed never to run away secretly from his father's house again, but to bear his lot with patience.

If Falk recognised in this circumstance the protection of a guardian angel, he had soon afterwards to acknowledge God's hand in delivering him from the jaws of death. In December, 1785, he went skating with his younger brother; the ice broke, and he fell into the water. He thought that it was all over with him, and after commending his soul to God, he felt a great curiosity to know what would become of it when separated from the body. His first thought was, "So I am to lose my life in this pitiful way;" the second, "O my poor parents, my dear mother and dearly beloved father, to think that I should cause you this sorrow in your old age!" the third, "I hope brother Charles will not meet with the same misfortune;" the fourth, "Lord Jesus to thee I live, to thee I die; I am thine now and for all eternity!" He was just about to say, "Amen," when he suddenly felt the grasp of a hand; it was that of his little brother. The sailors had warned him of the danger, but he had followed the impulse of his heart, had seized his brother by the hand, and would not let him go, though the weight pulled him down upon the ice. He was up to the middle in the water, the ice cut him in the face and arm till the blood flowed, he screamed and called, but would not let go his brother's hand. The sailors called out to him, "You see you cannot save him, for God's sake let him go," but he only screamed the louder, and prayed more earnestly, till some fishermen came with hooks and poles and pulled them both out. And when John came to himself and asked his brother what had made him

bleed so, he did not tell him, but fell on his neck and hugged and kissed him, and rejoiced to see him revived. And he got up many times in the night and went to his brother's bed, and listened to his breathing, and then went and told his parents, "Yes, he is alive." And they all thanked God for the wonderful deliverance, and his aunt, Anna Marten, who, like his mother, was attached to the Moravians, said to him, "John, God has been with you again; He will not leave you nor forsake you, if you do not forsake Him, for I feel quite persuaded in my mind that the Lord has chosen you for his service."

Falk had been rescued from his mental bondage before this deliverance occurred. His mother, and an English teacher of languages of the name of Drommert, had told his father that he ought to allow his son to study. His father at length consented, on condition that he should work at his trade every day for a few hours. The son was delighted, and went twice in the week to Drommert. Some of the sons of the wealthy patricians, with swords at their sides and feathers in their hats, turned up their noses at him, and would not allow him to look over their books, so he looked over the master's book, and soon put the boys to shame by getting before them; and when the teacher said that he had made a better translation of a passage from Ossian than any of the others, and had even put it into verse, he was ready to cry for joy. Drommert took the exercise forthwith to the head pastor of St. Peter's Church, and obtained permission for him to enter the High School, at Easter, 1785, that he might study theology. Now that this path was open to him, he would not allow himself to be deterred from it. One day the churchwarden of St. Peter's met him in the street, and asked him if it was true that his father was allowing him to study theology. "Yes, your excellency, with your permission," answered Falk, with a deep obeisance and uncovered head.—"But how—without money?" And then, after a pause, as if he could not recover from his astonishment, "And what then?"—"With your excellency's leave I think of going to the gymnasium here."—"And what then?"—"I mean to go to the university."—"And then?"—"I shall be a

candidate.”—“What a simpleton you are!”—“Yes, if it please your excellency; but that is just the reason why I wish to study, that I may not always be one.”

The purse-proud contempt that was poured upon him cost him bitter tears; but he persevered in his course. When he was at the gymnasium, he promised himself much pleasure in hearing a lecture on style, announced by the professor of poetry. He had a certain horror of philosophy, because, according to the opinion of a physician, the philosophy of Kant had affected the nerves of a professor, and hastened his death; but the poetic art, at which he had already tried his hand, had great charms for him. He could scarcely sleep the night before the lecture, and entered the room with the expectation of wonderful revelations. But there sat a tall, thin man, constantly sucking the knob of his walking-stick, with hollow eyes, and a still more hollow voice, and he was reading from his papers a lecture devoid of all spirit or interest. Nevertheless, after the lecture, Falk ventured to call on him, and opened his heart to him, which was warm with anticipation of the delights of poetry. But the professor told him, that through God's merciful preservation, he had never composed a stanza, and always warned his hearers against it, because people who gave themselves up to verse-making generally became good for nothing. After this, if any one asked Falk if he had ever written any verses, he used to feel inclined to say, “God forbid! I have not come to that,” but he never did say it; and during close study, he still cultivated the art of pouring out his youthful feelings in song. At length the time came for going to the university. The town council of Dantzic provided the funds; and just before his departure he received a solemn summons to appear at the town hall, before the burgomaster and councillors. They were seated in the great hall, in their stately robes of office, and John Falk stood in their presence with dignified modesty, and tears of gratitude in his eyes. They shook hands with him, and gave him their blessing; and one of the old men, as he held the boy's hand in his, uttered the striking words, “John, you are now going hence, God be with you! You will

always be our debtor, for we have adopted you, and affectionately cared for you as a poor child. You must not fail to repay this debt. Wherever God may hereafter lead you, and whatever may be your future destination, never forget that you were once a poor boy. And when some day, sooner or later, some poor child knocks at your door, you must consider that it is we, the dead, the grey old burgomaster and councillors of Dantzic, who are standing there, and you must not turn us away from your door."

Falk's youth contains the germs of the life of love which unfolded in his mature years. The simple and needy burgher life in which his youth had been passed, rendered it easier to him to adapt himself to the people. He had experienced the special temptations of childhood. The remembrance of the help which had been extended to him and the words of the old councillor were indelibly engraven on his mind. And the wonderful help of God seemed to him like a revelation of eternal love, which was continually extended to him afresh, and which he extolled in words and works. But the poetic vein which ran through his youth was never exhausted, and his manner of carrying on his benevolent labours was strongly influenced by it. But it was a long time before the course of his life was directed into its original channel; between his youth and his later labours of love, there is a period which was entirely engrossed by poetic interests. It is not easy to follow the thread of his life from the time of his leaving Dantzic till the beginning of his philanthropic career, a period of about twenty years.

It is certain that he went to the University of Halle in 1787, in order to study theology, but that he did not persevere in it. Like many others, he was probably deterred from the theological career by the superficial tone and want of spirituality that prevailed in matters of divinity.

The study of languages, which promised to unlock for him the springs of poetry, had received a fresh impulse from the labours of such men as Friedrich August Wolf, and under his guidance Falk zealously studied the ancient classics. He

probably supported himself while at Halle by authorship and giving lessons, and perhaps was among the men of rising talent who received assistance from Gleim of Halberstadt. At any rate, his first poem of any length, on 'Man,' is dedicated to Gleim, and the dedication concludes with the words, "Gleim was my father and my friend." We find him at Halberstadt in 1798, and at Weimar in 1801. In 1797 he was married to Caroline Elizabeth Rosenfeld, at Halle. At Weimar he made the acquaintance of Herder and Schiller in their later years. With Wieland, and especially with Goethe, he maintained the confidential intercourse of an enthusiastic disciple, but he nevertheless knew how to retain his independence.

We shall best supply the want of information about his outward life by endeavouring to trace his mental development by means of his poetic effusions. As a boy of fifteen, he produced songs which indicated a popular talent. The later offspring of his muse comprises a large number of sea-pieces, poems, tales, and letters, which partly belong to his Dantzic life, but mostly to that at Halle and Weimar. Love is the topic of almost all his poems, partly drawn from the imagination, but certainly in part from experience. The form of his pieces sometimes reminds us of Goethe, and the contents of the excessive *naïveté* of Wieland. The lyrical pieces always indicate talent, whether they speak the language of passion or are narrative or satirical.

No definite religious element is to be found in them, but no mockery, and there is unmistakable trace of the poet's deeper feelings, and of an aspiration to a higher life. The unconscious piety of childhood has vanished, and the conscious religion of a riper age is yet undeveloped. If we seek for the influences that have formed the peculiar character of his mind, the views of Rousseau may be traced in Falk's writings of this period. It certainly reminds us of Rousseau when Falk, in his satire on 'Man,' describes him as the most ridiculous of creatures, and pretends to prove by a long series of examples that man is surpassed by animals in all his best qualities; and he paints in the liveliest colours the perversity of the human race.

Another satire, 'The Heroes,' although dedicated to Herder, and bearing marks of the influence of this great thinker, concludes with the words :—

“'Mid rocks and caves, away from man, away!”

Disgust with the world induced a feeling of scornful self-reliance and retreat into himself. He boasted that he owed nothing to the great ones of the earth; but he seems to have forgotten the wonderful preservations of his youth, for which he had then been so thankful to God. But the “portentous times” were the means in God's hands of putting an end to this state of mind. Like the man who, weary of life, intended to drown himself, but was recalled from his intention by the sight of a drowning man,—or the alpine traveller in momentary danger of succumbing to the cold, whose own circulation was restored by rubbing the limbs of a frozen man whom he discovered in the snow,—so John Falk's zest for life returned when his feelings were aroused by seeing his countrymen in danger of sinking into misery and bondage.

For he had never been without affection for humanity; his powers were only waiting till the sphere of their exercise should be indicated to him. No sudden change is to be observed. As in the days of his self-reliance, though disgusted with his fellows, he never turned against God, so, after his return to religious faith, he never abjured the treasures of mental culture. The interesting book which was published after his death, 'Goethe, from intimate personal Acquaintance,' shows that the hero of the home mission was still in close association with Wieland, and especially with Goethe.

On the day of Wieland's funeral, Falk found Goethe in a particularly open, grave, and tender mood. Falk asked him, “What do you suppose Wieland's soul to be occupied with at this moment?” “With nothing mean or unworthy,” was the answer; “nothing incompatible with the moral greatness which he maintained throughout his life. But, that I may not be misunderstood, as I seldom speak of these things, I must expatiate further on the subject.” And Goethe gave his friend

a full account of his views on the subject of man's life after death. They were essentially based upon natural grounds, but did not ignore the confirmation of them by faith.

The tender mood which had disposed the poet to this open expression of his opinions, remained after he had finished speaking. Contrary to his custom, on Falk's taking leave he kissed him on the forehead, would not suffer him to go downstairs in the dark, but held him by the arm till a light was brought, and when just going out he warned him to beware of the cold night air. Falk went home and wrote down his thoughts on the conversation, — or, as he expressed it, he worked it up into some results which were not without effect upon his after-life. He wrote, "It is really true, then, and a man of so superior a mind as Goethe is constrained to make the humiliating confession, that on this planet, which is our dwelling-place, all our knowledge is but fragmentary. All our keenest and most careful observation of any department of nature can no more give us an adequate idea of God and the universe, than the fish at the bottom of the sea, even if he were in the possession of reason, could form to himself a correct notion of the human race, or free his ideas from the influence of scales and fins so long as he lives in those watery realms. But what do we mean by nature? Does it only include the coral insect in the South Seas, or the vegetation of a toadstool? Is that sublime mental height, higher than the highest Alps, which we climb in order to obtain a view of nature, somewhere outside of nature? Is not man, perhaps, to use that beautiful expression of Goethe's, 'the first converse that nature holds with God?' And must not, therefore, the place where it is held be more sacred to us than any other? And if this is the case, can it be well for this higher and seraphic nature in man to ask counsel of the coral insect and the toadstool in matters that concern his own inward being, the will, the omnipotence, and omnipresence of God? If God speaks to us in the recesses of our minds,—and who will dare to deny it?—it may be asked, Does God learn from man, or man from God? (Job xxxviii., xxxix., xl.) How little it is that man can teach God, we have

abundantly seen from the foregoing, so let us investigate what God teaches man.

“If the heavenly voice that speaks within us is right, all-pervading love, and not blind force, is the law of the universe. All its laws are dictated by love. Love calls and entices her lost children to return to her arms. Forbearance and compassion towards all created beings are indelibly impressed upon our hearts. If we do violence to the dictates of conscience, it revenges itself by sending evil spirits to us, who allow us no peace, and pursue us day and night.

“As the criminal is alarmed at every rustling leaf, so all those who obey the divine commands enjoy an unruffled peace. There must, therefore, be higher natures somewhere, who approve and are filled with joy when their heavenly mandates are obeyed, and are displeased when they are neglected. How different must be the view of the universe obtained from this high moral elevation, to that which can be reached by the closest observer on earth, who looks upwards from the lower spheres of nature! What a benign influence must pervade a whole community, when each individual fulfils his duties faithfully, and is daily and hourly obedient and responsible to a higher power!

“Faith, hope, and charity—these voices so unmistakably divine—must be followed as sure guides by all who bear the name of man. Let us never indulge in sophistry when we owe implicit obedience to a divine command, communicated immediately to our minds. Having discovered the limits which are imposed upon humanity, I shall be able to comprehend the expression of that blessed and loving spirit, that messenger from God, who, in two poor words, ‘Our Father,’ announced to us that God’s love extended to all the universe, and taught me how, by a sincere use of them, to please my Father in heaven.”

In these extracts from Falk’s diary we see the nature of his views of God and the world, their essentially moral character, their benignity and mercy; but there is no mention of the Name in which are hid all the treasures of wisdom and know-

ledge, but we afterwards see him turn to the cross of Christ, as the most striking illustration of the love which was the medium through which he looked at life.

The gradual change which took place in Falk's inner life was a thoroughly practical one; it was not the result of a process of thought, but was brought about by means of the great events by which God proclaimed Himself to that generation, as the eternal though oft-forgotten Disposer of events. Falk was a zealous patriot before he was a vital Christian, and the patriot's grief aided the development of his Christian character.

The lash of satire which he had previously aimed at his fellow-creatures was laid down at the advance of Napoleon's power, and he began to call on his countrymen to repent. In 1801 he drew a comparison between that year and 1701. "Then piety, now scepticism; then propriety of conduct, now wantonness; then patriotism, now coquetry with France; then well-furnished coffers and moderate expenditure, now luxury and empty purses." He does battle with the tendency of the Germans to construct systems, and says, that though they think profoundly on all subjects, it does not result in action; and he inveighs against a mode of education which communicates mere learning, but infuses no vital power. He had a clear insight into the causes of the approaching calamity, which he ascribed principally to the want of spirit and national character in the army. He says of merit and nobility, "They should never be opposed to each other. Nobility is previous merit; merit, future nobility. The time is come when the pedantry of the parade-ground cannot save the State from destruction. Fear of corporal punishment is not favourable to winning laurels, and the government of the stirrup must cease, or the rider, through sheer subordination, will sink to the level of his horse. It is no idle dream. Motives very different from these must lead the German armies into the field, and help them to win glorious victories. Mere hired soldiers can do us little service at the present crisis. These are novel ideas, but Buonaparte has taken care that they shall become better known, and at the battle of Austerlitz he wrote them so

plainly in the heavens in characters of fire, that they will still be legible to the cherubim at the day of judgment."

After the battle of Jena, Falk gave up writing for action. His warm heart occasioned him to turn his attention to helping his enslaved and impoverished countrymen. The French had taken possession of Weimar and the surrounding country, and, according to their custom, were exacting large sums of money. The French officials required an interpreter, to enable them to collect the imposts demanded in money and provisions. Wieland advised that Falk should be secretary to the French commission; and he accepted the office, in the hope of being of service to his countrymen. He exercised his functions with equal courage and prudence, and especially endeavoured, with his loving sympathy for the oppressed, to shield them from severity and outrage. His labours among the country-people acquired for him the name of the "kind councillor," and in consideration of them, the Grand Duke of Weimar afterwards gave him the title of Councillor of Legation, the order of the Falcon, and a salary. He lived through the years of bondage, after the misfortunes of 1806, without mental subjection to Napoleon: indeed, we have evidence that he confidently hoped for the overthrow of the tyrant by the hand of God. The year of deliverance came. Just before the battle of Leipsig, the army, under the Duke of Ragusa, lately arrived from Spain, came into the Duchy of Weimar. They disposed of the produce of the fields, the houses, and even of the inhabitants, in the most despotic manner. The people were panic-struck, and wandered about in terror amidst the smoke of burning villages.

Falk's heart was touched by the misery around him, and, in order to try to lessen it, he left his family, and rushed into the tumult; and, though single-handed, his trust in God and love for his fellows made him a host in himself. Whenever any special tyranny was being practised he was quickly on the spot. He courageously snatched the booty from the soldiers, and restored it to the owners. His capacious pockets were stored with purses, watches, and wedding-rings, intrusted to him by

the people. Wherever he went his eyes were met by dire distress. Whole wheatsheaves were thrown to the horses instead of straw, and the roads were strewn with ears of corn. Horses were stolen and sold again for a few florins; flocks of sheep were shorn, and then roasted; oxen were taken from the plough to the fire. When wood was scarce, the soldiers sometimes tore down the stairs to feed the surrounding fires. Falk felt that this state of things must be altered. If compassion did not lead to it, it must be brought about by the fear that the people, driven to despair, might rise in rebellion, when a general slaughter would ensue. He wrote to the French general, De Cœhorn, who had discretion enough to place a company of soldiers at Falk's disposal. He went with them through the Duchy of Weimar and the surrounding country, and, as far as possible, defended the people from cruelty and oppression, and restored law and order.

The battle of Leipsig changed the scene. Advancing and insolent troops were replaced by wretched fugitives. The French army was scattered through Thuringia. Pestilence was now the scourge which, like a pale angel of death, hovered over the land. The fugitive soldiers felt that he was pursuing them; he shook the deadly poison from his wings over towns and villages, where the inhabitants were already half dead with fright and hunger. In one village there were sixty orphans mourning for their parents. The pale messenger also knocked at Falk's door, and called away four of his six blooming children; he was himself seized with illness, and was so sick at heart that he was ready to wish for death. "But that is just like us poor mortals," he said. "We are all ready to make tabernacles, that we may abide on Mount Tabor with Moses and Elias, but we do not like the nights on Golgotha, nor to watch through the trying hours with our Lord at Gethsemane, nor to bear the cross nor the crown of thorns after Him, nor to sweat blood. No, this brings terror and dismay into the heart of the natural man. Oh! it is very hard in hours of such bitter trial to say 'Thy will be done' with a truly honest and resigned heart." Falk recovered his health entirely, and was

also cured of his errors, of his contempt for society, and his indifference towards God. National and family sorrows had opened his heart for the glad reception of the streams of love which flow from the cross. From the year when Germany regained her independence his whole life was devoted to helping the distressed. He had gained the confidence of the people through his previous exertions; and now artisans wanting help before they could go to work again, peasants in need of seed-corn, and, above all, hundreds of orphaned and desolate children, who could only keep themselves from starving by begging and stealing, came to him for aid. He established the "Society of Friends in Need." He put forth appeals at Weimar, Jena, Eisenach, &c., and sums of money were subscribed monthly to form a fund for placing out poor boys to learn a trade.

Various good works, which were afterwards divided into separate departments, were combined in embryo in Falk's labours. His original idea was not to place children in an asylum, but to find homes for them in families, and he succeeded in placing out hundreds in this manner. But he could not altogether dispense with the plan of an institution. He had always about twelve children in his own house. He kept the new ones there for a time that he might become acquainted with them; he did not like to give up those who were especially destitute, and youths who were to receive a better education, to fit them to become pastors, belonged to his family. They were expected to assist him with the children, and may be regarded as the origin of the societies of lay brothers.

In course of time more children were gathered around him in a house built for the purpose, and he kept up regular intercourse with those who were otherwise provided for. Every evening he held a Bible class with those who were destined to enter the Church, and music and singing were also practised. For the girls there was a sewing, knitting, and spinning school. All children under the care of the society were expected to attend a Sunday school at the institution.

Thus a beautiful work of Christian charity grew out of the prevailing distress. It was a fresh manifestation of the love with which August Hermann Francke had devoted himself to children a hundred years before. It sprang from the same source, the love of God revealed to us in Christ, and the object was the same, to train souls for the kingdom, but the manner of carrying it out was very different.

Falk's religion was far removed from ecclesiastical orthodoxy. His horror of the hideousness of sin, which met his eyes in a thousand forms, was combined with admiration for the natural goodness of the human heart, and he seemed sometimes to assume a mysterious good or evil destiny for particular persons, as if his views retained a trace of his early education in the predestinarianism of the Reformed Church. The rationalistic doctrine, that all men might be made good by education, excited his indignation, and he would not allow his pupils to attend the preaching of a rationalistic minister at Weimar. But, on the other hand, he did not accept the Scriptural doctrine of the atonement. He did not realise the wrath of God at the sight of sin, the necessity of a sacrifice, or the immensity of the fact that the Son of God should die for sinners.

Love was everything to him; it was his God. In his Saviour he beheld the incarnation of everlasting love, and when he gazed upon the cross, as he often did, he had less of the feeling that it was "for me" than that it was "an example to me," and it gave him fresh strength to follow his Saviour.

But it was not so much that he was opposed to the doctrines of the Church as that he had not attained to them. Many of the noble philanthropists of his day were more disposed to assist him in his labours, because they were not repulsed by an odour of orthodoxy; yet at Weimar he was regarded as a mystic, and the orthodox party were certainly justified in giving him their support. "God has diverse sorts of flowers in His garden of Paradise," said Blockmann, a pious man at Dresden, and he rejoiced in Falk's labours of love. And surely not without reason. If he was wanting in the definite

Christian doctrines which were peculiar to pietism, there was more of cheerfulness in his system, and an absence of constraint. There was something depressing and gloomy in the pietistic mode of education. It laid too much stress on sorrow for sin, and the need of renouncing the world; it did not attain to being in the world, but not of it, to receiving with gratitude all the creatures of God, and to rejoicing in adoption as His sons.

There was not sufficient allowance made for children; they were expected to have an experience of sin and grace which can only be looked for in mature years, and as the result of the purifying fires of sorrow.

It was considered wrong to play and to give way to naturally joyous spirits, and the pleasures of music were denied them, unless it breathed the tone of the most decided Christian faith.

It was very different under Falk's rule. He brought to his work a warm heart, full of love for the people, but he preserved all the freshness and versatility of his poetical nature, and in his efforts to train up the children, to gain their affections, to make goodness attractive to them, and to deliver them from sin and the snares of the devil, he knew how to avail himself of every resource, and could turn to account old things and new, youthful troubles, and the trials of mature age, gravity and laughter, national dialect and popular songs.

He lived with the children; he devoted to them the very best that he had to bestow. He was engaged early and late in guiding the household both in moral and in temporal matters; letters were continually being dispatched as messengers of Christian love, or as admonitions to others to exercise it; daily and hourly there was some one to be taught, comforted or punished, or there were disputes to be adjusted. And when a new child came he had a wonderful tact in feeling its pulse and discerning its disposition by the most natural conversation.

Thus the son of a farmer, a little boy from Poppendorf, once came to him, who already had an idea of being a minister, and considered it beneath his dignity to help to drive in his father's cows. Falk asked him whether Poppendorf was a town or a village.—“A village.”—“Then I wonder you should have come

to Weimar to find out what a cow is. Or do you know how much we have to thank these good creatures for? It does not seem to me that you do. But now to change the subject. When a good maid rises early, and goes out with her basket and sickle into the green meadow, and cuts the dewy grass, it makes a rustling noise, does it not?"—"Yes."—"And when a wealthy sluggard dozes all the beautiful morning inside his silken curtains, they rustle too, do they not?"—"Yes."—"And which sort of rustling do you suppose is most pleasing to the Lord God, the rustling of the dewy grass under the sickle, or the rustling of the sluggard's silk curtains?"—"The rustling of the grass."—"Good; but why so?"—Here the little man seemed to have come to the end of his ideas. "I will tell you, my son. Suppose the silk curtains rustle for ten or twelve years, what will come of it?"—"Nothing."—"But if the sickle sparkling in the morning light rustles for six or seven years, and the basket filled with clover is faithfully taken to the cowhouse, what will become of the little calves and yearlings who look for the flowery food from the hands of the good maid, and lick them in their gratitude?"—"Fine large cows."—"And they fill the pantry with milk and butter and cheese, and the children have rosy cheeks, and are thriving and merry, and the flocks and herds disport themselves in the green fields, and praise the Lord who created us all, and they can in no wise do without the good maid as an instrument of their support. How, my boy? and so you do not like in fine bright weather to help to drive in such noble creatures, to whom we owe so much? My town boys know better than that. They know that the calling of a farmer is a high one. Now boys, strike up our fine old song in praise of a country life, that this little boy from Poppendorf may hear it, and be ashamed of his pride." And the boys sang a song of Falk's. "Did you understand it? Who was Moses?"—"A man of God."—"And David?"—"Another man of God, who made psalms which we learn at school."—"You do not look to me as if you were ever likely to be a David, or to make psalms and hymns, and yet you disdain to do things that these men of God undoubtedly did, for Moses

kept the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law, forty years, and David kept his father's sheep when his brothers were encamped with Saul against the Philistines. Off with you! you are such a simpleton, that you do not even know what a good maid is intrusted with in the care of an earthly flock, and how should the Lord intrust you with His sheep, or take you for His servant?"

However cutting such a reception might be, its effect was generally like the wound of a barbed hook which holds the victim fast. The liberty which the children enjoyed proved their strongest bond. Falk said, "All our chains are forged from within; we disdain the use of those that are put on outside, for it is written, 'When Christ shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed;' but then the converse must also be true, 'When Christ puts you in fetters you must be content to forego wandering over hill and dale.' We cannot too greatly enlarge the kingdom of Christian freedom. Do fathers and mothers ever lock the door to prevent their children from running away from them? Then if this is not necessary at home, why in other places? Or is human nature twofold, and at variance with itself in the matter of love? No, it cannot be so, but Christ and the Scriptures are right in saying that love overcomes everything—doors, locks, drawbridges, gates, and wicked men."

In this confidence in the power of love, he once said to a pupil who had run away several times, after pointing out his folly, "God is all-powerful, and yet He does not compel any one to be saved! Now, listen to me. In order that you may not lose your way when you run away, if that is still your intention, I will tell you that there are two gateways here; if you wish to go to Frankfort, the nearest way is through Luther's Alley; but if you are going to Leipsig you should go through the other gate. They are opened at six in the morning, and shut at ten at night; so now you can act accordingly." The boy actually ran away once more, but came back in tears, and ever after humbled himself before God.

It was undoubtedly the love, of which the children could not fail to be conscious in Falk's presence, that kept them from

running away. His mode of teaching was never dry and abstract; he brought everything vividly before the view of their minds; and when he talked to them of the love of God, it was illustrated by familiar examples.

The boys sang hymns at their work, many of them composed for them by Falk. He wrote a history of Luther for them in rhyme, in the style of Hans Sachs, and interspersed it with spirited songs. He often took his children out to roam with him over the Thuringian hills, that they might be familiar with the sacred lessons taught by the stars of heaven and the flowers of the field, and with the voice of God in the wailing of the wind and the rustling of the forest.

Falk devoted himself entirely to this work of rescuing poor children. Everything that happened in his own family seemed to give him a fresh impulse to take up their cause. In March, 1819, God took from him his own Edward, a hopeful youth of nineteen. Overwhelmed with grief, the parents and brothers and sisters were sitting by the lifeless body. An hour after his death, some one knocked at the door. "Oh," exclaimed the poor mother, "if I could but see you coming in at the door, my poor Edward, but once more!" A boy of fourteen came in, saying, "You have taken pity on so many poor children from our neighbourhood, do take pity on me. I have had neither father nor mother since I was seven years old." And the address, which began in tears, ended in sobs. The poor mother, who was still prostrate at the feet of her son, started up, and raising her weeping eyes to heaven, exclaimed, "Oh, my God! thou still sendest us the children of strangers, whom we so willingly take in, and takest away our own!"

The boy was received; but the parents, and particularly the mother, were so affected by this grief that they were advised to try for a time the quiet of a country life. They went to the foot of the Wartburg, near Eisenach, and were refreshed by the pleasant country and the inspiriting memories connected with the castle. After visiting Frankfort, they returned to their children in the autumn.

For two years God granted them rest from sorrow, but then

their daughter Angelica, a girl of sixteen, died after a short illness. They were well practised in saying, "Thy will be done," and did not weary in the work which God had given them to do.

And, just at this juncture, fresh courage was needed in carrying it on. The landlord of the house in which Falk had conducted his refuge suddenly gave them notice to quit.

He sought diligently for another, but could find no suitable place. A report was spread that Falk was going into Luther's Alley. There was in this place a large, old, ruined, and desolate house, which had formerly belonged to a Count von Orlamünde. Falk's first remark when he heard the report was, that he "would not wish to be there if he were dead." But not having been able to find any other house, the thought darted into his mind, "Suppose I do go into Luther's Alley, and, with the children's help, turn the old house into a new one." It was no sooner said than done. The house was bought; 5,000 dollars were to be paid within a given time, and there was not a farthing in hand; and then there was the building to be set about. "Trust in God, trust in God, my friends," said Falk; "if we consider our plans well in God's name, and put our hands cheerfully to a work which is pleasing to Him, we get all that we want, and often even more."

And he did put his hand bravely to the work. He sent messengers through Germany and Holland, furnished with printed accounts of what he was doing, and they sent home the funds that were intrusted to them. Falk contributed more than 3,000 dollars himself from his own property or the profits of authorship. And while he and his assistants were thus providing the funds, the pupils were hard at work on the new building.

From that time every boy lived for half a year in Falk's house before being apprenticed to a master, and journeymen who could not get work found employment with him. The old house was pulled down, and the foundation-stone of the new one laid, in 1823.

The following benediction, sealed with Falk's seal, was laid with the stone :—

“May no fire destroy thee!
 No floods overflow thee!
 Mayst thou prosper, House Weimar!
 May the Fatherland honour thee!” *

It was built in accordance with the following resolution :—

“A house shall be built in Luther's Alley, in which every tile on the roof, every lock on the doors, every chair and table in the rooms, shall be the work of Falk's sons.”

His benediction, when it was finished, was in these words :—“As long as this house is open to poor children, the blessing of God will rest upon it and its inhabitants; but from the moment when its doors are unmercifully closed against them, His blessing will depart from it.” And a black marble tablet was placed upon it, with this inscription :—“After the battles of Jena, Lützen, and Leipsig, the ‘Friends in Need’ caused this house to be built by two hundred rescued boys, as an everlasting thank-offering to the Lord.”

And when the house itself was built, Falk devoted himself with more zeal and spirit than ever to building up the characters and caring for the souls of the youthful fraternity. It enabled him to keep a larger number of them around him. He had much satisfaction in his pupils. Many honest master-workmen, efficient schoolmasters, and devoted pastors, were indebted to him for rescuing them from poverty and neglect, and training them up to be useful members of society.

One of Falk's pupils, John Denner, has given us an account of his life. He was a poor boy, who was induced by his great desire for knowledge to leave his home near the forests of Thuringia, and in the year 1822 he was adopted by Falk, and was before long employed to assist him in writing, and honoured

* “Kein Feuer zerstöre dich!
 Kein Wasser verheere dich!
 Haus Weimar mehre dich!
 Und das Vaterland ehre dich!”

with his affection. He was afterwards sent out as a travelling collector for Falk's institution. After Falk's death he experienced many remarkable leadings of Providence, and at length attained to the long-wished-for office of a pastor in Würtemberg. From Denner's life we have a picture of Falk in his later years. Nothing could be more amiable and confiding than the intercourse which the friend of Goethe, with all his learning and knowledge of the world, maintained with this young man. He wrote charming letters to him, varying in tone from genial humour to deep seriousness. "When you get to the Baltic, and hear the murmur of its waves, give my love to it, and tell it that the poor John who came from its shores has hushed the tears and sighs of many, but he has shed many a tear and heaved many a sigh himself. You wished for a long and large letter, and yet you are so little yourself; but I cannot refuse it to you. God bless you, my dear fellow, in all your ways. May an invisible escort of angels encompass you, and bear you up in their hands, lest you dash your foot against a stone.

"P.S.—By mistake, you will get a letter on gilt-edged paper. Do not be puffed up by it, and, when your pockets are empty, you can cut off the edge; and then you can at least say that you are never without gold. If I had any gold dust, I would powder the whole letter with it."

When Denner wrote to him of his stay in the island of Rügen, he answered, "My dear faithful Elisha! (2 Kings ii.) While I have been sitting here on Mount Carmel, and looking up to the Lord, you have been at Rügen, and have been listening to His voice in the murmurs of the Baltic waves! May God lead you on in health and happiness, and open hearts to you which, like ours, beat warmly for humanity, and which belong not to the day or to the hour, but to all eternity. When God calls me hence, whether it be in the thunder or in the gentle breeze, if I can leave you a little bit of my mantle I shall rejoice to do so. Then you shall smite the waters with it, and pass dryshod through all the sea of troubles which men have to go through here on earth! You have not only been taught

by, but have learnt from your master to believe firmly in God, and to trust in Him at all times, good or bad. I am so glad, my dear, good Denner, that even in youth you had a pure heart, for the pure in heart shall see God. The pious Spener says, 'Prayer is the breath of the soul. Without it the soul perishes, just as the body perishes without the breath.' It is the heart that prays with groanings that cannot be uttered. Watch and pray then, my son, for from the pleasure you take in prayer you will be able to judge how you stand with God. The more freely your soul can breathe, the nearer it is to God. You say that you often have to talk to learned men by the hour about our institution. Take comfort and courage, my dear Denner. Your heart is faithful to God, and full of nature, truth, and simplicity. They will judge from you what we are doing for popular education here in Luther's Alley; that we are not turning out crafty, cunning rogues, or puffed-up fools, but honest and true men, whose calling it is to speak truth with simplicity, and, still better, to do good with simplicity of heart. We must humbly submit to everything that the Lord requires from us in His service.

"Now, my dear good Denner, may the Lord bless your going out and your coming in, as He has done hitherto. He who was so gracious to shepherds and fishermen can extend the kingdom of His love by means of poor boys out of Luther's Alley if it be His will. Ungodly men may hiss at us and gape upon us with their mouths, but the Lord will not suffer us to be put to shame."

When Denner was making his second journey in Holland and the Rhenish provinces in 1825 and 1826, Falk could not conceal from him in his letters that he was very ill. On October 25th he wrote, "Pray for your sick father, who, as he lies awake many an hour on his couch, commends you to the protection of the Almighty." And a week later, "I can neither walk, stand, nor sit, nor scarcely move at all. I cannot sleep a wink the whole night. All my appetite is gone, and the least movement makes me feel as if pierced with a thousand knives. They call this dreadful disease, which is worse than death,

sciatica, and it grinds a poor man to nothing. May God, who has laid this new and heavy cross upon me, help me to honour Him by bearing it with patience and composure." And then he says, in touching words, how it comforts him in his sufferings to know that, through the exertions of the young men who are collecting for it, the institution will be provided for.

Four weeks later he wrote, "God has heard my prayers, my dear son; the burning pain in my bones, like the fires of hell, has ceased." And to the letter which was dictated to his daughter, he added with his own hands a few lines in rhyme, expressive of his affection for Denner, and his conviction that he should be spared to see him again.

But the disciple did not see his master again on earth. His illness returned. He wrote, "If you want to know my condition read the 102nd Psalm."

But his strong faith kept his mind clear. "Look around you, my son," he wrote again. "We live in a lazaretto, where there is no end to the sighing and dying, the parting and heart-breaking. But the children of this world give little heed to it. They are like frivolous French commissioners, who could arrange a dance in the upper rooms while the groans of the dying were heard in those below. Yes, sound the trumpets lest the cries of the dying should reach your ears, and your delicate nerves should be pained and your pleasure marred while merry dances and intoxicating drinks have sent you into the third heaven. There, my dear Denner, you have a picture of the world and its miserable frivolity. God sent us into the world to oppose this state of things, and through fearful trials He has marked me out as a man of sorrows. Blessed are they who through great tribulation enter into the kingdom of heaven!"

He preached a most powerful sermon by his patience, and triumph over suffering. As he said, he went through the experience of Job; but he resisted the tempter, and employed every moment of ease in praising God and exerting himself for his children. They came to his bedside for their lessons; and until the very last day, he ruled the house, and dictated. He

dictated a poem on the 'Invincible Armada' of Philip II., in the destruction of which he clearly traced the hand of God, and three days before his death he wrote the preface to his 'Lutherbüchlein,' in which he had related the story of the reformer in popular rhymes. He then made his will, and let his daughter read it in the presence of an attorney. When she came to the epitaph which he had composed for himself, she burst into tears; he repeated it himself, and then said, "Go on, my daughter; be a heroic girl!"

On the 14th of February he wished to take the communion. It was administered to him by one of his greatest opponents, who afterwards became one of his warmest admirers. Soon the last conflict began, and only unconnected words were intelligible,—God—popular—faith—short—Christ—full stop.

The victory was won.

Three days afterwards Falk's pupils laid his body to rest in the family vault. The epitaph on a simple stone still marks the spot where he lies under the shadow of the lime-trees.

The author of this sketch will not soon forget the fine June morning on which he paid a visit to Falk's grave. In going through Weimar he had lingered before the houses in which our great poets, Falk's friends, once lived, and the monuments which a grateful posterity has erected to their memory. He had gazed upon the frescoes in the grand ducal palace, in which the painter has represented the subjects of the most remarkable poems of the mighty men who were once assembled at Weimar, and Schwind's wonderful sculpture representing the legend of the seven ravens. Then he wandered into the churchyard, which rises gently from the town. The princely vault was shown to him in which the poet-princes repose side by side with the princes of Saxony.

There were fresh garlands on the coffins, but it was cold and gloomy, and the soul was seized with a melancholy conviction that all the glory of man fadeth as the flower of grass. But it was more cheerful outside: thousands of roses bloomed amongst the graves, the birds were singing, and the blue sky extended over the city of the living and the resting-place of the

dead; and the wanderer was consoled when under the shadow of the lime-trees he found on the churchyard wall John Falk's epitaph, which gives the glory to the Saviour.

“Where the limes their shadows trace,
Pardoned through his Saviour's grace,
Hath John Falk his resting-place.

“He who left his friends and home,
By the distant Baltic's foam,
With a sacred call to roam.

“Stranger children, here who tread
Lightly o'er his resting head,
Breathe a blessing o'er the dead.

“‘Holy Father, thou wilt bless
Him who was in our distress
Father of the fatherless!

“‘As he did for children care,
May he in thy mansions fair
All thy children's blessings share.’”

CHAPTER XVII.

SULPIZ BOISSERÉE.

WE conclude the series of our sketches with one of the most efficient promoters of German Christian art at the time of German ignominy. An essential element would be wanting in our delineation of renewed religious life, if we were to omit notice of the fresh impulse which was given to Christian art. There is an intimate connection between Christianity and art. From the earliest times, the reception of the Gospel by a nation has given a new meaning and a higher tone to art, and art has ever been at the service of religion. And it is not only in the Roman Catholic Church, in which the outward and visible predominates over the inward and spiritual, that art can render service to religion; we have in the Protestant community the words of the great Reformer as a watchword to incite us to strive after perfection in art. "Neither am I of opinion that all the arts should be neglected and perish for the sake of the Gospel, as some over-zealous ecclesiastics hold; on the contrary, I should like to see all the arts, especially music, in the service of Him who gave and created them."

Herein lies the connection of art with religion, that the arts are a gift and creation of God. The more clearly an artist perceives that art is a gift of God, the more he will aspire and, as it were, stretch out his arms to Christ, the unsullied likeness of God, the express image of His person; the better qualified he will be to represent scenes from the blessed life of the Son of God and man, and from the lives of his followers, and to create foretastes, in an artistic sense, of the perfecting of our life in the heavenly kingdom.

As long as man realises in his heart that the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, so long will human hands strive to make the Word flesh by artistic representations, to clothe eternal love in visible form, to permeate matter with spirit, to elevate the natural into the sphere of the spiritual life.

But when religion has lost its power to bring down the divine into our life, to consecrate the things of sense by raising them to the regions of the divine,—when Christianity has become an empty name, and the Church a mere form, art becomes powerless also.

In past centuries German Christian art was very fertile. But when Christianity and nationality were at a low ebb, not only had creative power disappeared, but all appreciation of the monuments of art was lost, of the old German pictures with their holy simplicity, of the ancient churches with their symbolic details, and the powerful impression they produced of aspiration towards heaven.

Uhland's legend of the lost church had become a truth. Service was still heard in the church, but who accepted the message that was delivered in it? The churches were still standing, but who knew that they were wonderfully beautiful? But as the poet relates of himself, that as he wandered alone, looking upwards to God from amidst the ruins, the lost church revealed itself to his mind, so Sulpiz Boisserée wandered alone, or with but few companions, amidst the ruins of our nationality and religion, amidst the still standing but unappreciated monuments of ancient glory, and the lost church was again revealed to him:—

“The heavens were clear and darkly blue,
 The sun was shining full and bright,
 A proud cathedral to my view
 Rose glowing in the golden light.
 I thought the clouds that floated by,
 Like angels' wings, were gliding o'er,
 And far into the tranquil sky
 The pinnacle appeared to soar.

“ Now tolled the bell, with solemn clang,
 It swung melodious in the tower ;
 Yet, 'twas no human hand that rang,
 It was the storm's supernal power.
 It seemed to strike my heart, which beat
 With mingled wonder, joy, and pain ;
 With strange delight and trembling feet
 I stepped into the lofty fane.”

Although the massive form of the cathedral of Cologne must always have made it a conspicuous object, Sulpiz Boisserée had, as it were, to show it again to his countrymen ; and he may be said to have discovered the ancient German pictures, though they were everywhere to be seen in churches, monasteries, and halls.

It was the great work of his life to direct attention to the treasures of ancient German painting and architecture, and we class it among those which contributed to the renewal of religious life. This sketch will introduce us to one of the most amiable of our countrymen ; to a devout Christian, whose mind was open to the manifold interests of humanity ; to a Roman Catholic, who appreciated every incitement to a higher life wherever found ; to an enthusiast in art, whose interest in it was not merely fugitive and transitory, but who devoted to it a long life of most effective labour.

The French-sounding name of Boisserée owes its fame to two excellent Germans, the brothers Sulpiz and Melchior. The family came from near Liège, anciently a constituent part of the German empire. Hadrian Boisserée, the grandfather of the celebrated picture-collector, was a government *employé* of some note, first at Huys and afterwards at Stockem, near Maestricht. A wealthy and childless maternal uncle, Nicholas de Tongre, invited Hadrian's son Nicholas to Cologne, where he was introduced into his uncle's business, and became his chief heir. He married Mary Magdalena Brentano, the daughter of an eminent merchant of Cologne. Eleven children were born to them, of whom but one died in infancy. The youngest were the brothers Sulpiz, born in 1783, and Melchior, three years

younger. Their mother was a devout Roman Catholic, who was fond of associating with priests and nuns, and they were always welcome at her house. She died before Sulpiz was seven years old, and the father, who took a high position, not only as a merchant but as a member of the town council, followed her three years afterwards.

The little orphan grew up under the care of his grandmother, and amidst the influences of the Catholic city. His youthful mind was very susceptible to the charms of nature. He shouted for joy when, on the occasion of a visit to the monastery of Langwaden, he first saw a forest; and every autumn he revelled in the delights of a country life on his parents' estate at Wesseling; and the mountains and rocks on the banks of the Upper Rhine made a deep impression upon him. But it was the influence of the Roman Catholic Church, by which he was so surrounded in his native city, that gave the prevailing colour to his youthful days.

His godfather, John Sulpiz Pols, was the provost of Langwaden. When the boy paid him a visit, he considered it a great honour to wait upon him when he performed mass, and the nuns at the nunnery almost smothered the provost's god-child with caresses. When the provost came to the city, the grandmother always had the best guest-chamber, with the crimson silk curtains and coverlet, prepared for him; and Sulpiz was pleased to have the honour of kissing his hand, and of admiring the beautiful sapphire ring which he wore as an ensign of his dignity.

The eldest son of the Boisserée family had chosen the Church as his profession, and often took Sulpiz with him on his visits to churches and monasteries. When the boys went to school they were taught by ecclesiastics. Gorgeous processions, churches, and monasteries were continually before their eyes.

Sulpiz was confirmed in his seventh year, and in his twelfth, "well prepared, but not without anxious scruples," he partook of the communion. On this occasion his brother, the priest, gave him Stolberg's 'Homer,' an indication that poetry was not excluded from this ecclesiastical atmosphere. Moreover, at that

time, people adhered to ecclesiastical usages and institutions rather from habit than from any profound conviction of their importance. There was nothing strict or gloomy in the aspect of the Roman Catholic Church. When Sulpiz visited Bonn he saw the elector and archbishop, only condescending to witness the procession of the festival of Corpus Christi from a balcony ; and he sometimes merely drove up to a church-door to hear mass, and listened to it from outside, whip and bridle in hand.

Soon after his first communion Sulpiz was expected to begin work in the counting-house, but he still had some lessons to learn as well, and, although so young, he read Jean Paul and Shakspeare with his bosom friend. The family, however, thought it best to send the boy from home for a time. Hamburg was selected, and it would have been difficult to find any place where the influences would have been in greater contrast to those of Cologne, especially when it is considered that Hamburg was then the seat of a newly awakened philosophical and poetical life.

Sulpiz obtained introductions to the families of Sieveking and Reimarus, and arrived in the old Hanse town, in 1798, when he was just fifteen years of age. His situation did not give him much to do, and he took lessons in the laws of commerce, mathematics, physics, and in architectural drawing. His visits to the houses of Reimarus and Sieveking introduced him to the intellectual life which was then stirring in Germany. During the latter part of his residence at Hamburg he lived in the house of Elise Reimarus, but his favourite haunt was Perthes' shop. There the newest publications were always to be found, and those that were well spoken of in the reviews stood ready bound for sale. Intercourse with the bookseller himself was improving, and incited the youth to mental culture. Perthes' own circumstances had been somewhat similar to those of Sulpiz, and, with his characteristic kindness and readiness to serve others, the man of ripe experience condescended to the boy, aided him in his course of reading, and gained his lasting affection. With enlarged ideas and loftier aims, as the result of his two years' residence at Hamburg, Sulpiz returned

to his native city. With anxious care, his brothers, aided by their grandmother's advice, sought to make home pleasant to him. A horse was at his disposal, and some pleasant rooms were prepared for his own private use in an ancient house which stood in the garden. As far as was possible he continued his Hamburg life, surrounded himself with pictures, books, and reminiscences of it, and corresponded with Perthes about completing his collection of books. A spark of intellectual aspiration, which could not be satisfied with an ordinary business life, had fallen into his mind, and it soon burst into a flame. It was in the summer of 1801 that he met at his bookbinder's a young man with curling hair and sparkling eyes, who arrested his attention by his spirited and intellectual remarks upon literary subjects. This stranger was under the influence of the brothers Schlegel, who were just then setting up new criterions of poetic merit, and daring boldly to tear off laurels, the possession of which had been hitherto undisputed, and to distribute them afresh. Sulpiz, who was accustomed to the more sober judgment of the Hamburg circles, entered into a friendly dispute with this disciple of the romantic school, which was continued on their way home.

This was the beginning of a friendship with his fellow-citizen, John Baptist Bertram, which lasted during the whole of their lives, and was much blessed by God. Bertram was seven years older than Sulpiz, and their daily intercourse caused the mind of the latter to emerge from its chrysalis state. Bertram made him acquainted with the modern romantic school; directed his attention from the sphere of every-day life to the realms of poetry, from conventionalism to the freedom of nature, and from a mere interest in humanity in general to the claims of patriotism. While Sulpiz was from home at Aix-la-Chapelle, he and his friend kept up a diligent correspondence, and discussed the most important questions of life. On his return to Cologne, Sulpiz had made up his mind that nothing but a course of study could satisfy his mental longings, and Bertram assured him that it was not too late for a zealous youth of nineteen to lay the necessary foundation. His elder

brothers did not approve of the scheme, but his grandmother and guardian consented, and he began diligently to study the Latin authors and philosophy, in the hope of going to the University of Jena in the autumn of 1803.

But God directed Sulpiz Boisserée into another path, which led to that which he was ultimately to follow.

His brother Melchior, whose mind was infected with the enthusiasm of Sulpiz and Bertram for mental culture, was obliged by matters of business to reside for nine months at Antwerp. Sulpiz went to see him there, and visited the glorious monuments of the architecture of the Middle Ages in that city, Louvain, Brussels, and Malines. The few pictures which had not been taken to Paris excited the desire to see the spoils which had been collected there. After his return, these ideas were strengthened by the perusal of works of art by various disciples of the romantic school, which to some were like sealed fountains, to others springs of living water. The works of Goethe, Tieck, Wackenroder, and Schlegel, increased the desire of Sulpiz to see the art-treasures of Paris. Artists and connoisseurs were going thither in swarms. The young enthusiasts of Cologne, whose tastes had been confirmed by acquaintance with Hofman, the artist of that city, and Peter Cornelius at Düsseldorf, were eager to follow their example; and, like a party of students merely making an excursion, they suddenly set out on their journey on foot, in the autumn of 1803.

We may be sure that the young Germans enjoyed to the full the treasures of art of which so many lands had been spoiled. But, again, things did not turn out according to their expectations.

They made the acquaintance of Frederic Schlegel, who had betaken himself to Paris to pursue his studies in Indian literature.

An eruptive complaint from which Sulpiz had previously suffered, returned, and confined him to the house, so that the plan of going to Jena was abandoned. Schlegel proposed to the young men to spend the winter in Paris, and to live with him, and he promised to give them lectures.

They agreed. Sulpiz found a careful nurse in Schlegel's wife, and all three derived great advantage from the lectures

which he delivered to them on Greek philosophy and ancient and modern literature. Under his guidance they visited the works of modern art, and studied Winklemann, while Mme. Schlegel cultivated their taste for music.

The household, and the visitors who came and went, formed a little German colony in the French capital—altogether German in its sentiments, although only a year later Mme. Schlegel was captivated with the French Emperor at Cologne. In the city which considered it to be its prerogative to give the tone in modes of life and thought to the world, a little handful of Germans maintained their own national tone; among the works of art collected from all countries, the spirit was unconsciously strengthened which afterwards demanded their return; under the eyes of the man who was then intending to assume the imperial crown as a signal that he considered himself a universal monarch, the independent powers of these aspiring youths were ripening which afterwards fitted them to take part in the conflict which hurled the tyrant from his throne.

In their intercourse with Schlegel, perhaps Sulpiz and Melchior Boisserée were merely recipients, but Bertram, who was their senior, and who was distinguished by a clear and forcible manner of communicating his ideas, was capable of imparting new ones to the man of genius.

He interested him in Cologne; told him of its numerous monasteries and ecclesiastical foundations, of the churches and religious services, and the peculiar life in the old city on the Rhine. The church of Notre Dame, to which Schlegel's attention had just been drawn by his young friends, excited his desire to see the glorious cathedrals of Belgium, and in the Rhenish provinces. And as Cologne was likely to afford him opportunity of turning to account his unusually rich and varied learning, he was easily persuaded by his friends to go there.

He at once found temporary occupation at the University, and began giving lectures, and the trio of enthusiasts for German art began the labours which were to be the occupation of their lives.

The French dominion on the left shore of the Rhine led, as is well known, to the abolition of the prince-bishoprics, and of numberless monasteries and religious foundations.

While the friends were at Paris the monasteries and churches had been robbed of their pictures; those that had not been taken away by the displaced occupants, or sequestered by the government commissioners, had been, as Sulpiz relates, hastily sold to dealers. Like the German empire, the art-treasures of Germany had suffered shipwreck; the broken pieces of the ship were tossed ruthlessly about by the waves; whoever found anything worth saving was at liberty to save it, if perchance some new thing might be modelled after the old pattern.

The three friends were fired with the desire to save as much as possible from the wreck, and they had made a discovery which revealed to them what treasures there were to save.

Sulpiz relates, "Bertram had a recollection of the large altar-piece in the Chapel of the Rathhaus, which was highly spoken of in all the old books about Cologne. For several years it had disappeared. The office of patriarch, as the chaplain of the town council had been called, and with it divine service, had been abolished. During that period of commotion Professor and Canon Wallraf, who took great interest in the antiquities of the city, had had the picture removed into an out-of-the-way vault, whereby it was saved from destruction. Upon inquiry, we found that the picture had been lately reinstated in its place in the council-room; we hastened to see it, and we and Schlegel were greatly struck with its originality and beauty."

The impression made upon them by this picture excited their desire to save others, and a beginning was soon made. The following account is given by Sulpiz himself of the incident which was an era in the history of his own life, and that of modern art:—

"During the first few months after our return, as we were walking with Schlegel in the Newmarket, the great square of the city, we met a truck loaded with all sorts of furniture, among

which was an old painting, in which the glory round the head of a saint was seen glittering from a distance. It was a picture of the bearing of the cross, with the weeping women and Veronica, and seemed to possess some merit. I was the first to notice it, and asked after the owner. He lived in the neighbourhood, and, as he did not know what to do with it, he was glad to get rid of it for the price he named. Then arose the question how to get it home; and, in order to avoid observation and banter, we resolved to take the dusty old treasure in at the back door. But just as we reached it, who should come up but my grandmother! and, after looking at it for a little while, she said to the new and somewhat embarrassed owner, 'That is a touching picture you have bought; you have done well to buy it.' It was a benediction at the beginning of an eventful future."

From that time Sulpiz and Melchior Boisserée devoted themselves to seeking out and buying old pictures. When funds ran short, little treasures were sacrificed. At first their only idea was to get possession of anything that was offered them, and they bought without plan, but by degrees their practical interest in art led them to distinguish the style of various schools and the development of the art of painting, and they purchased and arranged their treasures so as to constitute a history of art.

Diligent mental culture went hand in hand with the practical energy that became the sons of a mercantile house. After a visit to Mme. de Staël at Coppet, and another winter spent at Paris, Schlegel returned to Cologne in 1805, and gave private lectures to his friends upon the whole range of philosophy, the laws of nature, and politics in the highest sense of the term. During the following winter, universal history was added to the course, and in 1806 he gave public lectures on logic, and critiques on the various systems of philosophy. The history which was then passing before the eyes of the nations, the unsparing criticism which annihilated decayed systems, the powerful logic of facts, prevented the young men from falling into a habit of mere philosophical speculation, and the writings

of Gentz and Johannes Müller, and especially Arndt's 'Spirit of the Age,' kept their patriotism aglow.

About this time Tieck's 'Minnelieder,' and Hagen's 'Nibelungen' were published, and found many admirers; and in 1807, Schlegel drew the attention of his pupils to this department of literature. Thus, just when German nationality was being trodden under foot, fresh elements of strength for its resuscitation were being developed unobserved. Continued occupation with ancient German art led to the discovery that the old paintings at Cologne by the brothers Van Eyck, like those of the contemporary Italian school, were after the style of the old Byzantine models, although it was developed with great originality, and this led to a project of making "as complete a collection as possible of the ancient German school of Cologne." Thus, a systematic aim was added to the occupation of the brothers with art as mere amateurs.

It was not long before a desire was excited to do something for Cologne cathedral,—that unfinished, ay, even decaying, monument of the enthusiasm and noble projects of our fathers. Sulpiz relates :

"In the spring of 1808 I got quite into a ferment about it. Schlegel's lectures were over. I was engrossed with art, with the collection of old German paintings, and with the study of the history of art, especially the architecture of the Middle Ages. I undertook to take measurements of the cathedral, and began to dream of a scheme for completing this fine monument of German greatness which had been so mournfully interrupted."

A host of difficulties, however, appeared in the way of the career on which he would fain have entered.

Bertram was too rash and impulsive; Melchior too young, and too much under Bertram's influence to be looked to for assistance. He could depend upon Schlegel's support, but since he had joined the Roman Catholic Church he had removed to Vienna. There was also Reinhard, the ambassador, whom Sulpiz had induced to settle at Cologne; and about this time he formed a friendship with Dr. Schmitz, an intelligent young

physician, which was of great value to him. He introduced Sulpiz into musical circles, and hearing the compositions of Handel and Mozart put him into such a state of rapturous enthusiasm, that for a month he almost daily noted down some outpouring of the heart. If, according to an expression of Görres, architecture is congealed music, we need not wonder that, at the time when Sulpiz was gazing in admiration at the cathedral, in which he beheld, as it were, the aspirations of the soul expressed in stone, he should listen eagerly to the harmonies which respond to them.

We will listen to the account he gives himself of his state of mind at this period:—

“I was overwhelmed with profound melancholy, to which my frail health may have contributed. I felt myself forsaken and alone, like one who has had to renounce all the joys of life, but who is yet thankful for the hope held out to him that (like a poor miner) he may be able to help forward a work which his happier brethren shall complete and enjoy, and then lovingly think of their departed comrade. It was in words like these that I clothed my ideas about Cologne cathedral. In my rapturous effusions I gave expression to the deepest feelings of the heart, the most subtle ideas of the mind, and discussed the profound questions of faith.

“The deep expression which, in nature as well as in art, lies in the eye and mouth, was at one time the subject of my rapt attention, and Raphael’s pictures seemed to hover as illustrations of it before my sight. At another time I was engrossed with the power and significance of music. How wonderful did its power appear to me in symphonies and concertos, when it expresses strength, might, and glory, sorrow, melancholy, and aspiration, and finally pleasure, joy, and triumph! What a life of the soul is revealed in song! What a world of wealth in dramatic, what sublimity in sacred music!

“At that time I began to apprehend, that a more or less conscious endeavour on the part of man to produce a new creation to the honour of God is the true origin of art. Architecture creates the dwelling-place; painting and sculpture

people it with representations of plants, animals, and men; music fills it with tones of harmony, and bears aloft to the triune Lord of Heaven the voice of prayer and praise. All my researches in the history of art and of the world, and the progress of the human mind, led me to observe the aspiration to a higher life which has always characterized civilized nations, and still continues to characterize them,—a perpetual desire to build up the city of God.

“It will be quite intelligible, therefore, that in this state of mind my enthusiastic effusions of poetic prose were concluded with an endeavour to give a lofty symbolic signification to the project of the completion of the cathedral of Cologne.”

God grants success to honest endeavour. Boisserée did not content himself with poetic dreams, and it was granted him to see the result of his projects and energy,—to see the continuation of the cathedral undertaken in earnest.

He had measurements and drawings of it made, and views of it executed as it would be when completed. He succeeded in having the picture in the council-chamber, before mentioned, removed into the cathedral, where, under the name of the Cologne cathedral picture, it is still the delight of all beholders.

“On Epiphany Sunday, 1810,” he relates, “I had the pleasure of seeing this ancient treasure shining in all its glory in the cathedral, and all the world hastening to worship and admire. It was one of the greatest pleasures I have ever experienced.”

In March, 1810, he set out on his travels with the drawings, and took up his quarters at Heidelberg. The university there was the seat of the romantic school, and new views on the subjects of religion and art had gone forth thence into the world. Boisserée expected to find more sympathy there for the passion of his life than at Cologne. But he did not remain stationary; he made excursions into all parts of the country where noteworthy architectural remains were to be found, and, wherever he went, he took his map and drawings of Cologne cathedral. He exhibited them to Schelling at Stuttgart, who said, to Boisserée’s great satisfaction, “It is really a mental

gain to have seen these views; they open up quite a new page of life, and a page of noble German life it is. This building is altogether great and glorious, like a work of nature; indeed, one may almost say that it is a work of nature," &c.

Sulpiz next negotiated with the publisher Cotta, and with skilful artists, about the publication of the views. Having been thus successful with Schelling, he was very desirous of interesting Goethe in his schemes, the poet to whom almost regal honours were paid. As a young man he had written pages on Strasburg cathedral imbued with a patriotic and artistic spirit; and though his interests had been turned away from Germany to the ancient classics, his sympathies were still warm for art.

In May, 1810, Boisserée had sent him the drawings with an explanatory letter. Goethe gave him a friendly answer, and invited him to Weimar, but the visit did not take place till the spring of 1811.

Sulpiz wrote to his brother Melchior, "I am just come from Goethe, who received me coldly and stiffly; but I was nothing daunted, and was stiff and by no means obsequious in return. He kept me waiting some time, and then came in with powdered hair, and with his ribbons in his button-holes, and addressed me as loftily as possible. I had a number of messages for him. 'Very good,' he replied. Then we spoke of the drawings, copper-plate engraving, the difficulties, the publication by Cotta, and all external matters connected with the subject. 'Yes; yes, indeed—hem, hem.' Then we got to the work itself, the fate and history of ancient art. I had determined to be as lofty as he was, and spoke of the beauty and excellence of the work in the cathedral as shortly as possible, observing that he must be already acquainted with it from the views. But he looked all the while as if he was ready to devour me. He did not thaw in the least till we got upon the subject of ancient painting."

At length the old gentleman became more friendly, and invited his visitor to dinner the next day. "Another visitor was announced," Boisserée continues, "and he gave me one or two fingers; but I think I shall soon have the whole hand. As

I passed into the ante-room, I saw a little old gentleman in black, and with silk stockings, go in with a profound bow. With him Goethe's loftiness would be in place. It is a wonder that a man who is constantly surrounded with flatterers and admirers, and who is looked upon by great and small as a star of the first magnitude, should be so ceremonious; but it ceases when he is confronted with any one who, while acknowledging his eminent merit, does not forget his own dignity."

A few days afterwards Boisserée wrote, "I am getting on capitally with the old gentleman. If I had but one finger the first day, the next I had the whole arm." Before leaving Weimar, Boisserée had entirely gained Goethe for his cause, and he says, "I experienced the rare pleasure of seeing a mind of the first order delivered from an error in which he had been untrue to himself." As Boisserée warmed with his subject, Goethe's heart warmed also, and this intercourse was the beginning of a friendship of which we have a memorial in the interesting correspondence which was continued till Goethe's death, in which his kindness, often obscured by advancing age and polite formalities, shines brightly forth, and in which Sulpiz Boisserée wins our admiration at once by his childlike devotion to the great man and his independent bearing in his presence.

The labours of the brothers Boisserée and Bertram, on behalf of old paintings and the cathedral, took place in the latest years of our country's ignominy. It is quite intelligible that these apostles of art, who were very practical men, did not wait for better times; indeed, we consider it to be an honour to them that they endeavoured to turn the unfavourable circumstances in which they were placed to account. With the cathedral especially, which in one part was in danger of falling down, delay would have been disastrous. All difficulties would be surmounted if Napoleon's government could be interested in the restoration. In the autumn of 1811, after Boisserée left Weimar, he went to Cologne, and Napoleon's mother was there also. A French newspaper reports, "Yesterday the most honourable and happiest of mothers came *incognito* to our city.

To-day she visited the port, and afterwards the treasures of our ancient cathedral. After the mass, Mr. Sulpiz Boisserée had the honour of exhibiting to her some views intended for a splendid work which he is going to publish in France and Germany, on this glorious monument of Gothic architecture. A number of our inhabitants looked on at a distance with reverence and admiration, and tried to discern in the countenance of the exalted princess the features of the adored ruler, whom we venture to hope we shall one day see again." Sulpiz describes the audience as the most hurried and confusing that he had ever had; it was all over in six minutes, but the lady was as friendly and gracious as this distinguished haste permitted. Sulpiz did not fail in making himself agreeable in the interests of his work. When the princess remarked that it was a pity the cathedral was unfinished, he answered, "Nothing is required to finish it, but the mandate of his Majesty, your son;" and he relates that such a ray of joy lighted up every feature of the imperial maternal countenance, that it was as if he had performed a miracle."

In the evening the prefect said to him, "Your cause prospers wonderfully. Madame will praise your work, and she is the third person in the empire, so it will be sure to succeed."

The daughter of the last of the German emperors seems to have received the adulation which was offered her as Empress of the French, in the ancient German city, with deep emotion. About 15,000 persons were in the cathedral. The Empress was received by the dean, with the choir and a crucifix under a canopy, and at the first sound of the drum, there was a mighty chorus of vivas, trumpets, drums, and military music. The Empress, deeply moved, proceeded with downcast and tearful eyes to her throne, where she threw herself upon her knees, and hid her face in her hands. After the *Te Deum*, she saw the cathedral treasures, and gave a few minutes' attention to Boisserée, and assured him that she would willingly accept the dedication of his work. Before it was published, however, the French rule was at an end.

The feelings of this genuine German, while pleading for the

cathedral before the French powers, because it was under their rule, are shown by some expressions in his letters.

In January, 1812, he wrote the following gloomy words to his young friend Behr:—"Your faithful, friendly, patriotic words have cheered my heart; it seldom happens to me that the affection I show to my young friends leaves so lasting an impression. Our ancient national virtue of constancy lives in but few breasts now; may these few cherish the treasure all the more carefully, though the heavens grow darker above us, and our minds more deeply depressed day by day. It is the only rock which stands secure against the storms of passion, and all the conflicts and troubles of life, for it is but another manifestation of the faith upon which God has built His everlasting Church. Had the Germans, like loving children of the same family, not lost faith in one another, if they had not given way to selfish suspicion and grovelling doubt, they would have remained to this day the greatest nation in the world, one and united; and we, their unhappy posterity, should not have been suffering the judgments of God. Do not think it strange, dear Behr, that I reply in this grave and solemn strain to the joyous expression of your patriotism. Whenever these sentiments are awakened, it calls forth my deepest grief, that with all her splendid talents and careful culture, torn asunder by discord and strife, like her most precious monument, our cathedral, our poor country lies in fragments, exposed to all the vicissitudes of fate."

One year more passed by, and as the edifice of German nationality was being again upreared, Sulpiz Boisserée began to indulge new hopes for the restoration of the cathedral. The year 1813 was spent in earnest, energetic labour for the furtherance of this end. When princes and statesmen were assembled at Frankfort after the battle of Leipsig, Sulpiz was soon among them, and the question arose, what was to become of Cologne, of the cathedral, and of the collections of ancient works of arts? What a different task it was to bring the subject before the German princes, from introducing it, as it had been needful to do, to the French!

“The life and stir here make one’s heart leap,” Sulpiz wrote from Frankfort to his brother Melchior. “Germans of all nations rejoicing together,—Bavarians, Würtembergers, Austrians, and Prussians, all one in the cause of deliverance and freedom. Thoughts of the Imperial progress to Brabant, and the arrival of the French at Cologne, came involuntarily into my mind, and I am continually praising God who has so ordered everything. In comparing that time with this, the change is so marked and instructive that it is impossible not to recognise the hand of God and His justice in the events of the last twenty years, and to feel one’s heart overflowing with holy reverence for His severe goodness.”

He found among the eminent men, princes, ministers, and generals, a better reception than he anticipated for the cause he was advocating. The Crown Prince of Prussia, the Grand Duchess Catherine, afterwards Queen of Würtemberg, and the Emperor Francis were interested in it, and Boisserée’s hopes rose high.

It would have been most in accordance with his wishes to have again made his home with his pictures at Cologne. During the progress of the victorious armies on the left shore of the Rhine he made many efforts on behalf of his native city. He hoped that it would be a centre of patriotic sentiments, and of German art and learning. He wrote to Rühle von Lilienstein: “That in this case we should return with our collection you may readily suppose, and we should be able to make ourselves very useful in other spheres besides those of art and literature, for our openly expressed patriotism and our collections have brought us into contact with the people and the ecclesiastics, and by rescuing the antiquities from destruction, we gained their esteem and affection, while the merchants and other educated people were laughing at us for spending so much money, time, and pains on these old and despised objects.” A letter to privy councillor Willemer at Frankfort, in 1814, gives evidence of his conviction that popular art must have its root in popular religion: “It is that strength of feeling, that enthusiasm which lifts man above the earthly and transitory, which has produced

all that is great and good. Faith and patriotism are the un-failing springs of life ; earthly joy and heavenly hope, with their daughter art, will make their home with us again. It was one of the great perversions of a self-deluded age to regard art as a branch of culture independent of religion. The history of all nations, the history of art itself, proves that it has its true foundation in religion. Art that does not at once satisfy the refined taste of the educated, and interest the simple citizen, cannot be genuine art ; it has failed of its true purpose ; like all ultra-refinement, it is a sort of aristocratism. All art, on the contrary, having its origin in religion, whether it be the religion of heathendom or Christendom, has always in its day been popular, intelligible, and pleasing."

And it appeared as if these valued patrons of art, religion, and patriotism had again appeared in Germany. Sulpiz complained, indeed, to his brother Melchior that it was said at Cologne "better French than Prussian," but he was able to report that thoroughly patriotic rejoicings resounded through his native city when news was received of the capture of Paris. For three days and nights there was firing, shouting, ringing of the cathedral bells, and illuminations. The Grand Duchess Catherine came with her future husband, the Crown Prince of Würtemberg, in the summer of 1814, to Cologne. Boisserée showed her his views of the cathedral, and acted as guide to the art-treasures. The Grand Duchess said she thought the French should have been laid under contribution for the preservation and continuation of such buildings. Regrets were then expressed that the art-treasures had been left for the French to take possession of, and the lady said, "I have scolded my brother finely for leaving them for them."

Soon afterwards Cologne and the cathedral received a visit which was the most promising of all for future results. The Crown Prince of Prussia came with Gneisenau, Knesebeck, Ancillon, and their suites. They made the tour of the cathedral, saw the painted windows in the choir and the nave, the celebrated picture, the tomb of the three kings, and went out upon the roof. The Crown Prince was delighted, and said that

nothing that they had seen in France, England, or the Netherlands surpassed this building. He would have liked that the continuation of it should be immediately begun, and orders were at once given that it should be preserved from further decay.

It was the most beautiful spring, summer, and autumn that had been known for ages. Victory had inspired the Germans with a spirit of progress, and everywhere there was stir and commotion. Many came to Heidelberg to see the collection of old German paintings. Among them were the poet Schenken-dorf, who commemorated his visit in song, and E. M. Arndt. He encouraged the brothers in their work of collecting memorials of the past. "For, unfortunately," he said, "it is the object of most of the governments of the present day to reduce all places and things to a pitiful uniformity, and, by means of a paper government, to reduce the hearts of men to paper also."

But the greatest conquest that the brothers made with their pictures was that of the "old gentleman," Goethe. He came to Heidelberg in September, 1814, and remained a fortnight. The effect of these devout old German paintings upon the man whose predilection had been so great for the heathenism of antiquity, and who had passed himself off for a heathen, was magical. He had never seen any of the works of John van Eyck, nor, indeed, any of those of the old German masters, except Kranach and a few of Dürer's.

"Ah, children," he would exclaim almost every day, "what fools we are, what fools we are! we fancy our grandmothers were not so handsome as people nowadays, but the men of those days were finer fellows than we are; now we have found out their worth, we will sing their praises,—they are worthy that princes and empresses and all nations should come and bow down and worship them."

The good brothers looked upon Goethe's delight in the pictures as a real conversion. A friend wrote to them, "You are blessed and happy men, that in your labours there for your pictures a success has been accorded you, which thousands of

preachers and authors have striven for in vain. Give the glory to God, that the work may be a witness of the Lord's mercy in its progress and results, and eternally praise and proclaim it."

If Boisserée was inspired with hopes for the success of his work by the sympathy of great men, the universal sympathy of the people must have been still more encouraging. He lived and laboured for German architecture and painting for forty years after the excitement of the wars of independence.

His letters and diaries give us a clear insight into the artistic, poetic, political and religious life of those days through the eyes of many of the most eminent men of the time. But we must not follow these remarkable records in detail. Having indicated, according to our aim, that even under French bondage the indomitable German spirit began to appreciate the value of the Christian works of art that it had previously produced, and that bright hopes dawned for it when Germany rose up against her oppressor, we must content ourselves with giving a few particulars of the further progress of the work which Boisserée had been carrying on.

At first, under the excitement occasioned by the events of 1813-14-15, and the bringing back of the art-treasures from Paris, it appeared probable that the pictures and their collectors would have been gained for Prussia, either for the Rhenish provinces or Berlin.

In the summer of 1815, Stein having intercepted Goethe at Nassau, the two old men went down the Lahn into the Rhine and thence to Cologne in a boat. Goethe had planned to write a treatise on the art and antiquities of the Rhine, in the first place for the Chancellor Hardenberg, and afterwards for the benefit of the public. For this object he obtained the assistance of Sulpiz Boisserée, who furnished him with the particulars of every branch of the subject in writing, and Goethe and his young friend remained together for nearly three months in Wiesbaden, Frankfort, Heidelberg, and Carlsruhe.

In 1816 Schinkel, at Berlin, concluded a treaty with Sulpiz Boisserée; everything seemed in train, when the minister became alarmed at the sum of money required for the purchase

of the collection, and King Frederic William III., with his timid nature, was not the man to do anything extraordinary for art and antiquities in times of difficulty.

The art-loving trio and their pictures remained at Heidelberg till 1819, when they removed to Stuttgart, in order to be able to exhibit their treasures to better advantage, to be in the neighbourhood of more eminent artists, and always in the hope of establishing a centre of past German art, which should be an instructive incitement to present progress. Had they been willing to sacrifice the idea of their lives to their own advantage, it would have been easy to have realized the sums they had spent in the purchase of pictures by selling them to private collectors. But they wished to keep the collection together for the benefit of the nation at large.

Seven years had been passed by these excellent men at Stuttgart; they had had abundant opportunity of exhibiting the pictures to visitors from all nations; in intercourse with the artists and poets of the Swabian capital, they became more and more confirmed in following out their plan, and Sulpiz made frequent journeys.

In June, 1826, Von Dillis, the director of the picture galleries at Munich, deputed by King Louis, suddenly made his appearance at Stuttgart. He compared the collection with the catalogue, and was enraptured with the pictures. What had not been practicable even in the revived patriotism which took place after the war, because the man was wanting who had both the courage and the means to carry out the wishes of the lovers of art, was achieved from his own resources by an art-loving king.

For fifty of the best pictures selected he offered 180,000 florins;* for the whole collection of two hundred and thirteen, 240,000 florins,† and a copyright for ten years for the lithograph copies which the brothers had undertaken to publish. In February, 1827, the contract was signed—"not," as Sulpiz relates, "without great emotion." Observing this, Von Dillis

* £15,000.

† £20,000.

said, "Well, we are not going to part, and we will hope for much enjoyment together in friendship and peace."

The King exclaimed over and over again, "What a collection I shall have, gentlemen, what a collection I shall have, when it is all together!" He wished that the price given should not be mentioned in the papers—"For," he said, "if you lose your money at play, or spend it on horses, people think it is all right, but if you spend it on art, they begin to talk of extravagance."

The brothers Boisserée and Bertram now settled with their treasures at Munich, and one of the three, who had all previously lived for their calling alone, without any household cares or ties, now entered into the married state. Sulpiz was married to Matilda Rapp, of Stuttgart, whose acquaintance he had made in the artistic circles there.

She was a Protestant, but she was as much disposed to accommodate herself to the Roman Catholic faith, where it did not clash with her own, as he was to acknowledge all genuine Christianity in the Protestant community.

Meanwhile the work on the cathedral was progressing. Endless pains were expended on the views. After being engaged for years in securing the services of artists to execute, and of Cotta to publish them, Sulpiz made several journeys to Paris to excite an interest in the work there.

The religious state of mind of many Frenchmen during the restoration, the interest which the royal family had acquired for the monuments of Gothic architecture during a visit to England, and the penetration of connoisseurs, secured him a favourable reception. He was elected a member of the Academy of Arts, in the department of architecture. He had already received the honour of being made a Doctor of Philosophy by the university of Heidelberg. The work was completed in 1824. King Frederic William III. sent Boisserée a gold snuff-box, with a few words of thanks. Alexander von Humboldt spoke to him of "this miserably formal fashion, which was peculiar to the Prussian Court," but explained that the object of showing the King's approval was attained, for, according to Berlin notions,

a gold snuff-box was a magnificent present. But it was not for personal honours that Boisserée cared ; it was for his cause. It was a reward for him that he had succeeded in calling attention to the dilapidations of the cathedral, and that, under Schinkel's auspices, the most necessary steps were being taken for its preservation.

But the time arrived when the nation awoke to fresh hopes ; when Prussia especially was inspired with a fresh breath of life ; when the national and religious enthusiasm found a symbol in the idea of the completion of the cathedral. In 1840 King Frederic William III. had closed his eyes, and after his " time in disquiet " had found his rest in God. King Frederic William IV., the patron of German Christian art while Crown Prince, had ascended the throne. Ruler and people joined hands in rebuilding the cathedral, and funds from the royal treasury were added to those of the society which had been formed for its completion. In the evening of his days a rich harvest succeeded to the laborious seed-time for Sulpiz Boisserée. He had often visited his beloved Rhineland. For years he and his brother had owned the Apollinarisberg, near Remagen, until they sold it to Von Fürstenberg. But it was not until his fortieth year that he found a general appreciation of the object of his life among his countrymen.

" An entire change seems to have come over our countrymen," he wrote to his brother from Cologne in 1841, after he had been serenaded the evening before. " When I was lying here in the window during the singing last evening in the well-known family-room, it brought back the thought of many things which I had gone through here with my grandmother, my parents, and brothers and sisters, with Bertram and other acquaintances, and, above all, it brought all the past and the singular course of our destiny, with all its joys and sorrows, so vividly to mind, that I could not but feel the deepest emotion ; and it cost me some pains to regain my equanimity."

The great day of rejoicing for him was in the autumn of 1842, when the King and the Archduke John of Austria came to Cologne to lay the first stone of the restoration of the cathedral.

Sulpiz was present in the government house during the first reception of the King; and when it was proposed to introduce the best friend of the cathedral to him, he exclaimed, "Is he come? is he here? Where is he?" Sulpiz thanked him for thinking of and inviting him. "Of whom should I think, if not of you?" answered the friendly monarch. "How many years is it since I first made your acquaintance?"

"Twenty-nine years; it was at Frankfort in 1813."

"Yes; I remember it well. Your views of the cathedral kept me awake for three nights."

A sudden gravity overspread Boisserée's features. On this festive occasion, on which he was called to take part, his feelings entirely overpowered him, and he buried his face in his hands; the King's words had had the effect of an electric shock upon him.

He wrote to his brother, "I can only compare the eventful present with the days of 1813, 1814, and 1815, when all classes were united in one bond, all minds pervaded with the same sentiments. It is like the evening glow of that great time, but it is also the dawn of a brighter day, and, if we do not deceive ourselves, of a hopeful and blessed future. On Sunday there was not a dry eye among us. The old generals who were standing near me, the Archduke John, even Humboldt, and Metternich himself after his own fashion, were moved. Humboldt told me that Metternich remarked upon the King's speech, 'This is a mutual infatuation, which is perhaps more dangerous to him who produces it than to the rest.' With these and many others I was brought into contact, as in those old times. Dear Melchior, why were not you here too? You who have, as it were, borne me up in all my sorrows and distresses, have guarded and watched over me, and ever inspired me with fresh courage."

A few days afterwards Sulpiz received an invitation from the King to go up the Rhine with him, from Stolzenfels to Rheinstein.

Sulpiz related that, wherever the vessel passed, there was firing and ringing of bells, singing and shouting, flags, garlands,

and decorations ; the whole voyage was a triumphal progress. After dinner, which was served on deck, the King addressed Sulpiz, asked kindly after his brother Melchior, and regretted that he was not with them. Then, taking a case out of his pocket, he said, " Boisserée, you were the first protector of the cathedral ; I must give you a memorial of it for your button-hole." And he presented him with the Order of the Red Eagle of the third class.

Sulpiz answered, " I have only tried to treasure up a few seeds of the flower of ancient German art, to recall the memory of its grandeur, and they have taken root in your generous heart, and are growing up into a great tree. May God add His blessing."

With his cold Mephistophelian spirit, Metternich called the enthusiasm of those autumn days " a mutual infatuation." But Germany breathed freely in them, and they inspired her with courage. So great was the desire for a great and united national life that even Protestant Christians regarded the building of the cathedral as a symbol of unity. Before the cathedral *fête*, Frederic Perthes wrote to Boisserée, " The cathedral of Cologne, a corner-stone which has been a stumbling-block to many, has become a symbol of that unity without which all effort after agreement is vain and fruitless, unity in the Church of Christ. According to the external aspect of things, the prospect of this unity is very distant, but when we look at essentials, firm foundation-stones may be descried."

After the *fête* he wrote, " The attention paid by both parties to the deepest questions of Christian life is so grave and searching, that a return to an indifferent existence side by side is impossible.

" Because God is guiding us, we may hope to reach the goal, but the conflict will and must be a long one. The cross of a *united* Church of Christ on the spire of the cathedral of Cologne would be a symbol of the victory, as well as an evidence of the completion of the cathedral."

Perhaps the time when Catholics and Protestants shall have attained to unity may be more distant than the planting of the

Cross of Christ upon the spire of the finished cathedral ; but that need not prevent our rejoicing in the successful labours of the man who devoted his life to German Christian art ; and we see in these labours a precious fruit of the great days when we regained our independence, a fruit which tended to the advancement of a deeper and richer religious life through the mediation of art.

King Frederic William IV., after summoning many valuable men into his kingdom, attracted Sulpiz Boisserée to return to his native land. He gave him an honorary office at Bonn, where he resided from 1845 until his death. In August, 1848, together with the Frankfort legislators, he attended the cathedral *fête*. This occasion was like a few bright days in the midst of long continued stormy weather, for the events of that year were very painful to his devout and patriotic spirit. In 1851 he was deprived of the faithful companionship of his brother. Bertram had died before, and in 1853, Sulpiz visited Cologne and the cathedral for the last time. Fifty years had passed by since he took the first picture of his collection in at the back door. The *Bignonia Catalpa*, which he had planted in the garden, was in full bloom and beauty ; in the cathedral, the wall of the south window was closed in, and was, as he said, "mighty to behold." Throughout a long life, God had given him strength for much exertion and many long journeys, in spite of his poor health.

A heart complaint now brought death near to him.

He received the last sacraments of his Church, and then said to his wife, "Let us look into each other's eyes once more, and then look forward to meeting again."

He had prayers read to him till the close. Clement Perthes, the son of his old friend, had just left, when his wife observed that the patient drew a deep breath. She grasped his hand, and as she repeated the Benediction, he breathed out his soul into God's loving keeping on the 2nd of May, 1854.

The builders and workmen employed on the cathedral came over from Cologne, and, followed by many friends, they took him out and buried him beside his brother Melchior.

In the churchyard at Bonn, which contains the mortal remains of so many distinguished Germans, the graves of Sulpiz and Melchior Boisserée are to be seen, and may remind us what energy, uprightness, and devout faith can enable individuals to achieve for their country.*

* 'Sulpiz Boisserée.' Stuttgart: 1862.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EFFECTS OF THE WARS OF INDEPENDENCE.

THE time immediately after the wars of independence was one of the happiest periods in the long annals of the German nation.

As there are hours in the mental history of individuals, when their vocation, like a hitherto buried germ, becomes evident to them,—hours in which that which is to be the leading idea of their lives reveals itself in royal pre-eminence, as the result of the healthy exercise of all their powers, and of their earnest endeavours to ascertain it, hours, the remembrance of which is always an incitement to good,—so are there times in the course of a nation's history when it clearly perceives what is the calling for which it is designed by God, and feels its strength renewed to fulfil it. “*Ritornar al segno*,” a return to the first watchword, is, as Machiavelli says, the law of the development of history. It may deviate from its course, but returns to the original starting-point, and makes amends for the error by increased progress.

The watchword of the Germans was the union of nationality and religion, and the wars of independence resulted in a return to it. Every power was in healthy exercise, and there was a prevailing conviction that the nation could not fulfil its vocation independently of religion, and that the Church would be powerless if she did not adapt herself to the national wants.

In 1786 the youthful Spalding wrote to F. H. Jacobi that he had heard Biester say, that “we must not relax our efforts, and then in twenty years' time the name of Jesus, in a religious sense, would no more be heard.” And exactly twenty years

later came the chastisement at Jena, and with it many earnest people returned to the Saviour of sinners; and thirty years later, how often the name of Jesus occurs in the hymns of Arndt and Schenkendorf—how powerfully it was proclaimed by many from the pulpit—how efficacious it proved among the people in the lecture-rooms of the philosophers, as well as among the congregations of the faithful! And that kingdom began to be established, concerning which we have the promise that it shall endure when all the kingdoms of the world shall have passed away.

From the moment when religion took the place among the nation from which it had been deposed, a wonderful impulse was given to all the nation's powers. Science and art, learning and education, political and mercantile life, all began to flourish anew.

After the war, Germany was like a field that has been well ploughed, sown with good seed, and richly watered with the tears of sorrow. The seed was already sprouting; there was every prospect of a good harvest, though much would depend upon future weather.

It is beyond our purpose to record in detail the religious results of the wars of independence; we shall only indicate a few of them in the various departments of religious life. In the first place, we will give an example of the fact that many earnest Christians, who afterwards rendered effectual aid in building up the Church, received their first incitement to spiritual life in the times of the war.

Ferdinand Charles von Bülow, born at Lütke, in Hanover, in 1789, had studied law, and was intended by Savigny, of Berlin, who thought highly of him, for an academical career. But when in February, 1813, the King issued his appeal for volunteers, although Bülow's health was poor, he could not remain behind, but hastened with hundreds of his fellow-students to Breslau. There he bought a Testament, which accompanied him in all the battles in which he was engaged. There is on the fly-leaf, in his handwriting, a record of the course of the war, and then follow the words, "This book has

been my constant companion, and has often given me divine support. 'O praise the Lord, for He is good, and His mercy endureth for ever.' Lord, forgive me my sins."

Thus equipped, he fought as a volunteer jäger at Grossgörschen and Bautzen, as an officer at Grossbeeren and Dennewitz, and in 1815, when war broke out again, as adjutant to General von Dobschütz. After the second peace of Paris he entered the diplomatic service, and died as privy councillor of legation at Berlin in 1853.

He evinced his faith, not only by various hymns which he composed, but by the keen interest he took in many good works of Christian charity. He was a member of the committee of the Missionary Society, vice-president of the Protestant Book Society, and of the Society for the Care of Discharged Prisoners, and he aided in building the church of St. Matthew in Berlin, now a favourite haunt of earnest Christians, especially among the nobility. Thus, in the person of Bülow, we see the religious awakening which took place in 1813, in immediate connection with the interest in the Church which has been so general since 1848. And this is but one instance out of many.

Not during the war itself, but under the influence of its warning voice, another Prussian officer was led to embrace the faith, whose conversion influenced first his own family, and then a whole neighbourhood, like the ever-widening circles produced when still waters are set in motion.

Gustavus von Below, the son of a landed proprietor in Pomerania, born in 1790, being a talented youth, was designed for the service of the State, and had sat at the feet of Fichte, at Berlin.

Utterly devoid of any interest in religion or the Church, in 1813 he entered the army as a volunteer jäger. He served in Prince William's regiment of dragoons, then as adjutant in General Gneisenau's staff, and won the Iron Cross.

Led into serious reflection by the grave experiences of war, after his return from the campaign he felt aspirations towards a higher life which could not be satisfied with Fichte's philosophy. He was brought into contact with a circle of serious young

men, among whom were Clemens Brentano, and the three brothers Von Gerlach. But it was a former comrade in the regiment, Götze, who divined the state of his mind, and one day said to him, "My friend, I wish you would read the Bible;" and in the words of Wangemann, "So near had God's love and mercy drawn to men after the great events and distress of the war, so thin was the partition between man's averted will and God's outstretched arm, that the perusal of the Gospel of St. Matthew sufficed to effect an entire change in the life of a young officer of the Guards."

He searched the Scriptures further, read other religious works, and was soon entirely converted to Christ. His correspondence at that time is an evidence that Fichte, although he had not himself attained to the knowledge of salvation in Christ, did in reality lead many to Him by reason of the moral earnestness and religious enthusiasm by which his philosophy was pervaded. Von Below relates that after his return from the war to Berlin, he read some of Fichte's works with earnest attention; for when he compared his own faith with that of some of his devout friends, it did not seem to him to be sufficiently firm, and he longed to attain to their standard. "But I doubt," he continues, "whether this would have effected any change in my views, for it seemed only to confirm them the more. In the meantime I renewed my acquaintance with some of my former fellow-students and others besides, and discovered that in intercourse with spiritually minded and excellent men, one gains more than from any books. Among others, I will mention G——, whom you know; he served in the same detachment of jägers, and was severely wounded at Dennewitz. I cannot undertake to give you a description of this delightful man. I saw a good deal of him, and admired in silence the serene and cheerful peace, and the steadfastness which pervaded his whole being. I very soon discovered that a firm unshaken faith in the doctrines and promises of the Holy Scriptures, a deep sense of religion, unmixed with any philosophical jargon, was the foundation and essence of his life. By his means I was led to the Bible and the church; all my philosophy retreated

into the background, and served only as a foil to faith. And, God willing, that shall henceforth be its place. It is now my undivided and earnest endeavour to uphold and confirm these views; to imbue my whole mind and being with faith.

“Happily, my former philosophy does not hinder me in this work of sanctification, because there is nothing in it detrimental to the interests of faith. It goes as far as human insight and reason can go, it leaves off where the other begins, and my error consisted in trying to engraft faith on philosophy, and to permeate the latter with the former. Faith shall now be the groundwork of all my life and thoughts, and if God only grant me strength I hope to find mercy.”

In May, 1817, his words sounded like those of one who *had* found mercy. He wrote to a friend, “There is no other life for us but in and through faith in our Lord and Saviour, and the forgiveness of sins through his blood. There is no true love, but that which flows fresh and free from the wells of life and mercy; there is no other truth, there is no other way to God and to everlasting life, but through Him. There is no other virtue but that which has its foundation in the Lord, and which is practised for His sake. Dear S., if your heart has not yet been enlightened by these truths, I pray you for God’s sake, and for the sake of your soul’s salvation, acquaint yourself with the divine revelation in the Holy Scriptures, and if the perverse understanding rebels against the reception of the proffered mercy, I beg you to meditate on the following sayings of a divinely gifted man:—

‘When thou gazest on the sun and findest it too bright,
’Tis thy eyes that are in fault, and not the brilliant light.

‘Man, when thy heart is soft as wax, and like it pure and fair,
The Holy Spirit will impress the Saviour’s image there.

‘O man, thou must a child become, else thou wilt never go
Among the children of thy God, the door is far too low.’”

In proportion as Gustavus von Below was thankful that he had been delivered from the kingdom of Satan, the more

zealous was he to save the souls of his brethren. "Have you a Bible, dear S.?" he wrote, "or have you read it with simplicity and humility of heart? If not, do so now, and you will soon discover that it is a divine revelation, and not what many theologians of modern times proclaim it to be, who deserve rather to be called the slaves of Satan than the servants of God. I had read some parts of it before myself, but in much the same spirit in which I should have read Plato or Cicero. The years of war and misfortune have caused a great stir and commotion amongst us; in the first place only in a political sense, but like the widening eddies in a pool when you throw in a stone, it will soon spread itself into every department of life."

At the time of his conversion Gustavus von Below had a father and two brothers.

From the year 1818, when he was married, he had taken possession of the estates of Reddintin and Symbow, while Charles had the larger estate of Gatz, and Henry those of Serhoff and Pannekow, their father having retired to that of Brünnow. Gustavus sent forth his earnest exhortations to faith in Christ on all sides, at first without visible result. The desolating breath of rationalistic teaching, and the worldly lives of the rationalistic clergy, had produced disastrous effects in Pomerania; but there were still some few souls who, like Gustavus von Below, valued the ancient treasures of consolation. He became more and more confirmed in his biblical Christianity, which may be described as Lutheranism tinged with Pietism. His brother Henry was the first to be won over in 1819. One day, in an idle mood, from mere *ennui* he took up Tersteegen's 'String of Pearls;' and the exposition of the fifteenth chapter of Luke made such an impression upon him, that he said to himself, "I am the prodigal son!" He called his family together, and said to them, "We have all been hitherto going the wrong way; if we do not alter our course, and are not converted, we shall all be lost." He gave up smoking, cards, and wine; banished things, not in themselves sinful, out of his house; searched the Scriptures diligently, and

read the works of Luther, Arndt, and Francke. About the same time, Charles was converted also. One of them wrote, "We three brothers have now agreed to rule our households, as far as God gives us grace to do it, as faithful followers of Christ; that His word shall be prized above everything, and diligently put in practice; and by God's help we have already made a successful beginning." There was soon no member of the large family who did not share in this new life; and when the incredible report was noised abroad that family worship was held in these noble houses, it came to the ears of the "Quiet in the Land," and they praised God for the grace He had given. The excitement in the neighbourhood continually increased, and was regarded with great enmity by the clergy. The only pastor within range of these Lutheran nobles who understood them was Metger, of the Reformed Church, the court preacher at Stolpe, the successor of Schleiermacher. The minister at Pannekow carried his rationalistic doctrines so far, that Henry von Below one day said to him after service, at the church-door, "Are you fully convinced of what you have been preaching to-day, that it is not necessary to salvation to believe in the Lord Christ?"—"Certainly I am fully convinced of what I have been preaching," was the answer.—"Well, then," said the patron, "I hereby renounce you, for it is my duty to avoid false doctrine. Henceforth I shall no longer attend your ministry." Then, mounting upon a grave mound, he said to the congregation, "Do not believe him; he is a false prophet."

From this time the movement took a free course independently of the ruling powers. The nobles themselves preached, and multitudes came to hear them; other laymen, servants and labourers, did the same, and a great revival took place. The Government sent gendarmes to arrest the work of the Spirit; but neither they nor the rationalistic clergy could set bounds to it. All the concomitant circumstances usually observed when a sudden awakening occurs in a whole neighbourhood took place here—prophesying and violent bodily contortions. All the arrows which, with an only too natural rancour, those who have felt constrained to separate themselves from a lifeless com-

munity, are apt to discharge at the national Church and its servants, were sent forth here. And the revivalists in Pomerania had also to pass through all those perils which are generally the lot of those who separate themselves from the Church. First, open rupture with the clergy; then, when more faithful pastors were sent, a desire to be reconciled with the Church; but these again were regarded with suspicion if they did not go through thick and thin with the revivalists. After the great awakening, the promoters of it sank into a state of mystical, theosophical contemplation, and the clergy endeavoured to rule their congregations according to order. We cannot follow further the history of this 'Spiritual Stir and Strife on the Shores of the Baltic,' as it has been called by Wangemann.* Charles von Below died in 1842, and Gustavus in 1843. Their study of the works of Böhme and Gichtel had given them a distaste for these religious commotions. Henry, who was the most energetic character, came in contact with the Lutheran Separatists in Silesia, and at length formed his followers into a sort of congregation. He died in 1855. We cannot fail to regret that the spiritual life which was awakened by the brothers Below in Pomerania, when the national Church was, as it were, too old a skin to contain the new wine, assumed so disorderly a character; but we must give the promoters of it the credit of faithful discipleship to the end. And if the preaching of the Gospel takes deep root to this day in Pomerania,—if faithful pastors find the ground well prepared for their labours,—and if, in many of the mansions of the chief families, conservative political sentiments are adorned with the doctrines of the cross,—it is fair to seek the source of this state of things in the days of the wars of independence.

The newly-awakened religious life was clearly evinced in those works of charity which were so greatly needed in the universal distress. Here was a sphere for the Christian patriotism of women. Some few men, like Perthes and Falk, whose souls were pained by the distress of whole towns or

* Wangemann, 'Geistliches Regen und Ringen am Ostseestrande.' Berlin: 1862.

districts, worked on a large scale, and sent forth far and wide their urgent appeals for help. But there was abundant room for works of mercy in detail for the hands of girls and women. In the periodicals of the day we meet with papers by women who take a just view of the position of the German woman judged by a historical and religious standard. 'What does regenerated Germany require of her Women?' is the title of a little book by a governess, Betty Gleim, published at Bremen in 1814, for the benefit of the fugitives from Hamburg. And where their duties were not thus theoretically discussed, women did not doubt that it was their part to sustain the men by helping to equip them for the war, and by caring for the wounded and for widows and orphans. The angel of mercy followed closely on victory, war, scarcity, and pestilence. In November, 1813, the young ladies of Leipsig established a society "for the succour of those who are fighting and suffering in the good cause." Their plan was to work for the society, and raise funds by the sale of the work. "Contributions in money," they said, "unless it were first earned, could not be of the same value as the industry of German girls for the cause of their country."

No sooner had their appeal been issued than a gold chain, a pin, and an anchor were sent by a young lady in the country. She wrote with them to her "dear sister" at Leipsig, that she would fain have followed her brothers to the war in the service of Prussia, but that, being an only daughter, she was obliged to stay at home, and, being too busy in working for her brothers to send work, she had sent her ornaments instead.

"If I could only send things of greater value!" she added; "but if many would follow my example we should soon have a good sum. The sacrifice would not be great, for what is the use of these glittering trifles? A flower or a ribbon is far more ornamental."

Patriotism and religious feeling led in those days to simplicity of dress, and especially to the avoidance of French fashions.

We have seen in Falk's life how the misery occasioned by the war called forth works of mercy in Thuringia. Gerd

Eilers, a tutor in the wealthy merchant families at Frankfort, has given us a description of the labours of women in clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, and nursing the sick in the old imperial city, and in the valley of the Maine. "While the citizens of Frankfort were patiently bearing the burden of having soldiers quartered upon them," Eilers relates, "their utmost sympathies were excited by the misery and distress which prevailed in the district around the city. Typhus fever had consorted itself with want, and many families had lost both father and mother.

"A large hospital in the city, in which hundreds of fever patients were lying, took fire. The sick had to be saved, and there was no course open but to remove them into the houses of the citizens. Fear of infection brought natural self-love and love of our fellow-creatures into collision, and, to the honour of the inhabitants of Frankfort be it spoken, humanity gained the day. The sick were all provided for, except a few who perished in the flames.

"Perhaps no one had better opportunities than I had in the circles in which I was then living, of admiring the mental power and moral strength in the characters of noble women in the midst of this urgent distress. It filled me with the highest esteem when I saw how, without the least cant, they kept the law of Christian liberty, and walked in deed and in truth in that more excellent way which St. Paul showed to the Corinthians."

The Frankfort Ladies' Association, which celebrated its jubilee on the 2nd of February, 1864, was instituted in those days, and is a living evidence that the influence of the benevolence which was called forth during the war time has extended to our own days. For a moment we cast our eyes from the south to the north, to remind our readers of the activity of the Hamburg ladies narrated in the life of Perthes, and then return to Würtemberg to observe how, under the auspices of Queen Catherine, works of Christian charity were extended over a whole country. This princess was the daughter of the Emperor Paul of Russia, and her mother was the Empress Mary, a princess of Würtemberg. The Emperor

Alexander was her brother. Like him, she had been deeply impressed by the grave events of the times in which she lived. She was greatly shocked by the murder of her father, and it led to her living a retired country life with her mother, and her youth was passed in serious study instead of idle vanities.

Her marriage with Prince George of Oldenburg, who settled as governor-general at Twer, on the Volga, gave her increased opportunity of exerting herself for the good of her dependents. When Napoleon advanced towards Russia, and the prince prepared to defend his territory, the Grand Duchess equipped a corps of serfs at her own expense. After the burning of Moscow, when the hospitals at Twer were filled with the wounded, the Prince constantly visited them, and was himself seized with typhus fever.

His wife nursed him faithfully until his death, when she fell ill herself from grief and over-exertion. Having recovered her health at the baths of Bohemia, in 1813 she took an eager interest in political events, and when the allied armies entered Paris she laid aside her widow's weeds.

In January, 1816, she married the Crown Prince of Würtemberg, who succeeded to the throne in October of the same year. Being now queen, there was no outward hindrance to her following the dictates of her loving woman's heart. Her mind was peculiarly fitted to rule, and her keen, masculine insight into the position of affairs enabled her to animate and regulate the works of benevolence throughout the country.

In the year 1817 a network of beneficent institutions was spread over Würtemberg; but she was only permitted for two years to be the mother of the country. Nevertheless, at her death in 1819, the work was so well established, and intrusted to such faithful hands, that it has endured, and is to this day an example to other lands.*

Although blessing flowed and continues to flow from the labours of women, men were not wanting who walked in the

* Merz, 'Frauenbilder.' Stuttgart: 2 Bände.

same steps. From the year 1816, Count von der Recke Volmerstein followed in Falk's footsteps. He at first endeavoured to rescue neglected children by placing them out in families, but, as that proved impracticable to a sufficient extent, in 1819 he founded an asylum on his estate at Overdyk, with which, since 1822, the larger institution at Düsseldorf has been connected.

From 1819 Reinthaler carried on the labours of his friend Falk at the Martin's Stift at Erfurt. And while, in Northern Germany, charity was directing her blessed steps hither and thither, reconnoiters were standing on the southern boundary of Switzerland, not to see whether Germany was open to attack, but for the reception of streams from the fountain of beneficence then open at Basle. There is at Beuggen, near Basle, but in the territory of Baden, an institution for training teachers for the schools of the poor, with which an asylum for neglected children is connected. It did not, like Falk's labours, originate in the war time, but it was a branch of a society, called the "German Christian Association," which had been founded in Basle in 1780, and from which ramifications had spread into Germany. It was an association of earnest Christians for the promotion of Christian knowledge and godliness of life. But its establishment has some connection with the commotions of the time and with the foundation of the Basle Missionary Society, so that we will say a few words on that institution. The leading members of the Christian Association, especially Steinkopff, and after he was elected minister of the Savoy church in London, Spittler and Blumhardt, had long had it in their hearts to establish a missionary training school at Basle. It is sometimes said that it originated as follows:—That at the siege of Hüningen some devout men formed a vow that if Basle were spared the horrors of war, they would establish a seminary for training missionaries to be sent among the Calmucks and Tartars who were among the allied armies. This, however, is not correct, though the events of the war caused the long-cherished plan to be carried out. From 1803, Blumhardt and Spittler had worked together in the service of the Christian

Association. When Blumhardt's father died in 1800, he placed his hands on the head of his son, then a student, with the prophetic words, "The Lord will bless thee, and so prepare thee with the gifts of His Spirit, that thou wilt one day become a blessed instrument in carrying His grace to the heathen." A few years later, Steinkopff asked him, on behalf of the London Missionary Society, to go out as a missionary. His weak health precluded him from this, but he began to take a special interest in missions, and sent contributions and pupils to the mission school which Jänicke had established at Berlin in 1801. He had not thought of establishing one himself, but it had been proposed by Spittler, and only some fresh impulse and a suitable opportunity were wanting to induce them to lay the proposal before the public. Albert Ostertag relates that, in the year 1814, a man looking something like a German student, half gentleman, half vagrant, came into Spittler's room with a letter of introduction from Gossner. He made inquiries about the Christian Association, and asked if he could be in any way employed in it. This was that singular, zealous, and powerful man Kellner, who was a friend and coadjutor of Mme. de Krüdener. During the French rule he had been postmaster at Brunswick, but had incurred the wrath of the foreign power partly by objecting to the shameless opening of letters, partly from some patriotic expressions which had escaped him. He was imprisoned in the fortress of Cassel, where he daily expected the fate of many of his fellow-prisoners who were shot under his window. In this situation he took up the only book that had been left him, a Bible. He had before been a materialist, but, in reading it, he found that liberty compared with which the liberty which he had hitherto been striving to attain was but a delusive shadow. The events of 1813 released him, and after various adventures, he came to Spittler at Basle. Spittler received him gladly, and found him to be possessed, not only of a richly-gifted and cultivated mind, but of the fiery zeal which was just what was wanting to fan into a flame the embers which were smouldering in Spittler's thoughts. He enthusiastically took up the idea of a missionary

institute, but the fitting occasion for making it public had not yet arrived.

It was so ordered by God that some of the bombs of Hünningen, maliciously thrown into the town, should inflame the hearts of the inhabitants with zeal, instead of setting fire to their dwellings; and the plan of the missionary institute was matured in those days of deep anxiety, and under the influence of the unusual presence of foreign hordes, some of them from Russian Asia. After the storm had blown over, Spittler's first letter to his friend Blumhardt, then a pastor in a remote country place, gives him the joyful news of the establishment of the institute, and says, "and you must be inspector"—and inspector Blumhardt became.

It was on the 21st of October, 1816. The autumn leaves were falling, and the fading aspect of everything turned the mind to serious thought. Two friends, zealous promoters of the kingdom of God, Spittler and Zeller of Zofingen, director of the school at Aargau, were walking under the trees behind the cathedral at Basle.

They had just come from the Missionary Institute, where they had seen the ten pupils destined to go to the heathen. Just then some late birds of passage were taking their flight towards the south, and brought the young missionaries afresh to mind. "Ah," said Zeller, "these young men are soon going to the heathen, and amid the growing apostasy we want efficient labourers for the harvest in our churches and schools at home." Then he described the spiritual destitution in Switzerland and Germany, the need of suitable instructors in the existing institutions, the number of neglected children, and suggested the idea that an institution for training teachers for home work should be combined with the Mission Institute. Winter and spring passed by. At Easter, Spittler wrote to Zeller at Zofingen, to ask him to draw up a paper setting forth his ideas on the subject. The conference of the friends at Basle on the paper resulted in the decision that the Training School must be a separate society from the Mission Institute. On the evening of the 31st of October the friends kept the

festival of the German Reformation, and constituted themselves a society for a voluntary association for training schoolmasters for the poor.

A gold snuff-box was soon sent for the object, which, being three times raffled for,—for twice, the successful competitor presented it to the society again,—brought in a sum of 3,200 francs ; and other gifts flowed in.

They tried to find a site for building near the town, but as land was dear, they turned their thoughts to Beuggen, an old German château a few miles above Basle on the Rhine, in the territory of Baden. For the last three years it had been used as a lazaretto for sick soldiers, and was an abode of misery and desolation.

In 1819 the friends Spittler and Zeller had a personal interview with the Grand Duke Louis of Baden, and obtained permission to occupy the castle for a rent of 60 florins a year. By April 1st, 1820, it was to be ready for the reception of the inmates, and a mother was found for them in Mrs. Mary Salome Fäsch, widow of Professor Fäsch of Basle, a lady of property, but who had previously found her greatest pleasure in instructing poor children.

Zeller, of Zofingen, was requested to undertake the office of director, and he and his wife took possession of a corner room in the upper story, which had before been the special haunt of typhus fever. Their first act was to throw themselves on their knees, to thank God for His guidance, to dedicate the whole house to Him, to pray Him to dwell in it by His grace and His holy Spirit, and to change it from an abode of misery, pestilence, and death, into a blessed sanctuary for many poor creatures. There were pupils from six years of age to thirty, clever and stupid, attractive and repulsive, those who had been well brought up and wild neglected beings, well-dressed and ragged ones. There were ten boys and ten girls intended to be trained for teachers. Zeller devoted himself entirely to this work until his death in 1860, at the age of eighty-one.

One of the pleasantest incidents in the annals of the institution was a visit from the aged Pestalozzi, in 1826. From his correspondence with Nicolovius we see how this man, so pos-

sessed by a spirit of love, but to whom it was not granted to carry out his loving projects, rejoiced to see them carried out by younger, and, as he readily acknowledged, more practical men.

How he must have delighted in the spectacle presented to him at Beuggen! and may we not rejoice to observe how the mantle of an Elijah is ever bequeathed to an Elisha, and how link is added to link in the chain of works of charity, until the coming of the Lord!

“We shall never forget,” Zeller reports, “the moment when the venerable man entered the room, and passing between the double row of seventy-eight children and twenty-two youths, who greeted him by singing a hymn, he walked feebly up the stairs, and with tears of emotion in his eyes, took his seat in the pulpit in the great schoolroom; we shall not forget how he declined the wreath of oak-leaves that was offered to him, and placing it on the head of my little son, pressed him to his heart, with the words, ‘Not for me, not for me; garlands belong to innocence.’ His voice was choked with tears when the youthful choir sang, in soft and touching voices, the following stanza from ‘Gertrude and Lienhard:’—

“Thou who can’st from heaven above,
 Thou who all our anguish stillest,
 Thou who with the richest love
 Evermore the poorest fillest,
 I am weary, give me rest,
 Bid my anxious wanderings cease;
 Send unto my troubled breast
 All Thy promised grace and peace.”

Then, still almost overcome with emotion, he blessed the children. And during the four days that he spent with us, the advice he gave us from the rich harvest of his experience will never be forgotten, nor his affectionate interest in the poor and their children at so advanced an age. May God comfort the venerable father! ”*

* Ostertag, ‘Ueber den Ursprung und die Entwicklung der Deutschen Christenthums-Gesellschaft in Basel, in den Beiträgen zur vaterländischen Geschichte.’ Basel: 1850.

Another work of charity was the circulation of the Bible. It was originally a genuine German one, the sense of the need of which was first practically shown by Luther in his translation of the Bible, and it was afterwards promoted by the Canstein Bible Society, which was a result of the pietism of the Halle school. Since the beginning of the century, it had been carried on with great success in England, and had found since the war a fruitful soil in Germany. We have looked through the reports of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the narratives of the English agents Pinkerton and Paterson, and the German agents Steinkopff and Schwabe; the correspondence from all parts of the country gives so interesting an insight into the religious condition of Germany at that period, that we regret that space will not allow us to reproduce more than a few features of it.

Before the war, the indifference to the word of God which prevailed among the upper classes had penetrated to the lower, but after it, a desire for the Scriptures was everywhere felt.

At Wernigerode, Dr. Schwabe found the count's family just returned from banishment, and mourning that the French rule had at once stifled the growth of religion and lessened the means of promoting it. The aged countess herself undertook to distribute Bibles. "The blessings of young and old," she exclaimed, "will be joined with mine on the Society which gives me the pleasure of offering them this book; it was from this alone that we derived strength and comfort during a time of repeated losses and distress, and it taught us to bear our fate with resignation and even cheerfulness. I will take the book myself to the houses of the poor, and tell them when I give it them, that God has raised up benefactors for us in a distant land."

Leander van Ess, Catholic Professor of Theology at Marburg, author of a translation of the New Testament, which, with the assistance of the British and Foreign Bible Society, he circulated among the Catholic population, wrote, in March, 1813: "Never were the minds of the people so ready to receive the Word of Life; never was the need of consolation so deeply

felt ; never did the door of the kingdom of heaven stand wider open than at present. Oh, my dear friends, do satisfy this hunger with the bread of life ! ”

A pastor near Eisenach wrote : “ One of the saddest effects of the war is the loss of the means of instruction which many of our poor families have sustained, and they cannot replace them. After the retreat of the French many fathers and mothers came to me, and complained that they had lost all their Bibles, hymn-books, and other religious books, and begged me to furnish them with some books of consolation. The condition of the children is still worse. One schoolroom cannot be used at all, and most of the children have to stay away from another because they have no books, and their parents are unable to buy any. The minister at Fortha assured me that he had been robbed of all the books used in divine worship, that he had not a single Bible or Prayer-book left.”

The distress was indeed great ; but, as soon as peace was restored, as soon, in fact, as any hope of it dawned, there was great readiness to help. The agents of the Bible Society, in their travels through Germany, had only to shake the ripe fruit from the trees.

Wherever they went they found people ready to take up the work. Ministers of State and generals united with the most eminent of the clergy, and princes, under the influence of the spirit which had found its expression in the Holy Alliance, and with a settled conviction that nothing but religion could permanently close the pit of misery, afforded protection to the Bible Society, and often gave it their sympathy and blessing. A network of societies was soon spread over Germany from Wupperthal to Königsberg, and from Hamburg to the remote south.

The work of Bible circulation promoted the increased inclination for union between various Churches which existed at that period. Pinkerton reports, in the year 1814 : “ In Hanover, as well as at St. Petersburg, I saw the Lutheran, Calvinistic, and Catholic clergy all joining hands in the good cause, and, after the meeting, some of them assured me that, though

they had been for years teachers of the same religion in the same town, they had never before had an opportunity of conversing together. Oh, what a blessed undertaking it is which thus brings the different sections of the Christian Church together! When the head of the Catholic clergy at Hanover came into the room, he came straight up to me, shook me heartily by the hand, and said, with a beaming countenance, ‘I rejoice to have an opportunity of taking part in so glorious a cause. I am decidedly of opinion that the scriptures should be in the hands of all classes, and that especially the lowest and poorest should have it in their power to draw water from the fountain-head of divine instruction.’”

The love of the Scriptures was especially strong in the Catholic circles in Bavaria, who gathered around Sailer and Wittmann, and later around Gossner, Boos, and Lindl.

We must not allow ourselves to dwell on the Protestant awakenings which took place in Catholic Bavaria, since it has no special connection with the wars of independence; but, just to give an idea of it, we cannot refrain from making an extract from a description of a visit which Anna Schlatter, of St. Gall, paid to the revivalists of Bavaria in 1816:—

“I shall always rejoice in having undertaken this journey. It seemed to me when I was sitting at the table among the brethren and fathers, as if I were amongst a community of the early Christians. I could be entirely simple and unconstrained, as I am by nature. Knowing that I should go to the chateau of a wealthy baron, I took my best clothes with me, but was ashamed to wear them amongst these simple Christians, who had renounced all love of the world. Our minds and conversation were engrossed with one topic,—with Him who gave His life for us. Since I have seen so many very poor believers in these parts, who, in the midst of extreme poverty, feel themselves so rich in Christ, I feel that my own faith has never been put to the test. I wish that some others could have seen them. It went straight to my heart when some poor old labouring man or woman, or a girl who worked in the stables, recognised me at once as a sister, and kissed and embraced me with

heavenly words. It was a foretaste of heaven. One thing is needful, a living active faith in Christ, the crucified Son of God. Where He lives in the heart, all is well."

History has taught us that for believers in the Bible in the Romish Church, at any rate for her priests, no other union with the Protestant Church is possible than that of joining themselves to her community.

There is no doubt that the union within the borders of the Protestant Church which has been effected in many parts of Germany since 1817 was the result of the feeling of Christian communion during the war. We can but regret that in many cases it has been brought about rather by indifference to the distinctive doctrines, than from a unity of spirit based upon a deep feeling of the need, and an experience of the blessings, of salvation.

We can only allude to the commemoration of the Reformation when there was a strong sentiment of unity between the Lutheran and the Reformed Churches. The whole course of our narratives indicates the influence of the wars of independence upon the re-awakened recognition of the true significance of the Reformation. The religious movements of the last few years had opened men's minds to the comprehension of Luther's work of faith; the struggle with Napoleon had called to mind the struggle with the Pope; the heroes of the war had revived the memory of the old heroes of faith; the popular commotions, the waves of which were scarcely stilled, had recalled the popular movements at the time of the Reformation.

An appeal had been made to the whole nation, to the nobles, the citizens, and the labouring classes, to rise against a foreign yoke—an appeal to their conscience, in opposition to romantic unscrupulousness, and to faith in a living God and Saviour in opposition to unchristian practice and unchristian views of life. "The restoration of the synthesis of Protestantism through the newly awakened moral sense," as Hundeshagen expressed it, was a result of the war. After having long been taught that faith was a mere assent of the understanding, and virtue a course of action independent of the effect of the grace of God,

our people once more clearly apprehended that religion and morality are essentially one, that upon the basis of this divine harmony man must advance to the fulness of the divine life; as at the time of the Reformation, a fresh revelation had been vouchsafed to the Church, for God had inspired the people anew with his spirit, and had afresh proclaimed His word by the eloquence of mighty deeds.

In recalling the results of the war, and in reviewing the spiritual blessings which flowed from those years into the succeeding ones, we must not overlook the energetic and aspiring youth who had grown up in the heat of the conflict.

Görres wrote in the 'Rhenish Mercury' in 1814, "It is a pleasure to look at these daring and vigorous youths. There is a conscious dignity and magnanimity in their mien; they have accomplished and suffered something in the world; their lives have not run on in a course of empty idleness, they have lived through an exciting period of history, and the consciousness of their power, and of what they have gone through, gives them that noble and military bearing which has taken the place of the old obsequiousness. One sees that their minds are inspired with an animating idea, that they know that they are working in a noble cause, and that they therefore cheerfully bear all the penalties and dangers of their arduous calling.

"The brotherly affection which exists among these young people is also very pleasant to behold. Indeed, youths whose dawn of life has fallen in these eventful times, who have shared so much enthusiasm and so many sufferings, who have stood together amid the thunder of so many eventful battles, cannot fail to regard each other with affection. Their whole lives will be nourished on the remembrance of their youth, and their friendship will never grow cold.

"Supercilious vanity has been succeeded by an honourable pride, based on the conscious possession of hardly won treasures; and therefore are they the pride of their country."

If any one takes exception to the pride of these young men, it must not be forgotten that among the best of them, it was, if we may so call it, a holy pride, that noble consciousness of

dignity as a free Christian man which may be combined with deep humility before God.

For the youths who returned from the war were Christians. If with some love for their earthly, and with others for their heavenly country, was predominant, a union of patriotism and religion was the basis of their sentiments. Not that in this period of fermentation there was always perfect harmony between their impulses and their actions; and who can wonder if here and there some excitable mind lost its equilibrium?

The German Students' Association (*Burschenschaft*), formed by the young men who were penetrated with the spirit evoked by the war, exercised an important influence.

Our opinion of this Association, so early nipped in the bud, has long ago been expressed by the veteran of those days, Karl von Raumer. He says, "The effect of the war upon the universities was incalculable. The youths, thousands of whom in response to the King's appeal had joined the army, and honourably fought in the great battles, returned to the universities in 1815 and 1816 to resume their studies. In the short space of three years, during which Europe lived through more than three centuries of ordinary time, our youths were entirely changed. They had been spell-bound by commonplace and ignoble academical notions, but now the spell was broken by what they had gone through. They were delivered from the tyranny of a false honour, and viewed its code of laws in their true light, like Titania her lover after the disenchantment. Genuine honour and courage devoted to the fatherland had taken the place of that spurious honour which is always morbidly taking offence, and giving challenges about trifles. In what a light must these pitiful notions, derived partly from the French, have appeared to men who had fought at Dennewitz and Leipzig! Purer thoughts, and morals also, replaced the previous immorality of the students. They had been face to face with the grave questions of life and death, and it had had its effect upon them. The bullying, obscene, mawkish, sentimental student songs had given place to pure, vigorous, and patriotic ones.

“Reverence for religion went hand in hand with patriotism, —a feeling, even if it were but a vague and undeveloped one, that without religion Germany would be lost. Were not the words, ‘With God for King and Fatherland,’ the motto of the war?”

The students at Jena were the first to attempt to embody this new life in an Association in June, 1815; and it was from them that the invitation proceeded to the festival of the Wartburg on the 18th of October, 1817. Their main idea was to associate the commemoration of the Reformation and of the battle of Leipsig; and it was, therefore, a genuinely religious and patriotic one. As such it proved itself during the course of the *fête*, for it was surely no small thing that five hundred students from all parts of Germany comported themselves with seriousness and dignity during the whole time.

Amidst the ringing of bells they wended their way up to the Castle in solemn procession. After a few moments of solemn prayer in the great hall they sang,—

“Ein’ feste Burg ist unser Gott,”

“A mighty castle is our God.”

A student of theology from Ratzeburg, who had earned the iron cross at Waterloo; made a speech, in which he called to mind the victories of the 18th and 31st of October, and exhorted his comrades to the practice of Christian and patriotic virtues, and closed with an earnest prayer. Then—

“Nun danket alle Gott,”

“Now let us all give thanks,”

resounded through the ancient hall. A professor from Jena then gave an address by request, and after a prayer for a blessing on the occasion, the assembly dispersed.

These “Sons of the Fatherland” then partook of a banquet, but they did not linger long over it, for they hastened to attend the commemorative services in the churches, after which they amused themselves with gymnastic exercises in the market-place, and in the evening assembled round a blazing bonfire.

It was then that a freak took place, which was by no means a preconcerted thing, but was improvised by a few hot-headed students,—the burning of a basket containing books, a bodice, a pigtail, and a corporal's stick.

On the following day they again assembled on the Wartburg, discussed the subject of the Association, and concluded by forming a "bond of brotherly union," which was sealed by partaking of the Holy Communion.

The burning of the books was immediately taken hold of to stir up the government against the Association; the storm, however, blew over, and on the 18th of October, 1818, the "Universal German Association of Students" (*Burschenschaft*) was instituted, with the object of "cultivating, in a Christian and patriotic spirit, every power, mental and physical, for the service of the Fatherland." All went well; the influence of the Association was evidently beneficial to the moral and intellectual character of the students, when Kotzebue was murdered by Karl Ludwig Sand, and this abominable deed, for which all the German youth were held responsible, nipped the Association in the bud. It is true, indeed, that Sand's deed indicates that there was in the mind of this young man a caricature of holy things, a perversion of Scripture, a religion without repentance, full of self-glorification, and a hallucination on the subjects of bondage and liberty. It is true that Sand's deed was an indication of tendencies which existed in the minds of a small section of German youths, the tendencies of the "Unconditionals," of which Karl Follen may be said to be the representative, whose desire it was to sacrifice everything unconditionally, even the purity of Christianity, to their republican idea of German liberty. It must be allowed that in many of the hymns which emanated from this sect, there is an unhallowed zeal, not kindled by the Spirit of God. Scriptural words are used, but in an unrepentant and distorted sense; and, as in the hymns of Arndt, Rückert, Körner, and Schenkendorf in the war time, there were appeals to break fetters and to shed blood, but what fetters and what blood could be meant? The foreign yoke had been thrown off, and therefore it could only

be intended to incite Germans against Germans, and malcontents to rise against their rulers. Expressions which had always been used in the service of religious faith, were given a high-sounding, mystical, and pantheistic meaning, and what they called prayer, was nothing but a mental excitement against their opponents, no true lifting up of the soul to God. This was that caricature of the Students' Association, of which by reason of man's sinfulness and infirmity there lurks a germ in every human institution; but it would never have been so mischievously developed had more confidence been awarded to the genuine religious and patriotic Association. It came out scathless from all the investigations which were instituted, nevertheless severe measures against it were resolved upon by the Prussian Diet, and published in October, 1819.

We have recorded individual examples of the religious results of the war, in order to give an idea of the deep and manifold effect of that great time upon the spiritual life of our people. But we must not overlook the grand result, the most important of all, that Germany again became conscious of her dignity as a national individualism, conscious that she still retained within herself the germ of the greatness assigned to her by God, and all her powers were strained to cause it to spring up and bear fruit. A new spirit was infused into every department of life. It was not only at the universities that the principles of education and instruction received a new impulse.

Gymnastic exercises had been practised before, but it was now taught by Jahn, the father of the gymnastic system, to whom the credit belongs of having aroused German nationality in the midst of French bondage, that physical strength and agility should be cultivated for the sake of the Fatherland.

Pestalozzi had endeavoured to raise his pupils from selfish isolation to considering themselves members of the great community of men, but they now learned that it was by seeking their country's good that advantage would be gained for humanity.

Learning, which had hitherto looked down upon common life, began to have a beneficial effect upon it, and to see that its

true aim is to advance its interests, and in order to do so it turned its attention to the history of our country.

The nation saw itself reflected in lively colours, and with distinct features, in the mirror which was held up to it by the researches of Pertz and others under the sanction of Stein, and through the labours of the brothers Grimm, who so diligently devoted themselves to removing the accumulated rubbish from the springs of national lore.

Art, too, was revived; the beauty of the ancient German pictures and cathedrals was discovered, and appreciation of them inspired the desire to create new ones. Architecture, painting, and sculpture received a new impulse. Art must have for its exercise a country, a national life, and heroes, and these were all regained. Our poetry was inspired with a spirit of patriotism; the effect of the songs of the war time was not lost. Uhland became the favourite of the nation, because he knew how to unite Schiller's spirit of liberty—the spirit of the romantic school, imbued as it was with the recollection of ancient German glory—and the spirit of the wars of independence. And the German youths began to take an interest in Siegfried and Dietrich, as well as in Achilles and Hector, in Chriemhild and Kudrun, as well as in Penelope and Andromache.

The national ballads from the boys' "Wunderhorn," breathing the spirit of the woods, again resounded through the land, and the old fairy tales, which had been banished from the nursery as too antiquated, were revived.

In the church, too, there was new life. Rationalism, which had not been without a blessing during the great days, and had become less cold and more devout, was indeed also revived and spread far and wide, but even then its strength had departed. The sense of sin had been too profound, God had revealed Himself too plainly, many had too devotedly attached themselves to the Captain of their salvation, the influence of the old hymns was too powerful, too many fervent prayers had been offered, to allow that frigid system, the opinions of which were as superficial as its faith was weak, to assume the old ascen-

dancy. Not that there was unanimity of opinion among the faithful. The commemoration of the Reformation, at which the union of the Lutheran and Reformed churches was effected, revived the subject of the differing creeds. Steffens, once a partisan of Schleiermacher, became again a Lutheran. Harms, who had, as he said, received an impulse to perpetual motion from Schleiermacher's 'Discourses on Religion,' also joined the ranks of the Lutherans, but earnestness, enthusiasm, faith, love, and life were promoted in the church.

There was once more a moment in the life of the people, when inspired by the Spirit of God, they turned to God Himself to receive of His fulness, grace for grace.

"Son of man, can these bones live?" was the question which God had put to the best men in our nation, when its limbs appeared to be torn asunder and scattered abroad like dry bones. And they answered, "O Lord God, thou knowest." And the living God displayed the power of His might, "And the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army."

Let us return to the watchword which God has given us, Patriotic Religion, and Religious Patriotism. May the promotion of it be the vocation of this book! While we have been writing it, it has often seemed to us as if Germany was already retracing her steps. There are many who would like to separate the banner of 1813 and 1814, to preserve the portion on which Fatherland is inscribed, and leave that bearing the name of Christ to whomsoever cares to have it. But the victorious banner must be kept intact. He who rejects Christ is not a true patriot, and he who is not a true patriot cannot stand before the Lord who wept over Jerusalem.

THE END.

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